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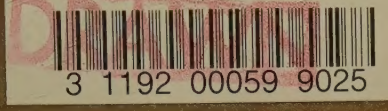

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OLD TRAILS AND ROADS IN PENN'S LAND

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By THEODOOR DEBOOY and JOHN T. FARIS

WEST BRANCH CONOCHOCHEAGUE CREEK NEAR MERCERSBURG

OLD TRAILS AND ROADS IN PENN'S LAND

BY

JOHN T. FARIS

AUTHOR OF

"OLD ROADS OUT OF PHILADELPHIA", "THE ROMANCE OF OLD PHILADELPHIA", "OLD CHURCHES AND MEETING HOUSES IN AND AROUND PHILADELPHIA", ETC.

WITH FRONTISPIECE IN COLOR AND 61 DOUBLETONE ILLUSTRATIONS

PHILADELPHIA & LONDON

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

1927

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FOREWORD

THE surprise of their lives awaits a host of people—some of them native Pennsylvanians, too—when their eyes are opened to the fact that Penn's Woods is one of the most remarkable areas in the world.

Pennsylvania is remarkable for its historic landmarks. There are those of the early years of adventure and colonization. Then, too, think how the armies of England and America marched and countermarched through the country about Philadelphia, especially between the Delaware and the Schuylkill Rivers! On the Delaware is Washington Crossing Park, and on the Schuylkill is Valley Forge. Between are fields of battle and skirmish like Germantown, Barren Hill, and Crooked Billet; taverns and old homesteads from which Washington and his generals went out to renew their fight against oppression; roads along which the weary Continentals toiled, and regions where the English sought in vain for permanent advantage.

Pennsylvania is remarkable for its rivers. Among these are the Allegheny, with its memories of Washington as a young man; the Monongahela, which proved an easy pathway to pioneers who sought the Ohio and the dangerous country beyond Pittsburgh; the Juniata, so romantically notable; the Susquehanna, sweeping boldly down across the State in indescribable beauty; the Schuylkill, which even the anthracite country cannot make unattractive, and the Delaware, which we need have no hesitation in sharing with New Jersey, because it has unusual features sufficient for many States.

Pennsylvania is remarkable for its mountains—not merely the rolling ridges of the Alleghenies, but the tree-clad slopes of many parallel chains that make the relief map of the State a marvellous thing, and travel along, over, and through them an experience of rare delight.

Pennsylvania is remarkable for its lakes. Even if these are

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not large, they have an appealing quality that grips the beholder. See Conneaut and Eaglesmere, and agree!

Pennsylvania is remarkable for its bridges. Possibly this will seem to many readers a rather slight matter. But make a search for unusual structures like the stone arches over the Conococheague —illustrated in the frontispiece—or the Perkiomen, the wooden bridges over the Raystown Juniata and the Brandywine, the concrete structures scattered here and there, some of these such marvels of grace and symmetry. Then make a collection of photographs of these bridges. The result will surprise you.

Pennsylvania is remarkable for its forest reservations. Are you familiar with what the Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters is doing? Do you know how many hundreds of thousands of acres have been sent apart with a view to the needs of future generations? Some of these areas are merely cut-over lands, but there are also many square miles where trees tell of what was once—and what may be again—the forest heritage of the State.

And, finally, Pennsylvania is remarkable for its improved highways. These make easy the access of all who will to the treasures of beauty and scenery, to the forests, the lakes, the rivers, the mountains. Merely to think of the long stretches of perfect surface on the Susquehanna Trail, the Lackawanna Trail, the Lincoln Highway, the William Penn Highway, and a dozen other arteries, is to long for the touch of the hand on the steering wheel and the pressure of the foot on the gas. And these main routes are only the beginning. Numerous are the shorter roads, cross roads, and roads through country where the traveller feels continually that he is somehow the discoverer of the most alluring byway he ever knew. For, he thinks, if others are familiar with this, why has nothing been said about it? Simply because there is so much that is glorious on the roads of Pennsylvania that it is impossible adequately to tell the tale.

The only thing for you to do is to set out yourself on a tour of discovery through superb Pennsylvania. And for this tour "Old Trails and Roads in Penn's Land" is offered as a compan-

ion, not, of course, to take the place of the "Blue Book," but to supplement it by giving life and color to the bare facts found in that invaluable guide. Less than five thousand miles of travel will take you along the main routes described. Several hundred miles more will enable you to take the side trips of which hints are given.

In following these routes it is well to keep in mind a message concerning the roads of Pennsylvania written by a historian of Lebanon County:

"The great King's Highways were built in Colonial times in the wake of the pioneer settler. As he pushed into the interior of Penn's great woods, the Proprietors' official agents came on the settler's heels with a great road leading as directly as the contour of the country allowed, from the Capital city of Philadelphia to the heart of the new settlement. Often these roads were quite circuitous. Then, as local necessities required, and new centres of population sprang up, these foot roads were made to branch out from the stem road, as the branches of a tree branch out from the trunk, to be finally interlaced into the network of public roads we now find upon our map."

In the preparation of the volume which seeks to tell some of the wonders of these roads and the country through which they pass, the author has been placed under deep obligation by historians and enthusiasts in many sections. Special mention should be made of Harvey F. Heinley, president of the Berks County Conservation Association, Cyrus T. Fox, former secretary of the Berks County Historical Society, Solon L. Parks, Walter S. Wells, and Nicholas B. Phillipson, all of Reading; E. J. Stackpole, of Harrisburg, and James Macklin, of McVeytown; M. H. James, of Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters; and Edward Stratton Holloway, the artist whose facile brush prepared the original painting from which the frontispiece of this volume was made.

JOHN T. FARIS

PHILADELPHIA
SEPTEMBER, 1927

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In most cases where no other credit is given, the photographs are from the remarkable collection of the Pennsylvania Department of Highways

OLD TRAILS AND ROADS IN PENN'S LAND

I

A ROUNDABOUT JOURNEY FROM PHILADELPHIA TO EASTON

WHEN the daring travellers of two hundred years ago ventured to take the Bristol Road to Morrisville and Trenton, one of the perils they dreaded, at certain seasons, was the creeks. Some of these were bridged, but others had to be forded. The development of the country, and the extension of Philadelphia have caused the disappearance of some of these streams and the lessening of the volume of others.

But there was beauty, as well as peril, in these wayside waters—Frankford Creek and Tacony Creek, Wissinoming Creek, Pennypack Creek, Poquessing Creek, or Poquasie, as it was called on early maps, and—monarch of them all—Neshaminy Creek.

One after another of these creeks was bridged, so that the stage journey became less perilous. Thus those who dwelt on the banks of other streams were following the example of the early builders of the bridge across the Pennypack. In 1697 and 1698 this sturdy three-arch stone structure became the wonder of the countryside, and to this day travellers wonder that such a bridge could have been erected in America so long ago. In 1773 —even then the bridge was becoming ancient!—a woman who passed over it on her way to Burlington, New Jersey, said:

"We are now on Pennepak Bridge; you will say I am but a poor traveller when I tell you it is the best bridge I ever went over, though it has but three arches."

The observer told of what she noted from the parapet over which she looked from her carriage:

"On the left side you see the water tumbling down the rocks prattling and sparkling as it goes; at the bottom it runs rippling over stones and then through the bridge where it soon seems to forget its late rapidity and gently murmurs on. The creek is not very wide, so that the trees on each side might almost shake hands."

Even to-day it is easy to understand the lure the Pennypack had for the pioneers. Long before the days of William Penn the Swedish settlers made their homes along its banks; the earliest maps tell of Neels Nelson, Peter Rambo, and Erick Meels. Peter Rambo, Jr., had his home, Rambo's Dorp, about where the House of Correction at Holmesburg is now located, close to the Delaware River.

Thomas Holme, who was William Penn's surveyor-general, fixed on the lands back of the Swedes' dwellings, for his own plantation home. This he called Well Spring. When he died he was buried on his own land, in the Crispin Family Cemetery. To this place he had won the right by the marriage of his daughter Esther to Silas Crispin, great-great-grandson of Admiral Sir William Penn. The modest stone erected over the grave may be seen to-day, in a little grove, not far from the Bristol Road, and close to the banks of the Pennypack. The inscription reads:

"In memory of Thomas Holme, died 1695, aged seventy-one, surveyor-general of William Penn. He drafted the land and laid out the city of Philadelphia."

Holmesburg is built on a portion of the estate of Thomas Holme, yet the town was not named for Penn's helper, but for the descendants of John Holmes, another worthy of the late seventeenth century.

For many years Holmesburg was a place of importance to travellers. A ferry across the Pennypack, and a rowboat connection out into the Delaware for passengers who wished to board the first steamboats running between Burlington and Philadelphia, brought prosperity to the village as well as to the Pennypack House and the ferry.

Those who turn from the highway long enough to take the fascinating stroll along the creek from its mouth to a point some distance north of the Bristol Road will find landmarks to satisfy the most eager antiquarians. There are old houses, and there is the site of what William Penn called the Pemmapeck Mill, built in 1697, and burned in 1897. To it the settlers of early days came from long distances to have their corn ground; some crossed the river from New Jersey, while others came by the Welsh Road from as far north as Gwynedd. The old mill was the centre of a number of busy industries; others were a sawmill erected in 1800, and a cooper shop where were made barrels for Indian-meal shipments to the West Indies and Europe.

Where Wooden Bridge Run emptied into the Pennypack north of the highway, stood another ancient mill, used for sawing logs, and later for the treatment of linseed oil. The century-old shovel works are on the bank of the creek.

Close to the shovel works another bridge crosses the Pennypack, built for the use of travellers by the Welsh Road. Those who cross here to-day will find pleasure in reading the words of Washington Irving, who used this bridge on June 4, 1810. When writing of the trip which ended that evening at Holmesburg, he said:

"You cannot conceive what speculation our appearance made among the yeomanry. Many of the excellent old Dutch farmers mistook us for a family of Yankee squatters, and were terribly alarmed, and the little community of Bustleton (who are very apt to be thrown in a panic), was in utter dismay at our approach, insomuch that when we entered one end of the town I saw several old women in Pompadours and Birdseye gowns, with bandboxes under their arms, making their escape out of the other."

The travellers crossed the bridge in their rickety old carriage, hired in Trenton, which lasted only until Philadelphia was reached. Then it "sank beneath its burden and gave up the ghost."

Another sawmill, which made the lumber for the famous old

Thomas Holme Academy, whose building still stands at Holmesburg, was farther up the stream.

Soon the creek is crossed by a third sturdy bridge, that of the Bustleton Turnpike, built in 1805, successor of a wooden bridge that was famous throughout the county. A fourth bridge is at Meeting House Lane, by the side of the pool where, on November 21, 1687, was the first out-of-door baptism in Pennsylvania. Close by is the Pennypack Baptist Meeting House, oldest Baptist church in the region south of Rhode Island. The organization dates from January, 1688, while part of the primitive building was erected in 1770. One of the early pastors, Rev. Abel Morgan, who was with the church in 1710, wrote to a friend in Wales a description of the surroundings which is good to-day:

"The country is exceedingly level as far as I have seen for about sixty miles; mostly good ground, without much stone, so that a man may ride a hundred miles without shoes under his horse."

The Pennypack has not lost its lure, but it is time to return to Holmesburg and the highway to Bristol. The journey is continued only three miles before another creek is reached, where once again temptation to wander afield is presented. This is Poquessing Creek, with its ancient Red Lion Inn, built in 1730. On August 27, 1774, delegates from Massachusetts to the first Continental Congress in Philadelphia stopped there for dinner, after crossing the stout stone bridge which spans the creek.

The Red Lion historian delights to tell of the time, in 1677, when the road that crossed the creek at this spot was called The King's Path. Four years later the court at Upland appointed an overseer to repair the road from Poquessing Creek to what is now Bristol, while another was charged with a like duty from Bristol to the Forks of the Delaware.

The next great milestone in the history of the road came in 1804, when the improved turnpike was finished from Philadelphia to the Red Lion Inn. Not until 1813 was the highway completed to Morrisville.

Within reach of the old road are a number of fine estates. Notable among them is Andalusia, one of the superb examples of the architecture of our early Republic, commonly called the "Greek Revival." Its classic proportions and the graceful fluted columns that support the temple-like porch roof make easy the impression that here is a remnant of old Athens itself. John Craig, the builder, passed it on to his son-in-law, Nicholas Biddle, who spent his time in the pursuits of a country gentleman, including the writing of poetry. One of his best known poems celebrated the achievements of a Philadelphia mulatto named Bogle, who was both a waiter and an undertaker:

"Hail! Thou mighty Bogle, for thy reign
Extends o'er Nature's wide domain;
Begins before our hastened breath,
Nor closes with the hour of death.
Scarce seems a blushing maiden wed
Unless thy care the supper spread;
Half-christened only were that boy
Whose heathen squalls our ears annoy,
If service finished, cake and wine
Were given by any hand but thine,
And Christian burial e'en were scant
Unless his aid the Bogle grant."

One of the attractions of the road for the traveller of early days was in the mineral springs at Bristol. As early as 1700 these wonders of Bristol were spoken of as "that nasty water." Twenty years later men and women sought them for their curative qualities, while in 1747 Kalm, the traveller from Sweden, told how people who lived near by were free from fever and ague, while sufferers from fever visited the springs, drank of the waters, and became well. In 1760 a bath-house was built, and in 1769 the Board of Borough Council found it necessary to order that "persons not there on legitimate business would be taken into custody unless they dispersed at the order of the constable or the bathkeeper."

Soon the springs became a famous resort. A race track was built, and fashionable society sought the hotel for baths. In 1811 prosperity was at its height, but this gradually declined. To-day even the site of the springs has disappeared; when the Pennsylvania tracks were elevated through Bristol the embankments covered the old property.

The beautiful banks of the Delaware, beyond Bristol, were sought by William Penn. There, in 1685, on an estate of 8431 acres, which he secured from the Indians, he laid out ambitious grounds and built a brick house which faced the river. Within its central portion was the great hall where he received the Indians, who were always his friends, and other noted visitors. During his visit to England, the property was held ready for him, and when he returned in 1699 he took up his dwelling there once more. He kept open house, and lived opulently though carefully. In ten years his total expenses were equal to about five thousand dollars! In 1701 he left his loved Penn's Manor, as it proved for the last time. Years later the great property was broken up and sold to many purchasers.

Beyond Penn's Manor the Delaware makes its majestic turn toward the south. And a few miles upstream are the Falls, where Europeans settled in 1624. As early as 1640 a ferry was established for the accommodation of travellers. Their successors to-day can see relics, not indeed as old as this, but sufficiently venerable to hold the interest. For instance, there is the house of Thomas Berkeley, built in 1750, where, on December 8, 1776, Washington took up his headquarters after he had crossed the Delaware from New Jersey, with the British troops hard behind him. Here lived George Clymer, Signer of the Declaration of Independence. The property once promised to be in the District of Columbia; for a season Congress looked on the surrounding territory as a chosen location for the permanent Capital of the nation.

But perhaps the proudest memorial of the old town which bears the name of Robert Morris, financier of the Revolution, is the Delaware Tavern, near the ferry landing. The old portion

of the building, erected in 1765, displayed a portrait of George III as a signboard. This was destroyed by Continental troops. The proprietor, Charles Benezet, ran the first line of stage coaches from Philadelphia to Paulus Hook or Jersey City. The fare was four dollars for inside passengers, while those who rode outside could go for half that sum. The time required was two days.

A few years after one of these stage lines was inaugurated, there was a time of great excitement on one journey. The story was told in a Philadelphia newspaper:

"A stage between this city and Trenton took fire and was entirely consumed. It was occasioned by a passenger putting a hot brick on the floor of the stage to keep his feet warm; and, what is most extraordinary, it burnt with such rapidity that the passengers, six in number, with difficulty made their escape."

Many of these early stages followed the Bristol Turnpike, but a more northerly approach to Morrisville was by the road which passes through South Langhorne. It is difficult to pass by this historic country without taking a run to Langhorne, which was once called Four Lanes End. The modern name tells of Jeremiah Langhorne, who died in 1742. For this eminent leader an elegy was written by William Satterthwaite, an early Bucks County schoolmaster:

"He stood the patriot of the province, where
Justice was nourished with Celestial care.
He taught the laws to know their just design,
Truth, Justice, Mercy, hand in hand to join
Without regard to hope, or fear, or gain,
Or sly designs of base, corrupted men."

Langhorne was called Attleboro when, on the night after the Battle of Trenton, part of Washington's army paused there. A town still more closely connected with the historic Trenton victory was Newtown, a few miles north of Langhorne on the Newtown Road. From there, on December 27, 1776, Washington wrote to Congress to tell of the result of the contact with the enemy. For three days he remained at this important supply

depot for his army. The visitor finds delight in wandering through the streets of the old town, noting the surprising number of relics of the old days when Newtown was the county seat of Bucks County, having succeeded Bristol in 1724, when the settlement was forty years old. For more than eighty years the honor was retained before it was passed on to Doylestown.

A short distance from Newtown is Wrightstown, noted, among other things, as the starting point for the Indian Walk by which, in 1735, the champions chosen by John and Richard Penn tricked the Lenni Lenape Indians out of a choice section of Eastern Pennsylvania real estate by their unfair tactics in measuring land after a "walk" of a day and a half, which was in reality a run. Evidently the community had need of the instruction in morality which was provided in 1768 when a farmer, by will, decreed that a bit of land near Wrightstown should be used for school purposes, "for and during the full term the Walls of a Certain House now building on said Land shall by them, their Heirs or Assigns be thought sufficient to bear a Roof." The annual rental for these premises was specified as "one pepper-corn."

The country within a few miles of Wrightstown is so full of fascination that it is never easy to be satisfied with a visit there; always the desire is for just one more jaunt through the smiling valleys, along the winding roads, stopping at such points of special interest as the marker on the south side of the road leading from Feasterville to Langhorne, which tells of the site of Playwicky Indian Town, the home of Chief Tammany, who, in 1683, sold to William Penn the land between Neshaminy and Pennypack Creeks; the Dutch Reformed Church at Churchville, on the New Hope Road, which is more than two centuries old; and—for contrast—the magnificent cathedral-like Swedenborgian church at Bryn Athyn, in the Huntingdon Valley, which has been in process of building for many years, and will not be completed for years more.

But all this is a side trip. We were at Morrisville, on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware, across from Trenton. Our

objective is Easton. It is possible to go there by a direct route. But far better for the leisurely traveller is a journey that takes advantage, for a few miles, of a road that is not yet one of the improved highways of which Pennsylvania has a right to be proud. But what an interesting road it is, following as it does the river and the canal, affording appetizing views of the fertile fields to the left, of the water through the trees, and of picturesque old houses which have been standing since the days when Washington and his patriots marched this way after the Battle of Trenton!

For this is the neighborhood made remarkable by Washington's stealthy preparations for his coup that gratified a people who were looking for nothing but disaster, and astonished and humiliated the commander of the enemy, who thought the way was open for an easy and decisive settlement in his favor of the points at issue.

The visitor is guided by signs that tell of "Concentration Valley," where the hungry, ill-clad Continentals were prepared for their winter journey and then of the "Site of Embarkation," where the troops entered the roomy Durham boats that, by Washington's foresight, had been collected from up and down the river, in number far greater than his own need required, except as that need included depriving the enemy of all means of river transportation.

The story of the crossing and of the capture of Trenton becomes more intensely real as the motorist gazes on the granite shaft near the river brink which rears aloft the figure of a Continental soldier, wrapped in his flowing cloak, gazing across the stream to longed-for Trenton. This is but one of the features of Washington's Crossing Park, established by Pennsylvania in 1917. The Pennsylvania Historical Society and the Patriotic Order of the Sons of America rejoice that they have had a hand in arranging for the setting apart of a region by the river-side hallowed by patriotic memories.

Washington's Crossing is at Taylorsville. In Washington's day the spot was known as McConkey's Ferry. To-day a

bridge makes easy transport over the river. But the traveller bound for Easton over Pennsylvania roads must pass by the bridge, and go on to New Hope, the Coryell's Ferry of Revolutionary days. There soldiers and travellers who approached the Delaware by the Old York Road from Philadelphia crossed on their way to New York City.

Just before reaching the straggling town with its quaint relics of ancient days, now known throughout the country as the headquarters of a notable school of painting, the road passes Wells Falls, where Lewis P. Coryell was the owner of the Union Paper Mills.

But New Hope is close to a much more ancient industrial plant than an eighteenth century paper mill. This is the legendary Solebury Copper Mine, the activities of which cannot be dated with any certainty. Early settlers heard from the Indians the tradition that, once upon a time, white men mined copper in the drift near the river, and took it thence downstream in rafts. Probably the tradition was the cause of the provision made by the sellers of farm land in the neighborhood long before the Revolution, reserving "full and free liberty, license and authority, to dig, search, and work for copper, lead, or iron ore, and the right of way to and from the mines to the River Delaware."

But not until 1854 was the entrance to the old mine discovered. After the removal of the stones and debris at the entrance, competent investigation declared that the tools and drills which had left their marks on the mineral within the shaft had been used at least two hundred years before that time. By the mine entrance there is a heap of debris. There is evidence that large trees, once growing on the waste pile, were destroyed before the sprouting of a second growth of timber, of which some was more than a century old. Who were the mysterious miners? Some have suggested the Mound Builders. But the tradition among the Indians is that they had seen white men active there. Were they some of the Swedes who came to Pennsylvania in 1637? Probably the pioneers were workers for

LACKAWANNA TRAIL AND CANAL, NEAR EASTON

WHERE THE TRAIL ROUNDS A HILL, NEAR EASTON

the West India Company, who, a few years earlier, were trading with the Indians at the Falls of the Delaware.

Solebury Township, in which New Hope is situated, tells of citizens of other days whose identity is more certain. One of these was Benjamin Parry, miller of 1784, the builder of the fine stone house still standing near the ferry. Another was Samuel Blackfan, the farmer-minister of the Friends, who wrote poetry. One of his stanzas sounds anything but Quakerish:

"I apportion part of each week
To dressing my hair with a comb,
And the rendering it tidy and sleek
Even when I continue at home.
But when I determine to visit
The home of a neighboring girl,
I adorn it, and tress it, and prig it,
I put in it many a curl."

It is possible to follow the Delaware River from New Hope to Easton, but many tourists will prefer to go down the Old York Road toward Philadelphia, to its junction with the Doylestown Pike. Thus they will have the superb views afforded as they pass through the Vale of Lahaska, popular among the Indians, who called it the Vale of Lahaseka. The fame of this unusual stretch of country was sung by Samuel Butler of Buckingham:

"From the brow of Lahaseka, wide to the west,
The eye sweetly rests on the landscape below;
'Tis blooming as Eden when Eden was blest,
And the sun lights its charms with its evening glow."

The most noted feature of the beautiful vale is the great spring at Aquetong, Ingham's Spring, as it was called in early days. This, the largest spring between Maine and Florida, has a flow of hundreds of thousands of gallons a day. From a hilltop its waters flowed to the valley, where the water, dammed for the benefit of a number of mills, makes a lake sixteen acres in extent. The builder of one of these mills—among the oldest

paper mills in the country—was Samuel D. Ingham. He was a mere boy when he had his first vision of the possibilities of the spring gushing from the hillside. At the age of fifteen he apprenticed himself to a paper mill on the Pennypack Creek. Then, when he was twenty-one, he returned to the spring of his dreams, accompanied by an older paper-maker, and built a paper mill on the site of his earlier fulling mill. There paper was made by hand, to be hauled later to Philadelphia along the Old York Road. In the same mill was discovered the important process of making paper from old rope and bagging. The mill was in use until it was burned in 1867.

Beyond the great spring is historic Buckingham Meeting House, on a hill at the left. The Friends who met there helped to make Buckingham famous for its activities in education. As early as 1792 a Friends' School was set up there, worthy forerunner of the Tyro Hall School, founded in 1789, by thirty-two citizens who subscribed £99 for the purpose—a large gift for that day.

The road passes through several miles of beauty between the hill of Buckingham Meeting and the old bridge across the picturesque Neshaminy, a stream which we last saw near its confluence with the Delaware. Close to the north end of the bridge, on the right side of the road, is the old Bothwell House where, in August, 1777, Washington was waiting while his army tented near by, impatient for news of the operations of the enemy. This house became one of the noted landmarks of the Revolution, for there, after his arrival from France, Lafayette found the General under whom he was to serve so brilliantly throughout the war.

The Neshaminy in this vicinity is notable for other events. Nor far from its banks, Rev. William Tennent, probably in 1726, opened the famous Log College, in which many noted ministers of early days received their education. Near by was Neshaminy of Warwick Presbyterian Church, which survives to-day, occupying its ancient building in a picturesque churchyard at the Forks of the Neshaminy. On the two acres

of ground there is a notable grove of mighty oaks, six of which are in a circle 210 feet in diameter. Some of the trees have a girth of nearly twenty feet, while the spread of their limbs is unusual, one reaching to 120 feet. It is estimated that these oaks are nearly four centuries old, or a little more than twice as old as the church building near by.

By the side of the road, beyond Hartsville, a marker calls attention to the fact that this was the country of John Fitch, inventor of the steamboat, who, one Sunday while walking homeward from Warwick Church, at Neshaminy, had the idea which led to the construction of his first steamboat. This he tried in 1785 on a pond below Davisville, on the Street Road.

Some years before John Fitch dreamed along the Old York Road, men charged with duties of immense significance to the country made their way, as secretly as possible, from New Hope toward Hartsville, and by cross roads to Valley Forge, where Washington's army was starving. These men conducted cattle, collected in New Jersey and New York, to the men who needed meat so sorely. The anxiety with which the coming of these supplies was awaited is evident from a message written by Washington on February 16, 1778:

"For some days there has been little less than a famine in the camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days."

To assist the drovers in charge of the cattle, and protect them from surprise by the enemy, General John Lacey was stationed in the territory between the Schuylkill and the Delaware. On February 23, 1778, he had with him at Hartsville on the Neshaminy but fifty men, though he said that forty times the number would have been insufficient to do the work committed to him.

That day a drover asked General Lacey for a guard for his cattle. Unfortunately the officer did not see how he could spare the men sought; at least this was what he said later to Washington when brought to book for his part in the disaster which overtook the convoy that very night. The drover did his best to

escape observation by the use of crossroads, but he was surprised by a party of British troops which found him when the cattle were within eleven miles of safety at Valley Forge. The captors took possession of the cattle and their guardian, and drove them back to the Old York Road, and so on to Philadelphia, where the British showed their appreciation of good beef. The loss was felt so keenly by Washington that, on February 28, he appealed to the people of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, to "put up and feed immediately as many of their stock-cattle as they can spare, so that they may be driven to the army."

The traveller's appreciation of the beauties of the country as he moves along the road made memorable by the tragedies of long ago, becomes all the greater as his thoughts are turned to the sacrifices of those who struggled here for their country.

General Lacey had his time of travail. This came May 1, 1778, when the British, dismayed by the success of attempts to deprive them of needed supplies, surprised his feeble command and killed many of them in what has gone down in history as the Crooked Billet Massacre, named for the Crooked Billet Tavern, at what is now Hatboro. The old tavern, now a private dwelling, and a monument commemorating the battle, may be seen by those who pass this way. In the tavern, as early as 1765, John Dawson made hats. Thus the town secured its name.

Forty-one years before the first hats came from the old town, Pennypack Mill was built on the creek of the same name, where Horsham Pike joins Old York Road, just outside of Hatboro. For long years it ground grain for the farmers who lived within many miles, on the fertile lands whose beauty entices the observer. In fact, the mill was active until 1912. Still the old building stands beside the creek, but transformed into a tea-house where travellers are welcome to dream of the old days.

An easy way to cross to the Doylestown Pike is the Horsham Pike by the side of the mill-tea-house. But perhaps a better way for the reader of this volume is to continue down to Willow Grove, most of whose visitors would be surprised to know that

they are near the site of a mineral spring which was known as early as 1740. The Sign of the Wagon lured many visitors from Philadelphia. Later it sheltered sick soldiers in December, 1777. In 1808 this inn gave way to the Mineral Spring Hotel, where soon four lines of stages stopped on the carefully turnpiked road. Three years later the proprietor advertised in Poulson's *American Weekly Advertiser*, in Philadelphia:

"An expeditious and cheap mode of visiting the Grove is afforded by the Swiftsure New York Stage . . . and an opportunity offers by the return stage to arrive in the city on the early part of the following day."

However, our route is not in the track of the Swiftsure stages from New York, but out of Willow Grove by the Doylestown Pike, past Horsham Meeting House, built in 1803, and on a short distance to the road that turns to the left, toward Graeme Park. Fortunately the road is short, for it is not of the best, but it is worth taking, for it leads to one of the finest examples of Colonial architecture in Pennsylvania. The tract of twelve hundred acres on which the Manor was built was bought in 1718 by Sir William Keith, Governor of Pennsylvania from 1717 to 1726. The price paid was £500. Here in the woods, far from neighbors, the Governor lived in a stately stone house of two stories, surmounted by a gable roof with dormer windows. The sturdy quality of the building can be told to-day, for, while the house stands deserted close to a tributary of the Neshaminy, it is so well preserved that the visitor marvels at the woodwork, the stairways, the noble panelling of walls and ceilings, the massive fireplace, the ancient bulls-eye glass, and the ceilings fourteen feet high.

In this mansion Governor Keith entertained royally, and from it he went in his coach and four to Philadelphia, on a road built for him by the Province, which led by way of Horsham Meeting to Willow Grove. One of the trips to Philadelphia was made to attend the Provincial General Assembly in October, 1720. There, on October 20, Governor Keith delivered a rebuke that might well find voice to-day in some of our legislative halls:

"I shall conclude with observing to you, That too Many Sessions in one Year, and repeated Delays in entering upon Business, do but add to your Trouble and the Public charge; an Evil which is altogether in your own Power to Redress."

When the owner of this princely domain returned to England, Dr. Graeme became the successor. His career was picturesque, but it is forgotten by those who prefer to follow the fortunes of his daughter Elizabeth, and her ill-starred marriage to Henry Hugh Fergusson, who was punished for high treason during the Revolution. Her sorrow led a local poet to surmise:

> "Can the Muse that laments the misfortunes of love
> Draw a shade o'er the sorrowful tale,
> That Laura was cheated and fully could prove
> That Scotchmen have honor that sometimes may fail."

Every mile of the road from the country about the old home of the unfortunate "Laura" to Doylestown is full of beauty and memorials of the past. Noteworthy among them is the bridge built in 1800 over the Big Neshaminy, just before Doylestown is entered.

Even in a region of such outstanding beauty as Eastern Pennsylvania, Doylestown is remarkable. Eminences and valleys about the town combine with hills and hollows in the town to furnish a setting for such marvels as churches fixed on points of unusual vantage, a County Historical Society building that looks like a mediæval castle, delectable landscape gardens, and old buildings like the Fountain Inn, built in 1745, and still in use. There, in 1816, a live whale, caught in the Delaware near Trenton, was exhibited, and there to-day travellers along the road may imagine they are in the midst of scenes of a century ago.

In the palmy days of taverns like the Fountain Inn, Doylestown was a division point for the freighting wagons from Easton to Philadelphia, as well as for the passenger and mail stages. Other taverns may be noted in the country towns along the road, but these did not receive the patronage reserved for

Doylestown. Present-day travellers who rest or eat in these inns may find that they are in the midst of the surroundings of the pioneers who toiled through the country long before the days of railroads.

The country below Doylestown is full of charm, and between Doylestown and Easton the attraction becomes even greater. Especially appealing is the prospect from the hill beyond Ottsville, with surrounding ridges and valleys, where three or four little towns peep out amid the trees.

Soon the road approaches the Delaware River at Kintnersville, from there coinciding with the route of those who choose to cling to the river bank in the journey from New Hope to Easton.

The chief charm of Kintnersville is not only the river, but the old canal of the Lehigh Navigation Company, which keeps company with road and river as far as Easton. For miles there are satisfying glimpses of old roadside houses, of the habitations of the lock-tenders, of the gates that raise and lower the water for the barges which still glide so patiently along the artificial waterway, of the low bridges which caused panic among the unhurried passengers who rode on the deck of the boats of long ago, of the boat-building activities still in evidence, of the pools that supplied resting-places for the water caravans.

Beyond Kintnersville is historic Durham, famous two centuries ago because of Durham Furnace, built back on Durham Creek in 1727, and so the second oldest iron furnace in Pennsylvania. The date-stone of the building, after being exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, was taken to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. James Logan, of Stenton, and Andrew Bradford, the printer, were two of the owners. Some of the first pig iron made was shipped to England. The river supplied convenient transportation to Philadelphia, but there were no satisfactory boats until, necessity driving, the sturdy Durham boat was perfected. Modelled on the canoe of the Indians, this boat drew but twenty inches of water. Thus it could negotiate successfully Foul Rift and Rocky Falls,

always a terror to those who attempt the navigation of the river. The pioneers on the Susquehanna River were quick to see the advantages of the rather clumsy looking vessel, and for many years it was popular on the interior streams.

James Logan, who placed at Stenton, in Philadelphia, a product of Durham, one of the firebacks still to be seen there, wrote of the activities on Durham Creek:

"The iron was dug close to the furnace, and the charcoal fuel used in the process was made in pots, which, being located near at hand, filled the air with a disagreeable odor from the wigwam-like structure which covered them, and in which the wood for the charcoal was burned. From the top of the furnace, into which were poured the ore, charcoal, and limestone, issued at intervals bright flames which lighted up the picturesque surroundings where the blast was fired, and illuminated the dark forest, and the darker negro and Indian inhabitants, as the twilight shadows fell. The intermittent character of the work permitted the farmhands, who were negro slaves during most of the Colonial period, to pursue their work on the farms near by, in the intervals of filling and drawing off the ore. When the iron was ready to be tapped, a horn was blown, and the slaves presented themselves."

This old furnace, which was of great use to Washington during the Revolution, was not the first activity on Durham Creek. In 1682, James Claypoole told of sending one hundred men to build houses, to clear the land, and "to set up a glass house for bottles and drinking glasses."

Close to the site of the old furnace is the remnant of a cavern, long known as the Devil's Hole. This was destroyed during later operations at the furnace, with all its wealth of stalactites and intricate passages, which attracted many travellers to the inn kept near at hand for their accommodation. A catechetical geography of 1836 told of the wonders of this cavern.

Durham is noted for more than a cave and a furnace. One of the earliest schools of Pennsylvania was taught here. Among

the schoolmasters were men who later became famous in the Province. The most picturesque of them all was William Satterthwaite who, in 1730, had a mare which he called by repeating Greek verses. That he became disgusted with teaching is shown by the verses he wrote at one time:

> "Oh! what stock of patience needs the fool
> Who spends his time and health in teaching school;
> Taught or untaught, the dunce is still the same,
> And yet the wretched Master bears the blame."

After Durham there is more of the delightful Delaware River, and then comes Easton, the city at the Forks of the Delaware, where the Lehigh flows in from the west.

II

ON THE LACKAWANNA TRAIL, FROM EASTON TO THE LINE OF NEW YORK STATE

"EASTON has every appearance of becoming one of the first commercial cities of the State, and bids fair to outstrip all her rivals," was the comment of Mrs. Annie Royall when she reached the city at the Forks of the Delaware in 1828. Her readiness to make the prophecy was all the more remarkable because she did not reach the town in a good humor, since she had a trying journey through a narrow defile, "our heads overhung by rocks, and the road almost impassable."

To-day the traveller finds the approach to Easton beautiful, and the sight of the city wonderfully appealing. The three rivers which come together here—the Delaware, the Lehigh, which the Indians called Leckhaw (West Branch), and the Bushkill—together with the heights above the stream, where Lafayette College looks out proudly from among its groves, and where the residences of those who do not fear a little climb peep out from the green, combine to make a picture that is memorable even to those who know cities noted for their picturesque surroundings.

Long before the beginning of Easton there was a ferry close to where one of the bridges is to-day. In 1739 a man from Trenton was licensed to have a ferry "in the Forks of the Delaware . . . with the undisputed right to ferry over horses, cows, sheep, mules, etc."

Twelve years after the establishing of the ferry, Thomas Penn decided to have a town on the site; he thought this was fitting, because "the water is deep and smooth." To Governor Hamilton he wrote:

"Sometime since I wrote to Dr. Graeme and Mr. Peters to lay out some ground in the Forks of the Delaware & a town,

which I suppose they have done, or begun to do. I desire it may be called Easton, for my Lord Pomfret's house, and whenever there is a new county, that it shall be called Northampton."

One of the early residents was Surveyor-General William Parsons, who moved from Lancaster, in 1752, to a house he built "at the Point of the Forks." This house was soon afterward succeeded by a tiny structure still standing at the corner of Fourth and Ferry Streets. The building, which became the home of George Taylor, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and one of the proprietors of the Durham Furnace, is maintained as a historical monument by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The new town became ambitious; it wished to keep the county seat permanently. But there was opposition. In 1765 a petition was sent by the people of Northampton County asking the General Assembly to save them from the calamity of having the all-important county town located for all time at Easton. They spoke of the twelve years' sad experience which had taught them the great "Hardship and Inconveniency" of "fixing the seat of Judication in so remote a corner of the said County." They argued against a place so "environed with Hills and Rivers" which could never have any communication with the rest of the county, since the hills and broken lands thereabouts were rendered, in the winter season, "unsafe for Travelling on Horseback, and almost inaccessible for Wagons and Carriages." The road from Bethlehem was especially forbidding, since there was but one house in eleven miles, and not one drop of water. In the winter there was "Danger of perishing with cold," and "of being parched in Summer with the Heat."

But the Indians did not find approach to Easton difficult. The town was a popular place for conferences between them and the authorities of the Province. For instance, during the Revolution, Congress authorized representatives to meet chiefs of many tribes there, in the effort to keep them on the side of the Colonies. Among the representatives of the Six Nations present

were Wytakawha, Kaknah, Amatincka, Wilakinker, Tawanah, and Taasquah.

Of the routes which the Indians from the south took when approaching Easton, two are favorites with the traveller to-day, though in the early days of Easton these were mere bridle paths. One of these routes leads north to Bangor, then east to Portland, in the midst of the country of the slate quarries, on to Delaware Water Gap, where the Delaware takes advantage of a pass in the Kittatinny Mountains to pass on its way to the south. There are those who insist that the glorious gap in the mountains was cut by the stream, but other geologists say that the river merely sought the most favorable opening, and then perhaps made this still more favorable.

But however the great gap was made, it is a place of stupendous beauty. Far above the river rise Mounts Minsi and Tammany, each 1600 feet high. The sides of the mountains, gracefully rounded, are well wooded. The river at their base is sixty feet deep. Through this narrow passage the raftsmen of early days made their way with fear and trembling; they always breathed more freely when the dangers of the mountains had been left behind.

Long before the Pennsylvania settlers reached the Water Gap from the south, there were white men in the neighborhood. The probability is that they were Hollanders, who came from the Hudson River. For forty miles along the Delaware, above the Gap, they toiled in the fields and in the iron mines which they had in a cliff near the river-side, and the product they carried to the Hudson over the Mine Road to Esopus. For a time they did not use the Delaware, for they did not know where the river would take them, but later they ventured down past Easton, and so to the mouth of the stream.

A second route from Easton to the Water Gap is farther inland. The road may not be so good in all sections, but it has the advantage of passing through a country of surpassing appeal. Just at first the country does not startle, though everywhere it presents scenes of great beauty. But when the Wind

DELAWARE WATER GAP
Looking North

RAYMONDSKILL FALLS
In Pike County

Gap is reached, all is different. Here, in a passage through the same mountain range which the Delaware crosses at the Water Gap, there is a way for the road, one hundred feet higher than that taken by the river to the northeast. The Indians have a legend that once upon a time water passed through this opening also, but there is no evidence that the Gap has ever afforded a way for anything but Indians and their white successors.

Beyond the Gap the country is more rugged. On all sides rise the wooded ridges. Here and there, as the journey is pursued, the rounded knob of Mount Pocono towers above its surroundings. At one time the road seems to cross a ridge with encroaching mountains on all sides. Then comes a fertile valley, surrounded by green ridges. Again the road leads by the site of an inviting brook, or under dense shade. Then the way winds up and down among the hills to Stroudsburg, the town of Colonel Robert Stroud, Commander of Fort Penn. This fort was the first settlement reached in 1778 by the starving fugitives from Wyoming, when they had fled from the Indian attackers of Forty Fort.

A year later Fort Penn was visited by General Sullivan, then on his way from Easton to Wyoming; he had come with his army through the Wind Gap, and paused on his way north to Pokanose Point (Pocono). At the fort he secured implements for the road cutting that he knew he would have to do as he crossed the mountains in his path.

A few years after the Revolution a famous visitor was Samuel Preston, who was bound north over the route followed by Sullivan. He expressed surprise at the establishment of Stroud: "He keeps store, tavern, grist mill, and saw mill, besides a large farm . . . and he has the most hands I ever saw at one place."

Fort Penn had a companion in Fort Hamilton, one of the chain of forts established by Benjamin Franklin in 1756, along the Kittatinny Mountains, from the Delaware to the Maryland line. Mountain gaps were fortified in this way, and forts were placed between them, so that no settler would be far from a place of refuge in case of Indian outrages.

From the town of Colonel Stroud there are, for the leisurely traveller, two routes to Scranton. Fortunate is the tourist who is able to take both of them. The more roundabout way leads, first by the State Highway to Milford on the Delaware, passing through the country of the early Dutch settlers where the names of the creeks tell of their presence; Bushkill, for instance, which tells of influences like those which moulded the country above Manhattan Island. It is a land of creeks and lakes and waterfalls; every now and then there is the temptation to turn aside from the main road to see one of these attractions. Many of them are contained in Child's State Forest Park, the fifty-two acres given to Pennsylvania by George W. Childs. The detour to this attraction de luxe begins at Dingmans Ferry, twenty-five miles from Stroudsburg. The entrance to the park is two miles west along the Silver Leaf Road. Then comes a little paradise of trees and birds, wild flowers and rare ferns, with three waterfalls for variety. This remnant of old-time Pike County beauty tells of the days when the entire region was covered with forests of yellow pine, oak, ash, and hickory. Mills built on all sides devastated the forests. Fortunately the State Department of Forests and Waters is now busy in Pike County. The Delaware State Forest is an example of what the conservationists of the Commonwealth are doing in preparation for the future.

Nine miles from Dingmans Ferry is Milford, since 1793 seated proudly on the hills above the Delaware. There Grey Towers, the home of Gifford Pinchot, disciple of conservation, looks down on the sea, while the forestry building erected for the Yale School of Forestry by James Wallace Pinchot tells of the chief interest of the family.

Long before the Pinchots gave new fame to Milford, a Hollander named Tom Quick lived near the site. His father operated a mill on the Vandemark, a stream which flows into the Delaware near Milford. During the French and Indian War the father was killed by the Indians, when on his way to the mill. Young Tom swore vengeance and became a terror to the

savages. When he was an old man he said he had killed ninety-nine savages.

From Milford the river road may be followed to Matamoras, and then on to Port Jervis, New York, and to the mouth of the Lackawaxen, which looks across to the scene in New York of the all-day Battle of the Minisink, fought on July 22, 1779, with the Indians under Brant, who was responsible for the massacre that followed. But perhaps the best way of approaching the Lackawaxen is by the Roosevelt Highway, which cuts across Pike County from Milford, reaching the rushing creek of the Indian name at Hawley, where the Delaware and Hudson Canal nestles affectionately by the side of the stream, and reaches away to the east. Soon it is to cross the Delaware by a viaduct.

From Hawley to Honesdale, highway, river, and canal keep close together through a country generously beautiful. Then come the miles of remarkable scenery to the border of Lackawanna and beyond, culminating at Carbondale, sixteen miles from Honesdale. Between these points, in 1829, a coal railroad was built. This was the first railroad in America on which a locomotive was run, the Stourbridge Lion. This marvel drew cars until its weight proved too much for the light trestles. But before the Lion was abandoned, what pleasure the few passengers must have found in their unique experience of riding behind it through miles of scenery of the sort that makes Pennsylvania notable! Their joy in the locomotive was short-lived; soon it was necessary for them to be content with the gravity road, where stationary engines and inclines did the work required of them with much satisfaction, aided by the Delaware and Hudson Canal, which was built in 1826, and was in use until 1898. By canal and railroad anthracite coal from as far away as Wilkes-Barre was shipped to market in New York and Philadelphia.

The citizens of Carbondale are proud of their city, which is notable not only for its sightly location, 1300 feet above the sea, but for its varied industries, from coal mining to silk mills. The story is told of two Pennsylvanians who met in Atlantic

City. "Where are you from?" came the natural query of one of them. "From Carbondale," was the reply. "And where is Carbondale?" "Why, Carbondale is the leading city of Northeastern Pennsylvania." The surprised listener to the statement said, "But I thought that Scanton was the leading place up that way." "Oh, no! Scranton simply is a place some miles south of Carbondale!" was the unanswerable rejoinder of the loyal Carbondale man.

Carbondale is a good place to visit, not only because of its own attractions, but by reason of some of the worth-while jaunts that may be made from its borders. One of these is to the Fish Hatchery, at Pleasant Mount, Wayne County, which may be reached through Forest City. There the State owns more than 300 acres of water surface, dedicated to the uses of what is planned to be the largest industry of its kind in the country.

Both the Fish Hatchery and Carbondale will be missed by those who decide that they must go to Scranton from Stroudsburg by the shorter way over the Pocono Mountains, a route by one of Pennsylvania's best roads through some of her most remarkable scenery.

Those who take this Lackawanna Trail pass along the route taken by General Sullivan and his army in the memorable journey in 1779 from Stroudsburg to Wyoming, which was also the route chosen in 1787 by Samuel Preston, surveyor, who told of a condition that the present traveller can be thankful does not prevail to-day as he climbs the beautiful slopes toward Mount Pocono. "The road was very stony," he said, "and in some places muddy, yet with labor might be made tolerably good." He told of spruce and laurel so thick that they could hardly be passed over, and of land that was dear at six dollars an acre. The thickets exist still though many of the trees of larger growth have been removed by such industries as the tanneries which have left many memorials along the roadside, among them the town of Tannersville. For these mills the timber was cut largely for its bark, while the remnant was left to rot or to be a menace

to the forests by reason of the fires which feed so readily upon the prostrate trunks.

Gradually the trail rises to Pocono Summit, where General Sullivan made camp one night during his trying journey across the pine-barrens, before going on to the dreaded region of the Shades of Death, where so many of the refugees from Forty Fort had fallen by the wayside.

Those who follow where Sullivan led will agree that the trip should be taken in both directions; only so can the full glory of the vast mountain region be appreciated. Those who go north wish to look backward, that they may see the ridges they have left behind them, descrying at times the distant Water Gap, with its guardian mountains. And those who go south are not content with what they see before them, but must gaze backward at the ever-changing panorama. Many, not content with the journey in either direction, return summer after summer to breathe the rare pine-laden air, while at the same time they look about them with admiring eyes, and are never satisfied to cease their gazing and their exclamations of delight.

Those who reach the Summit have only begun their pleasure. The visions from the region about Tobyhanna are as fine as the concrete roadway is satisfying to the drivers of the automobiles. That is a tame comparison, but it will be appreciated by the man who holds the steering wheel.

Soon after crossing into Lackawanna County, the road passes through Moscow on its height. By this time the passer-by has seen so many unusual views that he needs something especially good to attract his attention. Yet he will find this at Moscow.

Then on the road to Scranton come in succession fascinating Lake Worth near Elmhurst, an enticing by-road to Moosic Lake, and dark valleys down under green ridges where trees veil wonders of which only those can speak in detail who pause long enough to wander by the way.

Surprise awaits those who come to Scranton for the first time. If they expect to see a dingy, grimy city, they will be dis-

appointed. There is coal there, plenty of it—one fourth of the world's anthracite is mined within fifteen miles of this, the third city in Pennsylvania. But there are also cotton mills, woollen mills, and silk mills. The proportion of the world's raw silk handled within sixteen miles is larger than the proportion of the world's anthracite. More than three hundred industrial plants are in the city. But the greatest charm for the visitor is in the heights which have been taken for residences; the fact that the elevations in the city vary from 800 feet to 1800 feet shows what variety has been offered to the home-builder.

During the days of the Revolution the locality was called Capouse, because of a tribe of Indians of that name who lived there. Then came the first white settlers, in 1788, and the successive names Harrison, Lackawanna Iron Works, and Scrantonia. Fortunately the final form of the name—given in honor of its founder, Colonel Scranton—was selected.

Beyond Scranton are some of the best miles of the Lackawanna Trail. Clark's Summit, with its generous view of mountain and valley, is followed by a satisfying sweep of fine road across a valley. Here the Trail follows the bed abandoned by the Lackawanna Railroad when they reduced the grade and shortened the route by the construction of the Nicholson Viaduct which rises in graceful majesty high above the valley and the road. The railroad surrendered the right of way to Pennsylvania for highway purposes for one dollar. So the State was able to construct a roadway almost without a parallel, and practically without grade except where the railroad passed through a tunnel.

Six miles before reaching Nicholson Viaduct a road to the left leads off to Tunkhannock on the Susquehanna River. From there General Sullivan's trail may be followed to Wyalusing, of Moravian and Indian fame; to Asylum, the town which tells of the sorrowful settlement of French refugees; to Towanda, the county seat of Bradford, and Mansfield on the Susquehanna Trail.

Another choice route to Asylum and the Susquehanna River

THE LACKAWANNA TRAIL AND THE NICHOLSON VIADUCT

A GRACEFUL SWEEP ON THE LACKAWANNA TRAIL

NEAR THE NEW YORK STATE LINE

is offered twenty-five miles farther on, at New Milford, where the venturesome road bound for Montrose crosses the valley and begins the climb of the hills across the way. The passage over them is but a foretaste of what is to come in beautiful Montrose, 1200 feet above the valley, with its shady streets and restful old white houses, then beyond, as the road dips to the valleys and rises again to the hills.

Those who keep to the Lackawanna Trail can see from the road some of the difficulties that must be surmounted by those who go to Montrose, as they watch the branch train from Alford creeping up the heavy grade on the wooded slope across the gorge to the left.

Before the Lackawanna Trail becomes a New York road, there is a climb high above the valley, then a bit of splendid highway before the Susquehanna is reached at Hallstead, with Great Bend across the river—the last town in Pennsylvania—situated where the stream takes its northward way into New York, after making its futile attempt to give itself to Pennsylvania for the remainder of its course. Evidently the river, which, before taking the little loop into Pennsylvania, has been helping to beautify New York State, relented in its purpose to seek the sea through Pennsylvania. "Let's give New York a little more!" the waters seem to say as they prepare for fifty miles above the border.

Pennsylvania cannot complain. Think of the hundreds of miles the State possesses of a river that is one of the scenic wonders of America!

III

FROM PHILADELPHIA TO ALLENTOWN, BETHLEHEM, MAUCH CHUNK, AND WILKES-BARRE

OF COURSE there are railroads from Philadelphia to Wilkes-Barre. Frequently people have to use them. But how much better it is to follow the highway! Ruskin was surely right when he said, "Going by railroad is not travelling at all, it is merely being sent to a place, and very little different from being a parcel."

That opinion is good for almost any road, but it is especially appropriate to the Bethlehem Pike from Philadelphia, which, after leaving Chestnut Hill, passes through a smiling, rolling country, where quaint towns seem as if they belonged, and houses, streams and forests are scattered along the way just where they are most effective.

This was the road taken in 1802 by Joshua Gilpin, who said that he took, at Chestnut Hill, "the right-hand road leading through Whitemarsh township." Then he added: "The turnpike road now making is formed with stones out of the adjoining hills . . . in places to about 7 miles from Philadelphia with soft black stone which soon grinds to sand. . . . We had a fine view over White Marsh and almost on every side to a very great extent and extremely beautiful, some fine blue hills to the Northward very distant, the landscape was almost over a woodsy country which at this season was varied by the coloring of the leaves."

Then every mile of the highway has its historical messages for those who take the leisure necessary to think of them and to give a good look to the places where history was made. Flourtown, for instance. The name may seem quite prosaic, until the traveller is reminded that this old-time settlement was noted once for its great wheat trade. One local historian tells how all the country southwest and westward would send representatives

to Flourtown to study the market and buy supplies, while the millers along the Wissahickon would go there to secure the wheat to keep their stones grinding.

Whitemarsh and Fort Washington are names familiar to students of Washington's movements during the crucial month of December, 1777. A pilgrimage to the neighborhood, after a study of the great Commander's orderly books, would make for a pleasant day.

Memories of a different kind are waiting for those who leave the Bethlehem Pike at Spring House long enough to visit the quaint Gwynedd Meeting House, where the Friends of yesterday proved faithful to the lure of their First Day gatherings throughout the years of turmoil that distracted those who felt that conscience not only permitted but urged them to do their part in their country's struggle for liberty. The plain, substantial building, ivy-covered, all but hidden in the trees, with the lowly gravestones in the Meeting House yard, gives just the touch of grateful peace and quiet of which John Russell Hayes tells:

"Islands of blissful peace to lull tired souls
Tossed on the seas of daily circumstance
And seeking friendly haven after storm;
Sequestered bowers sweet with holy balm,
To shelter and to shield. No words may tell
The pathos of their centuried peacefulness,
Tranquil and holy;—here have women wept
Above their loved ones, strong men here were bowed
By piteous grief, in those grey ruthless hours
When in the silent earth they laid to rest
Their precious dear ones,—while the old house gloomed
In silent sympathy, and all its trees,
Its drooping roses and its ancient shrubs
And clinging ivies sighed in unison
A requiem for vanished loveliness,
Or worth and noble charm too early gone,
Or goodly veterans called to their long home."

The message of Gwynedd abides with the traveller as he turns back from this interlude to the Bethlehem Pike, and moves on to Montgomeryville, passing on the way numbers of venerable houses like that in this very neighborhood where, in 1894, Samuel W. Pennypacker bought at public sale a box of old books. This he took to his home, where it was neglected for years. But one day he dipped into its dusty miscellany and drew out the hymn-book, dated in 1707, of those strange creatures, the Hermits of the Wissahickon. The manuscript was in the writing of the leader, Kelpius. One of the hymns—perhaps the first hymn written in America—was by Johann Gottfried Seelig. He called it: "The Mourning Song of Complaint of the Solitary Turtle Dove in the place of its trial. Sung in the still woods of patience by J. G. S." In twelve stanzas the mystic represented the dove, cooing for its mate; Christ, the bridegroom, is urged to hasten to the waiting soul. And here is one of the stanzas:

"My Dovelet, where art thou?
Sweet Angel, why part thou?
My heart is so painful
Oh, be not disdainful.
My Dovelet, where art thou?
Come, Angel, consoling my heart now."

Temptations are many to examine such old houses as those in which the hymn-book of the Hermits of the Wissahickon was found. The mere sight of these houses along the way makes interesting the route to Quakertown, where, in and near the business section, are so many relics of the eighteenth century that a day's stay in the old town would repay the traveller who is not in too much of a hurry to get the fullest enjoyment from his trip. If he must come by train, instead of by road, he will find that the station is some distance from the business streets as fixed by the Quaker founder of the town. This is due to a disagreement between the proprietor of the Red Lion Inn and the surveyors of the road in 1855.

In the deliberate days of the mail stage, the Red Lion was a

regular stopping place for these stages, as well as for all who passed this intersection of the roads to Newton and Durham and the road from Philadelphia to Allentown. The cross-roads were the nucleus for the town, which did not receive its present name until 1803, when the post-office was established there. Early residents were satisfied to speak of the Cross-roads, or the Great Swamp, or, at length, Richland, the name given to the township in 1734. The latter names were intended to be synonymous, for almost all of the so-called Great Swamp was, and is, in reality rich land.

One of the pleasing sights of Quakertown is the Kingwood Friends' Meeting House. The building is different from other Meeting Houses, yet it is the same. The cut stone, carefully laid, is typical of the solid, substantial men and women who have done so much for Pennsylvania.

At the corner of Main and Broad Streets, at the rear of a store building, and close to a number of the older houses of the town, a memorial long treasured was the room provided in 1816 for the Quakertown Library, with the original shelving. This was established in 1788. In that year, "when the Indians were still living in wigwams on Swamp Creek, west of town," the farmers agreed that it would be a good thing to have a library at the cross-roads in the Swamp. What a wonderful time they had at the preliminary meeting! The articles of agreement called for twenty subscribers at twenty shillings per year each. One of the first members was a girl of eleven who had been saving to buy a gown. Gladly she invested the required shillings, and became the proud borrower, perhaps, of Locke "On the Understanding," "Paradise Lost," or Law's "Serious Call." All of the books bought at the beginning were fully as exciting as these. Later there were a few novels. One of these, "Maria," was "lost in the hands of Samuel Smith, Esq." The borrower of Guthrie's "Geography" was not so unfortunate; the black record of the library simply said that this volume "should be mended, the expense of which Joel Bryan must pay in whose hands it received ye damage."

To-day the town rejoices in a handsome building for this, the seventh oldest library in the State.

A third memorial of former days has disappeared. This was the log house, near the Red Lion in which leaders in Fries' Rebellion plotted in 1798. This rebellion, which centred in Bucks and Montgomery Counties and a part of what is now Lehigh County, was a protest against the tax on houses, designed to raise funds for the expenses of the prospective war with France. The tax was assessed according to the size of the house, and the size of the house was judged according to the number of windows and the dimensions of the window-panes. The assessors had a hard time, for the German pioneers thought that the odious hearth tax of Germany was being revived. Dogs and scalding water greeted some of the assessors. While two of them were in a tavern at dinner, John Fries told them they must desist. They continued their assessments, but rumors of trouble led them to flee to Quakertown, where they fell into the hands of a mob. History tells of Fries' efforts to raise 700 men to resist this tax, the arrest of thirty of the leaders by the United States and their confinement in the Sun Tavern at Bethlehem, the President's proclamation, the action of the Governor of Pennsylvania in calling out the militia, the encampment of troops sent out by the Secretary of War at Spring House, eighteen miles from Philadelphia, on this Bethlehem Pike, the arrival of General MacPherson in Quakertown, where he arrested Fries and thirty others who were taken to Philadelphia for trial. Fries was convicted of treason, but was pardoned by the President.

In passing, it is of interest to note that Doctor Muhlenberg was one of a number who explained the law to the people so carefully that they withdrew their opposition and paid the tax.

A tradition of which Quakertown is much prouder tells of the Underground Railway, which had one of its important stations there. This was a recognized point on the road between West Chester and Stroudsburg.

Visitors should see the curious Rocky Valley, halfway

between the town and the spot where Lehigh, Northampton, and Bucks Counties touch. There are acres of unwieldy, igneous trap-rock, called by many the ringing rocks, thrown together in confusion as if in the valley of a stream from which the water has been drained away. A similar outcropping, called Stony Garden, is near Applebacksville, on the highway close to the base of Haycock Mountain, which rises to a height of 960 feet. Haycock Run, named for the mountain, contributed the water-worn stone set up in 1925 to mark Gallows Hill, on the old Durham Road, where Edward Marshall and his associates in the famous Indian Walk left the road and took to the Indian Path. A similar stone tells of the place, near Springtown, where the walkers paused for lunch.

We are now approaching the country of the Moravians, who made their pilgrimage to and founded Bethlehem in 1741. Some of the monuments of this early stay, as well as many erected later, are central features of the old town which has become not only one of the greatest industrial cities in Pennsylvania, with its steel mills, silk and hosiery mills, and other manufacturing establishments, but also an educational centre where Asa Packer's Lehigh University attracts thousands of students each year to the banks of the Lehigh.

During 1741 the chief use of the road from Philadelphia to Bethlehem was to accommodate the Moravians. Post-riders and wagons went to Philadelphia to meet incoming vessels from Europe and the West Indies, and returned with mail and supplies. Frequently the journeys were made on horseback or on foot. Sometimes high water in the streams which were to be forded delayed the travellers bound to Bethlehem. The need became so great that in 1742 a weekly post and express service between the towns was instituted. Twenty years later a public conveyance appeared on the road.

The difficulty of fording the Lehigh River, or of crossing it by canoes, led to the opening of the first ferry in 1743, the ferry-boat being drawn to the launching site by eight horses. The far-sighted Moravians had already secured the lands on the south

side of the river, that they might have control of the important approach from the south to their town, and from the town to the more thickly peopled parts of the Province.

Of course the next need was an inn for the accommodation of the travellers who could not be cared for in Bethlehem. This was not desired in the town, since publicity for the community, already misunderstood and misrepresented, was not desired. For this reason the Crown Inn was opened. To its hospitable doors came Indians on their way to conferences at Easton, soldiers of the French and Indian Wars and the Revolution, and men of prominence in the Colonies, as well as scores of unnamed pedestrians and horsemen on their way to the settlements upon the Lehigh, over to the Delaware, or perhaps on to Nazareth, where later the Red Rose Inn was placed for the accommodation of those who passed through the Dry Lands, on their way by bridle path to the Minisink and then by the Mine Road that led to the Hudson River.

One of the famous men who stopped at the Crown Inn was Conrad Weiser. In 1756 he had with him 47 men. The overnight bill for the company, including two meals and feed for their horses, amounted only to £3.

There was, of course, some complaint because of "high charges" like this, as well as the fees asked at the ferry near by. But everybody had to pay, with the exceptions noted in 1756, when the Proprietor of the Province renewed the license; no tolls were to be charged "us our heirs & successors & our Lieutenant Governor & attendants & servants only excepted."

Further provision was made that all should pass free of charge who were bound for the grist mill at Bethlehem, with a specified minimum amount of grain, and all who were on their way to church either on Sundays or holy days, "provided they do not come for the purpose of transacting business, or carry parcels."

Though the first bridge was built in 1799, the ferry was still used. But both ferry and bridge were too expensive to suit

Margaret Dwight, who entered Bethlehem in 1810, when on her way from New Haven, Connecticut to Ohio. She wrote:

"Before we entered the town we cross'd the Lehi in 2 places. It was not deep, & we forded it to save time & expense."

Yet it is only fair to say that the desire to save expense was not Margaret's. For in her diary she wrote, when near Bethlehem:

"I never will go to New Connecticut with a Deacon again, for we have put up at every byplace in the Country to save expence. It is very grating to my pride to go into a tavern & furnish & cook my own provisions . . . but that I can probably get along with—but to be obliged to pass the night in such a place as we are now in, just because it is a little cheaper, is more than I am willing to do."

Some of those who were privileged to pass free over the ferry crossed in April, 1768—Governor John Penn, his wife, brother, and suite. The party was visiting the town for the purpose of seeing the famous shad fishing. On this occasion the fish were most accommodating; 644 shad were taken in the presence of the great visitors. Yet this was by no means a record; in 1778, 8077 shad were caught in fifteen days. These great hauls ceased when the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company improved the river, for then shad were no longer able to go up the Lehigh to spawn.

Seven years after the visit of the favored fishermen began the stirring days of Bethlehem's history during the Revolution. What a theatre of action the town was! What a wonderful caste of characters was on the scene! The present-day visitor to the bustling steel city should pause to think of the days when Washington and Lafayette and many of their associates were there; when the ferryboats were taken away to the Delaware for the use of Washington's army; when troops were quartered in the town; when the sick and the wounded were under treatment there; when prisoners passed through; when hundreds of army wagons, loaded with supplies, were concentrated in the lowlands below the Sun Inn; when Congress met among the

Moravians; when messengers brought from Philadelphia the dreadful word that Congress was thinking seriously of making the town the permanent Capital of the nation, where it would spoil the morals "of the young people."

But the Revolution ended; disasters threatened were avoided, and the town was ready for the developments of later years—for instance, the passage down the Lehigh in 1820 of arks carrying 365 tons of anthracite coal to the Delaware, a tonnage which increased within two years to 1480 tons!

During the early days of the nineteenth century the town saw many emigrants bound from New England to Ohio. In 1802 John Gilpin, when on the road from Easton to Bethlehem, told of passing some of these pilgrims. He was much interested in these people, but his words concerning himself and his companion make more impression on those who use the road to-day:

"I was extremely tired with my day's ride having been on horseback & the road very rough, my companion who drove a whisky [described by Webster as "a low, light, one-horse chaise without hood or top"] a-tandem, would often have relieved me, but having heretofore found one or two constant days' ride on horseback necessary to season me for it & to prepare me for prosecuting my journey with ease, I refused."

One more picture was given:

"The mode of driving tandem was quite new in the country and gave us an opportunity of seeing the people generally at the roadside, but altho' it was singular even to us I must confess was of great benefit, as I think one horse would have been unable to have driven in a chaise as we came without excessive fatigue."

Talk of moving pictures! Can't you see the gaping countrymen by the roadside, and the two travellers on the rough road, one on horseback, the other in a "whisky a-tandem"?

More interesting still to frequenters of the road, who have had sad experience in asking their way of natives who ought to be able to give directions clearly, is the story of the same John Gilpin. He was not far from Bethlehem when he sought the

residence of a settler who was said to live a mile away. But he "found no place to answer the description" he had received. More, he was in "a settlement of people to whom we could not make ourselves understood & who only perplexed us with the means they took to assist us." But they made other attempts:

"After being sent and steering about thro' lawns & woods & fields for about 3 hours & 10 or 14 miles we found ourselves very happily returned into the road which two days before had brought us from Bethlehem to Easton town. . . . I urged the propriety of my friends returning to Easton and I would spend the remainder of it in searching & endeavoring to compleat our object & if the people could not speak english I would speak dutch—I left them to go here and there. . . . I got directions for about half a mile & decided when there to push my way farther, accordingly having rode that distance I was at the forks of a road & discerning a boy in a field called him & found he could speak no more english than the rest. . . ."

More than sixty years before this ride of the perplexed visitor, in 1740, George Whitefield bought 5000 acres of land in the Forks of the Delaware—a description that included not only the site of Easton, but the country between the Lehigh and the Delaware as far as Bethlehem and even Allentown—where he proposed to found a school for negroes. The Moravians who had come with him from Georgia began to erect for him a large stone house for the school, at a place called Nazareth. Disputes led to disagreement, then to the failure of the project. The workmen secured a tract of land not far away, where they began to build the town later known as Bethlehem. And in 1741 the builder of Bethlehem bought 500 acres of Whitefield. On this they founded the town of Nazareth and built the Red Rose Inn, so named because William Penn, when deeding to his daughter Letitia the tract on which Nazareth was built, specified that the rent was to be a red rose annually, if demand was made for it.

For many years Nazareth, like Bethlehem, won fame as the abode of the Moravians. There are still many reminders of them

there, but to-day the town is better known because of its great cement plant.

The side trip to Nazareth will not be complete without a little journey to the westward to the town of Bath, which was laid out some years before the Revolution, and was named for Bath in England. There is an old road leading from Bath to Mauch Chunk, which was given fresh prominence in 1925 by the erection, at Adelman's Mill, close to the road, of another of the monuments to John Penn's famous walkers who so wantonly defrauded the mystified Indians of their inheritance.

But we do not go to Mauch Chunk by this road. It is better to go to Bethlehem, and from there a few miles westward to Allentown, by the road which Benjamin Franklin took in 1756, when he was on his errand for the Colony to arrange for defense against the Indians. This was the road followed by Margaret Dwight in 1810, when she said that it was pretty good, "where Dame Nature does not undertake to peruse it." This statement she explained by adding:

"But she has so much other business on hand that she has never learn'd to pass & makes a wretched hand at it. I wish she would be persuaded to leave it to art for the future; for we are very great sufferers from her work."

The road from Bethlehem to Allentown may have been bad in early days, but it is gloriously surfaced to-day. And at the end of the route there is a fair city, beautifully situated on the banks of the Lehigh, which is crossed by the graceful concrete bridge 2650 feet long. How this would have amazed James Allen, who laid out the town of Northampton in 1762! In 1800 the settlers used to call the place Allentown, but the name Northampton persisted until 1838, when Allentown came into its own.

Like Bethlehem, Allentown has a college—Muhlenberg College. Silk mills and iron mills are prominent. Then the city brags just a little of the fact that, in 1865, the first Portland cement factory in the United States was built there.

On the way north from Allentown toward Mauch Chunk, it is diverting for those who distrust the road hog—and who doesn't?

—to read of the comment made in 1787 by Samuel Preston, surveyer for the lands of Henry Drinker, who wrote of a journey north from Allentown:

"As I was riding along I met a Dutchman on a very poor horse, riding past. I gave him what of the road I could, yet he rode so nigh that his horse's hip bone struck me under the cap of the knee and lamed me so hard that I found it difficult in working up the mountain. . . . I wish the Dutchman had ridden a better horse."

In early days the Pennsylvania Germans were not the only foreigners in the vicinity of Allentown. To the north, on the Lehigh River, in the vicinity of the modern Kreidersville, there was what was known as the Irish Settlement. Benjamin Franklin referred to them in 1756 when he wrote to Governor Norris from Bethlehem:

"As we drew near the place, we met a number of wagons, and many people moving off with their effects and families from the Irish Settlement at Lehigh Township, being terrified by the defeat of Hay's Company, and the burnings and murders committed in the township on New Year's Day. We found the place filled with refugees; the workmen's shops, even the cellars, being crowded with women and children."

The surroundings of the river which these Irish refugees followed became more rugged with the passing miles. Ferries gave hints of the difficulties of travel in early days. Here and there is a primitive bridge, which is a reminder of the chain bridge built at Slatington in 1826.

Twelve miles above Slatington, where the Blue Mountains divide Northampton County from Lehigh County, the leaping waters of the river pass through Lehigh Water Gap, which was so aptly described by one who knew the country long ago:

"The Lehigh steals its way through the Gap, which, walled in on both sides, forms a sublime object of admiration, and presents to the observant spectator one of the most picturesque prospects in east Pennsylvania. At almost any season of the year the diversified defile is exceedingly attractive."

The Dutch called the Gap Die Lecha Wasser-Kaft, while the Indians spoke of it as Buch-ka-buck-ka, "the mountains butting opposite each other." This passage through the Gap, and the waters above and below, was a feat to which the boys of the tribes looked forward, for much skill was required to negotiate the stream, which falls 1210 feet from Stoddartsville, above Mauch Chunk, to the Gap, and 100 feet more from the Gap to Easton. Yet the distance is only about seventy miles.

When travellers come to the Fort Allen Hotel, at Weissport, they are on the site of Fort Allen, built by Colonel Benjamin Franklin in 1755, the principal fort on the Lehigh River, and one of the chain of forts from the Delaware to the Maryland line. After the Easton Council of 1759, Tedyuskung stopped at the fort, and there he and his men made a display of themselves as the result of heavy drinking. After several days they departed for Tioga. Tedyuskung had a saddle and bridle, as well as many gifts he had received at Easton.

Fort Allen was close to Gnadenhütten, the Moravian settlement for Indian missionary work. In 1746 the settlement had been made close to where Lehightown is, near Mahoning Creek, but in 1754 it was moved down the river. There it remained for two years, until it was destroyed by the French and Indian War. The location chosen along the river was strategic, because it was on the Warriors' Path to Wyoming and other Indian towns, across the Nescopeck Mountains.

The Warriors' Path passed over the site of Mauch Chunk, one of the most picturesque towns in the United States. There mountains on all sides, with the river flowing swiftly between, give precarious foothold to the dwellings of thousands. In the mountains above the town are many notable beauty spots, of which one of the finest is Glen Onoko, where waters tributary to the Lehigh leap in many cataracts to a total descent of some seven hundred feet. The greatest leap of all is Onoko Falls, which is ninety feet high. Another sight that should not be missed is the view of Nescopeck Valley from Prospect Rock.

The heights about Mauch Chunk were made notable in 1827,

MAUCH CHUNK AND EAST MAUCH CHUNK
From Flagstaff Peak

ON THE ROAD TO HARVEY'S LAKE

NEAR NANTICOKE

by the building of the first railroad in Pennsylvania. Nine miles was the length of this pioneer road from Summit Hill to the canal, by which coal was carried to the Philadelphia market. This was thirty-six years after the discovery of stone coal in the region by a man who found, under a tree which had been overturned by a storm, many black stones. These were sent to Philadelphia, where they were found to be coal. Two years later was organized the Lehigh Coal Mine Company, the predecessor of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company.

The coal railroad was one year old when Mrs. Annie Royall made a journey over the road we have taken to Mauch Chunk. She was not allowed to set out on her journey, however, without loud protests from her friends. They told her she was making a wild plan, that the road was rough, that Mauch Chunk was on the verge of civilization, that it was greatly out of the way. "But what is my way if not to see the country?" was her reply. "And Mauch Chunk, of which I have heard so much, became the pivot of my tour, in spite of the bad roads."

At Mauch Chunk the highway leaves the Lehigh, and passes over the rugged countryside to Hazleton, where anthracite coal was discovered in 1818 at a deer lick where the animals had pawed up coal. The town received its name from the fact that there were many hazel bushes in the neighborhood.

The distance from Hazleton to the Susquehanna River is not great. The Indians made the journey by a trail up Wapwallopen Creek. The journey to-day is through a most alluring country.

Now we are in the heart of the anthracite country. One after another, mining towns are passed, with their towering coal breakers, and culm banks—Nanticoke, Wilkes-Barre, Wyoming Pittston, Scranton. It is difficult to realize that there are but 480 square miles of country underlaid with the stone coal, which proved such a trial to those who first introduced it, but is to-day the base of the prosperity of scores of communities in the valleys of the Lehigh, the Susquehanna, and the Schuylkill.

IV

FROM PHILADELPHIA TO READING, POTTSVILLE, AND SUNBURY

THE great road leading to Norriton Mills," was the description of the ancestor of the Ridge or Manatawny Road before 1733. This was more than sixty years before the first regular stage coach between Philadelphia and Reading. The journey was made once a week, the time required was two days, and the fare was two dollars. A letter cost threepence.

For a portion of the distance between Philadelphia and Reading there are now two highways, the Germantown Pike and the Ridge Pike. Thus the driver of the modern successor of the stage coach must decide what he will do between Barren Hill and the Perkiomen Bridge. Both routes have so much to commend them that, as in so many other places in Pennsylvania, the only solution of the difficulty of choice is to use first one, then the other. Those who prefer the Ridge Road say that the extensive views offered from the elevation followed by the highway are too magnificent to lose. The answer is made by those partial to the Germantown Road that they know of nothing to compare with the prospect offered at Fairview, near the crossing of the Trooper Road.

While the two roads come together both at Barren Hill and at Perkiomen, they swing apart from one to two miles between these points.

It should be impossible to pass Barren Hill without giving a thought to one of the famous men who made the Ridge Road memorable—General Lafayette. On May 20, 1778, he was in danger from the force of General Howe. With 2400 men he had just crossed the Schuylkill at Matson's Ford. By masterly strategy Lafayette saved his little army, and so disappointed General Howe, who felt so sure of success that he had invited

guests to tea to meet the Frenchman, and had engaged passage for him to England, as a prisoner of war!

At the time of Lafayette's victory at Barren Hill, there was, several miles farther on, a gathering place of the Friends who were opposed to all conflict. This was Plymouth Meeting House, built in 1715, which still greets the traveller as he passes toward Reading. The plain old building, with the rigidly plain stones in the graveyard, looks from the left on the road which has witnessed the events of two centuries.

A church still older stands on the right side of the road, in the next township. Norriton Presbyterian Church, built certainly as early as 1699, possibly in 1689, long had for its neighbor on the east the house of David Rittenhouse, which has now become the mansion of Herbert T. Ballard of Norristown. While the Colonial atmosphere of the old house has been preserved, the chief relic of early days is the great box bush between the house and the driveway.

One of the greatest honors ever received by the resident of the original house was given in 1779 by a loyalist who attacked him in print:

"There dwelt in Norriton's sequestered bowers
A mortal blest with mathematic powers.
To whom was David Rittenhouse unknown?
Fair Science saw and marked him for her own.
His eye creation to its bounds would trace,
His mind the regions of unbounded space.
Whilst thus he soared above the starry spheres,
The word of Congress sounded in his ears;
He listened to the voice with strange delight,
And swift descended from his dazzling height;
Then mixing eager with seditious tools,
Vice-President-Elect of rogues and fools,
His hopes resigned of philosophic fame,
A paltry statesman Rittenhouse became."

Just before the Germantown Road merges with the Ridge Road into the Philadelphia and Reading Pike, there is a third

picturesque old church. The building of St. James of Perkiomen now on the ground is not ancient, but the date-stone of the building of 1721 is preserved in the later structure. Like so many other churches in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, the older building was used as a hospital in 1777, after the Battle of Germantown.

Those who choose the Ridge Road as their approach to the Perkiomen pass through Norristown, where ancient landmarks unite with modern industries to make a city of exceptional charm and interest.

The country beyond Norristown is memorable, not only because of the wide outlook over the city, but because of the houses which those who use the road to-day can see, just as they were when the drivers of the great wagons that carried the produce from the farms to the cities passed along the Ridge Road. Many of these wagons paused at the Jeffersonville Inn, built in 1765, where Egypt Road from Phoenixville approaches the Ridge Road. The prosperity of the inn may be imagined from the fact that at the time of its opening there were nearly nine thousand wagons employed in the provision trade; of these, a large portion used the Ridge Road.

Those who pass the swinging signboard of the venerable inn find themselves thinking less of the wagons that used the road, and more of Colonel Thompson, who was the proprietor during the Revolution. After the Battle of Brandywine he was confined to his bed in one of the upper rooms. While there, warning was given of the approach of the British. Friends wrapped the invalid in his bedclothes and carried him into the woods, where they hid him on the banks of Indian Creek. Angered because they could not find the man they wanted, the enemy burned a part of the inn.

During the early years of the nineteenth century the inn was headquarters for one of the first packs of hounds about Philadelphia. An advertisement in the Norristown *Register*, in 1810, gave a novel invitation to one of the famous fox hunts:

FOUNTAIN INN, DOYLESTOWN
Built 1745

ON THE OLD YORK ROAD

ON THE ROAD TO EASTON, ABOVE KINTNERSVILLE

"A Large Red Fox Am I"

"Come all ye sportsmen, bold and free,
Your horns and hounds, too,
On Monday next, at 10 o'clock,
I'll show myself to you.

"I am a bold old traveller as ever you have seen,
As for my age,—I do not know, but think it is fifteen.
I challenge each and every one, so therefore don't lay by,
And I shall be prepared for you, my fortunes for to try."

Frequenters of the roads about Philadelphia to-day are sometimes thrilled by the sight of a pack of hounds following a fox to his lair, with men and women hunters thundering after, mounted on their venturesome horses.

Still older than the Jeffersonville Inn is Egypt Road, for this was opened in 1731. Its name was received because it connected what was known as Upper Egypt in Chester County and Lower Egypt in Philadelphia County, and passed through a district where overflows from a number of streams made the country especially fertile. A later name was the Perquimony Road.

Near the beginning of its short and crooked course, Egypt Road crosses Trooper Road, whose brief life is noteworthy because the road passes between high hedges that are reminders of those on the rural roads of England. But two miles beyond the intersection of these two venerable roads there is a landmark such as England cannot point out—the quaint covered bridge over the Perkiomen, one of the comparatively few of these structures still standing.

Not far from the bridge is the historic home of Francis V. Eavenson, The Oaks, where beeves were fattened for Washington's army at Valley Forge. A bit of the farm was deeded in 1802 for the use of the first free school in the county. The deed on file at Norristown tells how the donor was "actuated by motives of public utility and laudable purpose." The school property was held by a company of neighbors, among whom were four members of the famous Pennypacker family. A pil-

grimage up the creek from Perkiomen Bridge, on one of the most pleasing roads to be found anywhere, with tantalizing glimpses on the right of the picturesque Perkiomen, should be made to Schwenksville, where lived the best known of all the family, Governor Samuel Whitaker Pennypacker, in a mansion that was old when Washington used the house as his headquarters.

Another member of the family used the roads about Norristown for a purpose made evident by a letter dated in 1857:

"There are three colored friends at my house now, who will reach the city by the Philadelphia and Reading train this evening. Please meet them. . . . We have within the past two months passed forty-three through our hands, transported most of them to Norristown *via* our conveyance."

Long before the days of the Underground Railroad, Perkiomen Creek roads were used for work that involved the prosperity of Pennsylvania. Some distance above Schwenksville, Mount Pleasant Furnace and Forge was active in 1743. At that time Thomas Potts was iron-master, and his products were carried along the highway toward Penn's town on the Delaware.

Another flourishing industry on the Perkiomen and the Schuylkill was fishing. All along the river were weirs and racks and dams. Into these the builders drove fish ahead of them, as they waded in the stream or rode their horses through the waters. These structures that caught the fish proved a serious obstacle to the canoes and flatboats of farmers who sought to float their supplies from Berks and Montgomery counties to the Philadelphia markets. Many times there were serious conflicts between the boatmen and the fishermen. Finally the matter was taken to court. Squire George Boone, of Amity Township, Berks County—one of the family from which came Daniel Boone—was the magistrate before whom, in 1728, Marcus Huling and others testified that the weirs had caused serious damage to their boats. Huling declared that he had grounded his canoe in a fish dam, "by reason of which his wheat was much damnified." Yet not until 1738 did Squire Boone order the removal of the obstruction. When law officers

sought to carry the order into effect, there were riots. One of these took place near Perkiomen Creek. After this the Executive Council put themselves back of the fight, and soon the farmers on the Schuykill had their rights.

Just beyond the old stone arch bridge over the Perkiomen is the town of Collegeville, seat of Ursinus College, with its beautiful campus bordering on the creek. The town, which dates from the completion of the bridge in 1799, was called Perkiomen Bridge. But with the turnpike from this point to Reading, begun in 1811, and finished in 1815, added importance came to the settlement, and it was ready for a new name. The twenty-nine miles of the road cost seven thousand dollars a mile. That sum seemed large at the time. But what a contrast to the expense of the modern automobile highway!

Trappe, likewise, had a season of struggle with an earlier name. At first the town, which the passer-by remembers because of the curious structure of Dr. Muhlenburg's Lutheran Church, built in 1743, was called Landau. The odd church is on the right of the traveller who is bound westward.

Along this road passed Washington in 1794. He wrote:

"From Norris Town to Reading the road passes over a reddish and slaty or shelly kind of land, through very open and hilly country, tolerably well cultivated by the farmer. The farm houses are good, and the Barns above mediocrity. The former chiefly of Stone. The whole Road indeed from Philadelphia to Reading goes over Hilly and broken ground—but very pleasant notwithstanding."

Six years earlier, John Penn, after his passage through the country, said that the soil was not very rich, but that the country was finely diversified with woods and clear ground.

The highway, which left the Schuylkill at Norristown, approaches the stream once more at Pottstown, the busy city at Manatawny Creek, made famous by many of the pioneer iron mills of Pennsylvania. The first of these was built by Thomas Rutter who, in 1718, went up Manatawny Creek, and there began to make iron directly from the ore. Students of the iron

industry of Pennsylvania marvel as they note how frequently the names of Rutter and Potts are found. Members of these families intermarried until it was no easy matter to keep track of relationships.

John Rutter's iron works were well established when John Penn, in 1735, sold 14,600 acres on the site of Pottstown to emigrants from Glasgow. The price of the land was but £2000. When the town was founded, it was called Pottsgrove. This was the name when Washington, after the Battle of Brandywine, camped near by before going to Pennypacker's Mills on the Perkiomen.

In 1925 Pottstown lost its oldest house when the St. Claire mansion was demolished, to make way for an office building. This was owned by a Tory member of the Potts family, who, because of slighting words spoken of Washington when he was at Valley Forge, lost his property.

Pottstown had one of its happiest days in 1837, when the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad was completed to the town from Reading, on its way to Philadelphia. The roads were forsaken on that occasion by the fortunate holders of tickets for the excursion. They rode in five freight cars, drawn by five horses. Three hours were required for the journey from Reading, a distance of nineteen miles!

Those who to-day have to travel by rail between Pottstown and Reading are unfortunate if they have not already made intimate exploration of what is one of the most interesting sections of Pennsylvania. First they will wish to turn to the right, several miles after leaving Pottstown, on the road to Boyertown, in search of the birthplace of Daniel Boone. The required distance can be covered in a few minutes, though the way is rather intricate. Fortunately the Berks County Historical Society has marked all the turns plainly. The final marker is a boulder which tells that the site of the old Boone homestead is but a quarter of a mile to the left. The original house is not standing; nothing is left but the stone chimney of a fireplace before which Daniel Boone, who was born in 1734, spent many of the hours

of his boyhood. The house was built by George Boone, the grandfather, in 1720. This George Boone was the justice to whom reference was made earlier in this chapter. The farm on which the house was built came from the man to whom it had been granted by William Penn.

A short distance farther on, near Stonersville, is Exeter Quaker Meeting House, which the Boones attended. Among other regular worshipers there was Mordecai Lincoln, ancestor of Abraham Lincoln, whose house is not far away, though on the other side of the William Penn Highway. The Boones and the Lincolns were close friends; George Boone was one of the executors of the estate of Mordecai Lincoln, while Anne Boone, niece of the father of Daniel Boone, became the wife of Mordecai's son Abraham.

Exeter Meeting House, built in 1736, is only a short distance from the old stage road from Reading to Boyertown. The typical stone structure divides interest with the wall-enclosed burying ground, whose unusual appearance is explained by the neighborhood tradition that when the limited plot was filled, and the owners of adjoining land refused to sell ground for an addition, half of the plot was filled with earth about to the top of the stone wall that there might be room for a second tier of graves. Somewhere in the enclosure are the graves of ancestors of both Daniel Boone and Abraham Lincoln.

Six miles from the Meeting House is Boyertown, where Thomas Rutter built the first iron forge in Pennsylvania. The forge has disappeared, but the site of the old dam is pointed out. Near by was the mansion, known as Popodickon, built by Rutter's son-in-law, Thomas Potts, Jr., father of John Potts, the founder of Pottstown, and father of eleven sons, most of them iron-workers. Some of them were interested in the Colebrookdale Furnace, on Iron Creek, above Boyertown.

The excursion to the north of the William Penn Highway may be extended so as to reach the road laid out by Mordecai Lincoln in 1735, which was for many years the outlet from Reading toward Philadelphia. On and near this pioneer road

are historic houses, including that of George De Benneville, the first teacher of Universalism in America. This was built in 1741. Farther on is the homestead of Anthony Hunter, whose son Daniel was a famous soldier of Colonial days. This house dates from 1750.

But it is time to return to the highway to Reading, which soon leads on to Douglassville, where Thomas Penn, when on his way to Reading, in 1785, stopped at the Black Horse Tavern. To-day the most interesting place in town is the old Morlatten Church, used as a public library. This building of stones laid on the bias, and locked into each other, was built in 1801, the successor of the log church of 1761.

Near the church, just at the bridge, a road turns to the left. This leads directly to the Schuylkill River. At the right side of the road, close to the river, is the oldest house in Berks County, built by Monce Jones about 1716. Beyond the house, crossing the Schuylkill, is one of the best specimens of the old covered bridge, built in 1833. On the far side of the river is the State Highway, the first highway between Reading and Philadelphia, on which wagon trains carried provisions to Valley Forge.

A few miles nearer Reading the road climbs a high hill which offers a view so wonderful that Reading people, who are accustomed to unusual prospects, frequently motor out to enjoy the sight of the Schuylkill valley on the south and the Oley Valley on the north. This must have been the height of which Thomas Paine wrote when he said that he "passed on thro' a series of higher hills, breaking the horizon with less harmony, and resembling somewhat Pelion upon Ossa."

When the traveller is within five miles of Reading, a bold sign on the left tells of the turn to be taken by those who would see the home of Mordecai Lincoln, great-great-grandfather of Abraham Lincoln. The distance is only a little more than a mile. Again the twisting way is made plain by markers, the last of them being at the structure itself, where a United States flag flies from a staff that is visible to passengers on the trains of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, as well as to those

EXETER QUAKER MEETING HOUSE
Built 1736

THE HOUSE OF MONCE JONES, NEAR DOUGLASSVILLE
Built about 1716

DESIGNS ON A PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN'S BARN
To ward off evil spirits

THE HOUSE OF MORDECAI LINCOLN
Great-great-grandfather of Abraham Lincoln

who stand on the banks of the Schuylkill. Built on a hillside, the house is of two stories from the side, but has only one story on the front. The latter section is the oldest portion.

The approach to Reading is worthy of the city placed under the shadow of Mount Penn by the wisdom of Thomas and Richard Penn, who laid out the streets in 1748, and named it for the English city in Berkshire. The lots sold were subject to a nominal ground rent. This rent was overlooked for many years, but in 1815 notice was given to the astonished inhabitants that their lots would be sold if the overdue rent was not paid. Then there was war. The Penns made a virtue of necessity, and within a few years they released many of the ground rents.

During the Revolution the place was a refuge for many Hessian prisoners, who built huts on Mount Penn, using the stone so abundant there. Patriots were plentiful in the city, but there were also some who were not satisfied with things as they were. Their state of mind became evident when they led in the Conway Cabal, which had for its object the substitution of Gates for Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental army.

Hessian prisoners, patriots, and leaders of the cabal made use of the Old Penn Street Ferry which was as old as the city. In 1796 plans were made to replace the ferry by a bridge. Then the legislature gave permission to have a lottery scheme to supplement the local appropriation. The attempt to sell $300,000 in lottery tickets, of which $60,000 was to be turned back by the prize-winners, proved unsuccessful, and the ancestor of the present Penn Street Bridge was not completed until 1818. This three-span roofed bridge was used until 1884.

A traveller of 1810, Margaret Dwight, wrote in her journal of the days before the bridge was ready:

"We cross'd the Schuylkill—it was not deeper than the Lehi—& we rode thro' it in our waggon. A bridge was begun, but the undertakers were unable to finish it. . . . It is now grown over with grass & serves as a walk for the ladies."

Later visitors to Reading find so much to attract them that

they forget trifling annoyances incident to the journey. If they are looking for sightly residences, these will be found on all sides. Do they seek industries? Reading has them by the score. Do they want mountains? They are in the city's dooryard. Do they want a mountaintop view? Let them climb to the Pagoda on Mount Penn. Do they wish to see one of the finest specimens of church architecture in Pennsylvania? They have only to stand in wonder before Trinity Lutheran Church, built in 1791, whose tower and palladian windows are notable. For contrast they may look up the street leading to Mount Penn, and see the striking city jail, built in 1836, and still famous by reason of its architecture. If they seek a bit of unique municipal enterprise, they can find it in the city reservoir, covered over with concrete, that it may be used as a skating rink, in summer or in winter. Penn Square, on Saturday night, with the lights and bustling crowds, will give a colorful picture of a country town where farmers and residents alike are on the street.

But to many the most notable sight about Reading is the result of the work of the Berks County Conservation Society, which first came into its birthright when helping such developments as the Antietam Reservoir, three miles from the city. Only a few years ago, when the problem of conserving the city's water supply was faced, farseeing citizens realized the possibilities of Antietam Creek and the bare hills surrounding it. The creek was dammed, the hillsides were planted with trees, a Municipal Nursery was established, that more trees for other hillsides might be ready from year to year, and a master bricklayer was persuaded that his duty was to leave his trowel to take charge of the infant trees. The first hillside was planted with evergreens in 1915 by the boys and girls of the city's high school—the first tree planting of moment by children in the United States. Look at it to-day! Look at other hillsides, and at the nursery where fifteen thousand seedlings are growing for the next year's planting. See the four hundred acres owned by the city in the watershed which feeds the reservoir. Listen to the guide who tells with pride that Berks is the only county in

the United States whose fire departments have agreed to respond to calls to fight fires in the forests, not only near the reservoir, but elsewhere in the county. And all this is done by coöperation with Pennsylvania's Department of Forests and Waters, which supplies the seedlings for the Antietam Nursery, and looks on with satisfaction at one of the first examples of municipal tree-planting to be seen anywhere.

The time comes when even Reading must be left behind, and the road taken which leads north. This road was begun in 1745, continued in 1770, and improved early in the nineteenth century as a toll road. It was completed in 1810. Milestones of white marble told the distance to Reading; some of them may be seen to-day by the side of the road. But, to quote a local historian: "What a change has taken place in the former great highway! The toll-gate no longer bars the way of carriages or wagons, and it is doubtful if a single specimen of this barrier could now be found. The toll-board with the list of rates is also gone, and the hated toll-gatherer is no longer at his post. And what has become of the many taverns along the road, good, bad, and indifferent? What has become of the beautiful stages and ponderous Conestoga wagons that travelled on the pike?"

Everywhere along the road are the staunch homes of the sturdy Pennsylvania Dutch, built generously because stone was so plentiful. Proud of their handiwork, the builder usually set in the gable or between windows in the second story a date-stone, which bore the initials of the husband and wife, as well as the year of building. Perhaps these were in form like this:

17 C. H. H. R. 19

Sometimes a quotation was added in German. On an old house was a message which, translated, read:

"God bless this house!
And all that enter or go out.
God bless all the people.
And also all the land.
To God alone be the honor
And to no one else."

Sometimes both date-stone and motto were omitted. Perhaps the reason was like that given in connection with a house in Lancaster County. The builder of a stone house was approached by a Mennonite Bishop, when the house was nearly done. The builder was asked to declare upon his conscience what was his purpose in erecting so stately a dwelling. The reply was that he had comfort only in mind. Then the Bishop told him that the mansion was too showy for a humble disciple of Menno Simon.

Those who pass by the houses along the road above Reading, are annoyed sometimes by the sight of a barn that is placed more advantageously than the house. The sight brings to mind the story of the farmer who built a big barn a few rods away from and in front of his home. The house was on the crest of a high hill, and should have commanded a magnificent view of the river valley and the distant hills. Tourists often climbed to that summit, just to behold the wonderful panorama. One of them asked the farmer why he built his barn just where it shut off the view from his house. "Mister," he replied, "that barn was built before that view was discovered!"

The building of a barn always has been a most important ceremony to a Pennsylvania German farmer. The location must be well chosen. The barn must be painted gloriously red. And it must be ornamented with the most grotesque designs, outlined in white, planned to frustrate the machinations of spirits that plan evil for the farmer's horses and cattle. These ornaments are called laxofoos, or "witch foot." They are a sort of spirit or demonic lightning-rod.

The superstitions of these farmers go beyond their barns, to the animals. Note a few gems of wisdom current among the barn-builders:

"If a cow has indigestion, steal a dishcloth and feed it to him."

"Cure tympanitis in a cow by making it jump a rope."

"When the stable is covered with cobwebs, the live stock is healthy."

"If a turkey buzzard flies over the barn, some of the cattle will die."

"Black cats bring luck to horses."

"If the butter won't come, the milk is bewitched. To drive out the witches, put red-hot iron into the churn."

A rural tradition was long current in the district east of Hamburg, some miles north of Reading, on the highway we travel. A little east of the road, near Windsor Castle, on a vacant piece of land, was the trysting place of the spirits of evil. Here the witches, ghosts, and spooks would dance about a chosen centre until a deep path was worn in the soil.

When some of the early settlers who were responsible for these superstitions surveyed their land, they made descriptions of some of the metes and bounds which have proved the despair of those who, in recent years, have tried to run the lines a second time. The difficulty is evident on reading of a plot of land that started "from a heap of stones at the foot of Penn's Mount." In another instance the statement was made that the beginning was at "a post," while one of the lines ran "to a double hickory tree on the banks of Maiden Creek."

Ontelaunee Creek, which is crossed by the highway above Tuckerton, on its way to the Schuylkill, was a favorite stream for the millers of the pioneers. Those who make the fascinating journey up the creek will see a number of these old mill sites still in use, especially in the neighborhood of Shoemakersville.

Near the banks of the Sacony, chief eastern tributary of Maiden Creek, is the cavern of which Berks County is so proud —Crystal Cave. This was discovered in 1871 by men who were blasting. Five years later it is said that a number of visitors from Paris to the Philadelphia Centennial declared, "Niagara Falls and the Crystal Cave are the greatest natural wonders we have seen in America." Travellers will find difficulty in avoiding the cave, for the roads far and near are placarded with directions for those who would go there. They will find the cavern in the midst of hills, many of them cone-shaped, which rise for several hundred feet above the stream.

This country of the caves—for there are other caverns in addition to Crystal Cave—has been made familiar to thousands in Pennsylvania because of its proximity to Kutztown, where the Keystone State Normal School has been sending out trained teachers for many years. The town is much older than the school; it was four years old when, in 1789, John D. Schoepf passed through the region. He said of it: "A wealthy German, in order to tickle his ears with the agreeable sound of his name, gave the land for the place."

Kutztown is on the road from Reading to Allentown, so it is necessary to take the back track to our own particular route, the road used by stages in 1818, which left Philadelphia in the morning, and lodged at Hamburg that evening.

The approach to Hamburg is memorable, for the town is situated close to the passage through the Blue Mountains of the Schuylkill River. Here too, there was a mill in 1779, when the town was laid out. This mill stood until 1875, where Kaercher's Run crosses Main Street. At first the settlement was called Kaerchertown. By a mistake in translation it was sometimes called Churchtown. Perhaps an event of 1807 helped to give the idea that this was correct; in that year the Legislature authorized a lottery to raise three thousand dollars "for the use of the Lutheran and Calvinist Congregation." Five thousand tickets were sold at one dollar each, but $1750 of the receipts were given in prizes. As a result a building was erected on the lot still owned by the United Evangelical Lutheran and Evangelical Reformed St. John's Church. In this early building the pulpit resembled a tulip.

Once the town had a grand boom, because of the belief that it was to be head of the Schuylkill Canal, completed to Hamburg in 1822. The purchase by the company of all available sites in the towns along the canal was responsible for the hope that was never realized, for when the canal was finally completed from Philadelphia to Port Clinton and Schuylkill Haven, a distance of 108 miles in all, the eminence hoped for by Hamburg citizens went farther north. In 1870, when the canal was

leased to the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad for 999 years, there were 634 boats named in the papers. It was calculated that if these boats were placed end to end they would have extended to a distance of twelve miles, or one-ninth the length of the canal. That is, there were six boats to the mile between Philadelphia and Port Clinton. And there were many more boats owned by individuals!

From the highway various relics of canal days are to be seen. Most interesting of all are the locks. Some of them look like venerable ruins. There were 120 of them, which cared for the 588 feet fall of the water.

Long before the canal was built, the route followed by it witnessed many stirring events, especially in days of Indian uprisings. There on April 1, 1758, Captain Jacob Morgan, who was in command of the fort in Blue Mountain Gap, between Hamburg and Port Clinton, wrote a simple message that was very likely a cover for many adventurous days:

"Mr. John Evans and I set off for Reading to obtain supplies for the Company; took with me a party to scout below the mountain, leaving Ensign Henry in command of the fort."

What a surprised company that would have been if, when they passed the great curve of the Schuylkill near the site on which Port Clinton was to be built, they had been told that in 1925 the course of the stream would be changed at this point, for the benefit of a coal-carrying railroad! Yet when the papers reported the successful completion of the operation by which, after three years of work, a large sand-bed was removed by dynamite, enabling the water to rush into a new channel, eliminating the curve, as well as two bridges and a tunnel, the attention of a moment only was given to the news.

Port Clinton's picturesque location, just above the Water Gap of the Blue Mountains, is at the point where the Tamaqua or Little Schuylkill and the Schuylkill unite. All about are mountains. One of these was tunnelled by the railway where it entered the town in days when the settlement, destined to be so active in the story of coal, was only a few years old.

Orwigsburg, the pretty little mountain town situated where the highway makes a sharp turn to the westward, was the first county seat of Schuylkill County. When this county was set off from Berks County, indifference was manifested by citizens of Reading and the surrounding country. "Let her go; she is so poor that she is only an expense to us!" was the sentiment. Now that Schuylkill County is one of the wealthy coal counties, there is grim humor in the sentiment.

Indian troubles brought undesired fame to Orwigsburg during the French and Indian War. Many of the settlers, driven south over the Blue Mountains, returned at the first opportunity and rebuilt their homes. One family was accustomed to take to the field, where father and mother worked, the babe in the cradle, while the eldest child watched. In spite of all precautions, the Indians succeeded in killing the father and taking into captivity two of the daughters. One daughter died, but the second lived among the Indians until she was taken to Carlisle with other restored captives. There Mrs. Hartman, the mother, appeared in the hope that her child was among those who were waiting for their relatives to claim them. The story of the way the daughter was restored to her mother through her memory of an old song, familiar from childhood days, is well known, but it never ceases to move those who hear it.

The metropolis of the upper Schuylkill, Pottsville, is only a short distance beyond Orwigsburg. The city, with its hundred industrial establishments, is of special interest to those who like to see streets varied by the contour of the land. Flights of steps in unexpected places may be inconvenient, but they are picturesque.

After Pottsville has been left behind, there is still much of interest in the country. While still within the rich coal lands, the traveller comes to Mt. Carmel, situated on a tableland, with Locust Mountain in the centre. Then comes Shamokin, which, until 1840, was called Coal Post Office, though the founder at first tried to name it Marie. Later he chose the present name,

MOUNTAIN VIEW, WEST OF POTTSVILLE

ANTHRACITE COAL MINE, WEST OF POTTSVILLE

adopting this from the populous Indian village which existed in early days on the site of the modern Sunbury.

During the youth of Shamokin there was timber on every side. Thus there was plenty of fuel for the locomotive which drew the primitive train between Sunbury and Blue Mountain Gap. But more than fuel was needed to keep locomotives running. Poverty led, in 1842, to the withdrawal of the engine, and the substitution of horses. These performed their task for ten years, but increasing traffic demands once more called for the locomotive in 1853.

Some travellers do not like to pass through the anthracite regions. But those who take the journey along the highway from Pottsville to Sunbury realize that not even coal mines can destroy the charm of the land.

If, in the course of the journey to Sunbury, there are trials and difficulties that make us forgetful of this charm, we need only turn to the words of Thomas Hill, who, in 1799, travelled this way when going from Easton to Williamsport, and little vexations will be forgotten. Hear him:

"I wonder how it is possible to get loaded wagons over such miserable stony roads. Two miles from the Schuylkill I entered a small log house . . . more dirty than a hog-pen. I entered, and looked at a thousand holes through the roof. . . . Set off . . . and found a stable without hay or straw. A poor house and dirty bedfellows—five eighths of a dollar. To . . . Little Mountain, over which is the best road of any mountain road I had yet covered; it took me an hour, exact, to cross it. . . . To Sunbury . . . Pleasantly situated on a fine flat. . . . What a pity, several rapids and falls below, should prevent its being useful as 'tis pretty."

V

SOUTH OF THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY AND EAST OF THE SUSQUEHANNA

PERHAPS the best way to begin a journey in the fascinating country south of the Lincoln Highway, between the Delaware and the Susquehanna Rivers, is to glide along the Baltimore Pike from Philadelphia, not only because of what the road itself offers but because of what may be found within easy reach to the right or the left. The visit to Media in Delaware County is satisfactory in itself, by reason of the old town's shady streets and historic buildings. But, after due appreciation of the possessions that give Media so much popularity, a detour of a few miles may be taken by the Providence Road, one of the oldest highways in Pennsylvania, or, if this seems preferable, by the Edgemont Road, which intersects the Baltimore Pike a short distance beyond Media. This highway dates from 1687. Like the Providence Road, it leads to Chester.

A pilgrimage to Chester should be made by every resident of Pennsylvania, as well as by all who would visit the State's historic centres. For the town by the Delaware is older than Philadelphia. At Upland, in the edge of the busy modern city which has been transformed by the industrial developments of the years since the beginning of the World War, the Swedes settled at least as early as 1648. There, in 1681, the Proprietary Government of the Penns was organized, more than a year before the landing at Chester of William Penn. For a time the owner of Penn's Woods lived at the house of Caleb Pusey, which may be seen by visitors to-day. Pusey was a miller. In 1699 a weather vane was placed above the mill, built in 1683, in which he made his living. This vane was curiously wrought by a combination of the initials of the owners, William Penn, Samuel Carpenter, and Caleb Pusey. The mill has disappeared, but the vane is preserved among the treasures of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

THE NEW LONDON WHITE OAK
Saved from destruction when the highway was improved

ON A CHESTER COUNTY ROAD

Fortunately Chester still possesses some of the relics of early days. First among them is the Court House, built in 1724, the oldest building still standing designed for public use in all the Colonies. At the time of its building, there were only three counties in Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Berks, and Chester. Beginning in 1851 and until 1920, the venerable structure was the hall for the borough. The removal of the county seat to Media released the building for such use. When the new borough hall was built, the Honorable William C. Sproul bought the hall of 1724, repaired it, and presented it to the city.

Close to the old Court House is the Washington Hotel, where General Washington wrote his story of the Battle of Brandywine.

When a community develops so rapidly as has Chester, there is grave danger that the progress of improvement will be so relentless that relics will disappear. The visitor who sees the quaint survivals of old Chester finds himself hoping ardently that in this case the danger will be averted.

While it is possible to return to the Baltimore Pike by way of the Concord Road, another of the ancient highways of Chester County, it may prove preferable to pass down along the Delaware to Marcus Hook, a port popular in Colonial days, then on just over the line into Delaware to Naaman, where the house at Naaman's Creek puts protecting arms about the much older stone fortress built by the Swedes in 1654.

The crossing into Delaware is made merely that a road may be taken for the short journey back to the main highway chosen for the trip. Two ways are available, Naaman's Creek Road in Delaware and Creek Road in Pennsylvania. The latter is better for the purpose of the trip, since it at once crosses back into Pennsylvania, and parallels the interesting Circle Line of Delaware until it reaches that superb road from Wilmington to Pottstown.

The passage back to the Baltimore Pike seems even briefer than it is because of the charm of the country as well as the delightful surface over which the wheels ride so swiftly. In fact,

the man who steers finds himself loath to turn on the highway he has kept in mind as the main stem of his journey, but easily yields to the temptation to go on past the grounds of the Brinton Lakes Club, which is close to land still owned by the Indians, crossing, soon afterward, the curiously involved boundary between Chester and Delaware Counties. This was laid out by commissions appointed in 1789. They marked the line which is the despair of amateur map drawers. Their explanation was that they could not split or divide plantations.

Not far away is the intersection with the portion of Street Road which was laid out by William Penn in 1686. Bits of this road give the impression that they have not been improved very much since the day of the founder, but other parts are so respectable as to invite travel.

A road much older is crossed just before West Chester is reached. This is indicated by a marker, placed in 1925, a short distance south of the West Chester Normal School; this tells of The Great Trail of the Minquas or Susquehanna Indians from the Susquehanna to the Schuylkill River. Before 1670 this was the path taken by them on their way to conquer the Leni Lenapes. The tablet relates further that the first Dutch and Swedish traders used this Beverside or Beaver Road to carry thousands of beaver skins each season to Fort Beverside, where Philadelphia now stands.

Then comes West Chester, the county seat town whose early history has in it stirring chapters of pioneer adventure. In the centre of the borough is the Turk's Head Hotel, where there was a brief engagement with the British following the Battle of Brandywine.

The visit to West Chester cannot be counted complete until the road has been taken westward to Marshallton, famous as the home of Humphrey Marshall, cousin of John Bartram, who, in 1773, established a famous arboretum on his farm. Many of the rare trees and shrubs planted by him are growing still. The stone house built by Marshall's own hands is sturdy as ever. Originally this was as bizarre in outward appearance as the

house built by Bartram. Changes made in it have not taken away the curiously shaped rooms and closets. Within its walls the owner wrote one of the first botanical books written in America, "Arbrustum Americanum," published in Philadelphia in 1785. A tablet has been erected on the building by the Chester County Historical Society, as well as on the walls of the house in which Marshall was born.

In Marshall's day botanical gardens were popular. Six years after he laid the foundation of his arboretum, Monsieur de Marbois, Secretary of the French Mission to America, wrote of his garden near Philadelphia, after a fashion that showed how he entered into the feelings of such men as Bartram and Marshall:

"The drought is excessive and has brought about a very sorrowful misadventure for me. I had formed a botanical garden, where I had assembled about 250 bushes, trees and plants of this continent. I had hoed, sown and planted; everything was my own handiwork. I took pleasure in the progress of my family, and every morning I came back from my garden with the appetite of a laboring man. Was it the sun that burnt the trees? Not altogether, but in drying up the plains it forced the famished cattle to find their means of subsistence in the cities. A detestable goat, a sheep and a few cows took possession of my garden for a whole night; they grazed on my young oats and sassafras, trampled down my walnut trees, broke up my magnolias and my tulips. . . . In the morning I saw the devastation and felt great sorrow; I quite lost my appetite. I loved my trees; my garden took the place of all these other pleasures which are not met here. I showed it to strangers and amateurs or not of cultivation and of botany, withholding it from no one. Now I have no more garden, therefore no more concert, opera, comedy, hunting, walking, picture gallery—because for me it took the place of all that."

While roads may be chosen which will advance the journey without returning to West Chester, time will be gained rather than lost by such retracing. The distance is only four miles, but the route is historic; the old Strasburg Road was authorized by

the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1793. The original plan was for a highway from Philadelphia to York, but difficulties developed so that the decision was made to stop at Strasburg, perhaps twelve miles from the Susquehanna. Seventeen hundred and ninety four saw this portion of the road completed and the bestowal of the name which it has borne ever since.

Wilmer M. MacElree's reference to the Strasburg Road in "Down the Eastern Brandywine" is refreshing:

"Many who had occasion to travel it, either by horse or on foot, complained that it was most injudiciously located over hills, which might have been avoided; others asserted that the route was wisely chosen, avoiding swampy ground, and affording a safe road for driving stock or the passage of heavily laden wagons. In using the road, you will find your opinion varying with the season. On a hot day, the hills seem almost interminable, and you take your stand with the complainants; on a wet night in spring, when the frost and rain have combined to make level roads almost impassable, upon turning into the Strasburg you experience emotions similar to Paul's when he met the brethren near the Three Taverns on the way to Rome."

At Copesville, where the Strasburg Road crosses the Eastern Brandywine, there is a sturdy stone bridge, dating from 1807. How far would the twenty-six thousand dollars, the cost of that bridge, go toward a similar structure to-day?

From the bridge the eye is attracted to a great rock, seventy feet high, which rises at the water's edge, just below. The view from the summit of Deborah's Rock, as it is called, is worth the necessary scramble.

The memory of the prospect from the rock makes the traveller eager to return as soon as possible to the Brandywine. The wish is granted to those who skirt West Chester by means of Bradford Avenue, so as to reach the diagonal road that approaches the historic stream at Lenape, where a covered bridge gives mute invitation to cross to the other side, and so destroy the opportunity for following as delightful a bit of river road as there is in Pennsylvania, down to Pocopson and beyond.

ON THE BALTIMORE PIKE, NEAR MEDIA

ALONG THE BRANDYWINE, NEAR POCOPSON

Before the bridge was built at Lenape, the place was called Morton's Ford. Advantage was taken of the shallows during the Battle of Brandywine by some of Howe's troops. A little east of the bridge is Osborne Hill, from which the main body of the British descended to the field of battle, after crossing the Brandywine farther north at Jefferies' Ford, half way between Wawaset and West Chester. To-day there is a bridge at the spot.

The delightful shady road by the Brandywine leads on to Pocopson, where the stream is crossed by the Street Road, noted in Revolutionary annals because some of the first shots of the battle were fired by troops who crossed it a mile or so east of Pocopson. But the road was noted long before that day in 1777. William Penn first brought fame to it; he called it Marlborough Street, when he laid out a section. His road became a part of the road built in 1813 from Market Street Ferry in Philadelphia to McCall's Ferry on the Susquehanna, and the entire road was called Street Road, because of its original title.

Birmingham Meeting House, buried amid its ancient trees, lies south of Street Road, at the heart of the battlefield. On early maps the name of the famous building, which was used for a hospital by Washington, was Brummagem. This, it is pointed out, was not a corruption of Birmingham, but of Brumwaychecham, the ancient name of Birmingham, England, where plated and common jewelry was made, as well as products of greater merit. Because these were made at Birmingham, they came to be called Brummagem. That is the origin of the name applied to-day to anything tawdry or common. What a tragedy it would have been if the battle had been called the Battle of Brummagem!

There are still many miles of the route to be covered, so the battlefield must be left behind, and the Street Road retraced to the Brandywine, to the vicinity of the bridges that bring to mind the words of Ben Ames Williams:

"There is a peculiar and provocative charm about an old bridge—about any bridge at all, for that matter, from a single

log carrying a footpath, to the loftiest structure of steel—but particularly about an old sagging wooden bridge which for its decades has borne a daily load of passing feet or vehicles. One afoot, unless some hasty errand calls him on, crossing such a bridge, is almost sure to pause for a moment and lean upon the guard rail and look down into the water. Men that way disposed, thus meditating, have been moved to poetic composition; the least inspired feel in smaller measure the same spell. There is fascination in running water; and the life of a stream seems always to come to a focus beneath and about a bridge. If there are children in the neighborhood you will find a swimming hole out of sight of the road downstream. If there are trout in the brook they are apt to lie in the sheltering shadow of the bridge itself. If birds nest along the water they prefer such a spot. And in scantily settled countrysides a bridge is very apt to become the nucleus of a group of houses. Ten or twenty years ago there was usually a ford where a man might water his horse. Nowadays there is more likely to be a pail for filling one's radiator."

The lure of swimming holes under the trees that bend lovingly over the Brandywine, and of spots where it seems that the fish cannot help biting, must be resisted. The eyes turn reluctantly to the right, where old houses nestle on the hillsides—just such old houses as Barbara Frost had in mind when she wrote in *Scribner's Magazine* of one of them and its owner:

"They say I own the cottage on the hill.
But it ain't so.
The cottage owns *me*, though,
That's how it really is. It ain't *my* will
To just keep staying on, year after year.
I've often thought I'd get away from here.

"Just half way up—guess you can see it now—
Faded and brown,
It kind of snuggles down.
The trees bend over it, you notice how?
Protecting-like, and whispering so low
It's quieter than anything I know.

"My married sister wrote and sent for me.
And I did try—
She couldn't figure why
I never came. Queer, how a house can be—
The house they say I *own*, up on the hill—
So little and so *stubborn* and so still."[1]

Reluctantly the old river road is left behind as the Baltimore Pike is approached once more. But few of those who have seen its beauty are able to leave it without the promise to themselves that some day they will return. Fortunate are those who are able to keep the promise; yet they may find that one return becomes a score, a hundred. And the appeal of the road is greater with each visit.

At length the Brandywine is crossed at Chad's Ford, where John Chad began to operate his ferry in 1737. The first bridge was not built there—or rather, a short distance to the south—until 1828, more than fifty years after Washington's brave defense against superior forces at the battle which will always be connected with the name of the ford. To the east of the bridge, along the highway, are memorials of the heroic day of struggle, in the headquarters buildings occupied by Lafayette and by Washington. The old Brandywine Baptist Church, near by, lends to the surroundings its benediction.

Now the highway leads through the country described by Bayard Taylor in the "Story of Kennet." Kennet Meeting House is not far away. Then comes Longwood, to the right of the main road, which is left at the site of the old Anvil Tavern, at the corner of the road leading to West Chester. This famous house of entertainment was the Mecca of all travellers on the Nottingham Road, or the Baltimore Pike.

Longwood is the estate of Pierre Du Pont, which includes the arboretum of Samuel and Joshua Peirce, relatives of Christopher Marshall, begun in 1880. The Peirce homestead, built in 1730, forms a portion of the Du Pont home. A million-dollar greenhouse is a new attraction among the avenues of trees

[1] Copyright, 1925, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

of the original arboretum. Driveways and fountains add to the pleasure given by an estate that is, at times, open to the public.

On the grounds a tablet tells of the birthplace of Indian Hannah, last of the Indians in Chester County, member of the Leni Lenape tribe.

On the way back to the Baltimore Pike the traveller may pass between Longwood Meeting House and the birthplace of Bayard Taylor. Soon he will pass the house of John and Hannah Cox, which was a noted station on the Underground Railway where negroes pursued by cruel masters breathed freely for a time while on their way to freedom.

Kennet Square, just beyond, held a number of other Underground Railway stations. To-day it is known because within its bounds is Cedarcroft, where Bayard Taylor lived and worked, and because it is a centre of the mushroom industry of Chester County.

Beyond Kennet Square is the site of the Hammer and Trowel Hotel, built in 1731. The modern name of the settlement is Toughkenamon. That name seems hard enough to pronounce until a study of old records shows Dochcanamon and Taughe-Kenamon as variant forms. The Indian name means "firebrand." The town is in the heart of the tract transferred in 1699, by William Penn, to the London Company. Some of those who settled on the land founded New Garden Meeting, and built their first meeting house in 1715. The building in use to-day, which dates from 1830, is located a short distance south of Toughkenamon.

Names of settlements to the south of the Pike are reminders of the old London Company. London Grove and Londonderry are in winsome country, though not on a road as good as that which leads westward to West Grove, noted as the Rose Borough, and Lincoln University, the training school for negro ministers, where was built the first monument to colored troops who served in the World War.

In this Piedmont Plateau section of southeastern Pennsylvania the climax of beauty is reached in the neighborhood of

Oxford, a town nearly two hundred years old, where there is a church that dates back nearly as far into the past. Yet some visitors will be more attracted to it because it is a centre of the candy-making industry, and others will think of the town in connection with a railroad that has disappeared—the old Oxford and Peach Bottom narrow-gauge railroad, built by the farmers, and abandoned for lack of patronage.

While it is possible to cross over from the Baltimore Pike to the road leading to Lancaster, it is better to go over into Maryland, and turn north just before reaching the Susquehanna at Conowingo, the town that is soon to be blotted out by a gigantic water-power development.

Unfortunately there is no highway leading from Conowingo along the Susquehanna to Peach Bottom and Columbia. What a scenic highway that would be, keeping always in sight of the island-studded river, enabling the traveller to look across to the rugged York County shore! It would pass through Peach Bottom, which is as attractive as its name; McCall's Ferry, where the river has been harnessed to supply power to the city of Baltimore; Pequea, site of the Shawnee Indian town, and birthplace of Samuel Stanhope Smith, early president of Princeton University; Safe Harbor, at the mouth of the Conestoga. At Safe Harbor, Penn set apart a manor for the Indians in 1722. There lived James Patterson, noted for his opposition to James Cresap in Cresap's War over the boundary between Pennsylvania and Maryland. There, too, was built, before 1846, an iron furnace in which much of the first iron for the Pennsylvania Railroad was manufactured. The great Proprietor dreamed of founding at Safe Harbor a city "second only to Philadelphia," which was to be the seat of government for a county extending far up the river, and many miles to the eastward. The plan was advertised in England, and attempts were made to sell lots there. But after fifteen years, in 1705, the plan was abandoned.

But along the river between these historic places there are only bits of roads that offer no pleasure to the traveller. His

only recourse is to leave the road and take the railroad for a few hours that will be remembered always.

Those who will keep to the highway must, perforce, pass north from the Baltimore Pike, over the border into Pennsylvania once more, then north either through Fulton Township or Little Britain Township. Perhaps it is better to chose the latter route, since the other has little but the name of the inventor of the steamboat to commend it. The right-hand road, on the contrary, passes by the stone house in Little Britain where Robert Fulton was born on November 14, 1705. There a tablet was unveiled on September 21, 1909, by the Lancaster County Historical Society, to commemorate the place where the man who "first successfully applied steam to the purpose of navigation spent the first years of his life."

The old house is close to Conowingo Creek, on which, in 1742, William Fulton, from Ireland, took up 393 acres. Robert was one of five children, three daughters and two sons. Until they removed to Lancaster they were residents of a section of the country of which a historian has said:

"Within its limits and boundaries are the descendants of the people who have probably done more in the making of history for Lancaster county, and in bringing its name to the forefront, as the home of patriots, scholars, and statesmen, than any other section of like extent in the country."

A few miles north of Fulton House, some of these early settlers founded Middle Octorara Church, near Quarryville, on the road to Christiana, the West Branch of Octoraro Creek, which enters the Susquehanna in Maryland. This was one of a series of three famous Presbyterian churches; the other two were Upper Octorara, near Parkesburg, Pennsylvania, and Lower Octorara (now West Nottingham), near Rising Sun, Maryland. The members of the churches are proud of the fact that, while the modern spelling is Octoraro, the old foundation retains the spelling of the deed given by the son of William Penn in 1738, with the final "a." For the farm belonging to the church seventy-five cents per acre was paid to the Proprietors!

This was some years after the first use of the property by the church, for the oldest grave is dated 1732.

Above Quarryville, the highway passes through the edge of Strasburg township, a few miles from the village of Strasburg where the first house was built in 1735. Soon it crosses Pequea Creek, a stream whose fertile valley is one of the garden sections of a county which once was known as the granary of the country. The miles between the Pequea and the Conestoga, at Lancaster, are along an old highway, part of it known as the Willow Street Turnpike, which gave the Lancastrians access to the country to the south.

Conestoga Creek is crossed close to one of the oldest mill sites in the State. Just here was the terminus of slack-water navigation on the Conestoga, by the favor of the nine dams and locks which enabled small vessels to overcome the fall of sixty-four feet in seventeen miles to the north. Though the plan was discussed as early as 1803, the Conestoga Navigation Company was not incorporated until 1825, while the first lock was not ready until 1826. With great ceremony the first boat moved down stream to the locks, at the rate of five miles an hour. The enthusiasm created by the sight was so great that it was not difficult to complete the work to the Susquehanna at Safe Harbor.

But those who follow the route described in this chapter do not go down the Conestoga; they go directly west from Lancaster, after passing through Penn Square, the central point of the city, within view of the site of the old Hickory Tree Tavern, where Indians and traders resorted long ago.

Ten beautiful miles separate Lancaster from the Susquehanna at Columbia, one of the most historic and picturesque towns in Pennsylvania. The original possessor of the land on which the town is built was George Beale, of Surrey, England, to whom William Penn, in 1701, transferred 3000 acres in Pennsylvania, at a rental of one penny a year for each 100 acres, this rent to begin "seven years after the locating and seating of the same." In 1718 the claim was sold to Samuel Langhorne. The

second holders after Langhorne were Susanna Wright and John Wright, who settled by the Susquehanna in 1726. James Wright, John's son, became possessor of 150 acres on the river, while Susanna Wright transferred her property—on which a ferry had been established in 1730—to her nephews, also Wrights. "Wright's Ferry," as the place was called at the time, was the most important crossing of the mile-wide Susquehanna, and as Wright's Ferry it was known until 1788, when Hempfield was laid out. This name was chosen because hemp was at that time one of the chief crops of the neighborhood. The name of the Indian town which once existed there, Shawano, might have been chosen. But in time Hempfield gave way to Columbia.

The family name is preserved by the town of Wrightsville on the west side of the river, where the Wright brothers had their ferry for many years. Once, in 1732, this ferry privilege was disputed. Thomas Cresap, Lord Baltimore's agent, was sent with armed men to protect the men who, on the authority of Maryland, had set up a rival ferry near by. The clash which resulted was the real beginning of the curious Conojacular War which, at length, was ended by peaceful agreement between the States.

During the war one of the men on whom Pennsylvania depended was Benjamin Chambers who, in 1736, was rewarded for his services by a gift of land "on Fawlling Spring on Cannagogige" (now Chambersburg). Governor Penn was the donor, and the services for which payment was made were described by Chambers himself. He was "one of the Principal Persons to turn off Cresap and Lord Baltimore's surveyers, who were chaining up the River Side on John Wright's Land with a Possey of men not less than Thirty . . . which Possey was ordered to take up the Compas and Begon, or we would breake it and make them Begon to their cost." On another occasion he went to a muster of Maryland Militia in quest of "My Servant who was Seaf at home." Then the spy discovered the Marylanders' plan to make an invasion of the Susquehanna Country. The place of rendezvous was Wright's Ferry. There

several hundred armed men gathered, but the information secured brought an armed guard to oppose them.

One who is familiar with such events at the crossing once known as Wright's Ferry has said:

"It was the key to the West. In the frontier days, all matters of importance were centred at this point on the river. It was the point at which all news of the West was authoritatively handed over to the public authorities. It was the chief watch tower on the river where advice was given out as to the coming of Indian movements. It was the place where expeditions West made their first rally and base of supplies for all projects into the new and undiscovered sunset land. It was the Waterloo of Maryland's invaders. It was the edge of the woods where the horse thieves of the southwest found sufficient officers of the law to arrest them. It was the place where the wealth of skins and furs was unloaded and bought when brought out of the virgin forests, where the Indians had been cheated after being treated to fire water. It was the outlying forest where the reign of law met the reign of terror."

John Wright was one of the early law officers who struck terror to the hearts of wrong-doers. As justice of the peace until 1741 he dealt with thieves, counterfeiters and murderers. Once he sentenced a quack doctor to be beaten, then "to be handed from one constable to another to the Maryland line, whipped in each township, and then thrown over the line."

An early traveller along the road that leads to Columbia was Robert Sutcliffe, who, in 1805, wrote:

"This is one of the most beautiful and romantic parts of America. The river is here nearly one mile broad, with a number of beautiful little islands spread over it. What added greatly to the beauty of the scene was the high rocks which rise from the margin of the river. . . . I saw a number of large flat-bottomed boats on the river, some of which had come upwards of 300 miles and could carry 1000 bushels of wheat. The largest of them are more than seventy feet in length, but calculated for one voyage only, and for floating down the river with the stream,

over shallows and falls; for when they arrive at their place of destination, they are taken in pieces, and the timbers used for other purposes. Exclusive of these boats, which are called arks, and have frequently a kind of cottage upon them, in which several persons are accommodated during the voyage, there are also many larger floats of timber, which are so fixed together as to appear like one large compact body; on one of them a small dwelling house is built for the accommodation of a family. These floats sometimes contain several thousand feet of timber, which are conveyed in this way several hundred miles, at a very trifling expense."

Twenty-three years after Robert Sutcliffe passed this way, Mrs. Anne Royall, who was on her way from Harrisburg to York, wrote:

"The sight of the river was terrific, the waves rolling high, the ice running, and a demi-flood from the melting of the snow, and nothing but a skiff to cross on. My trunks were piled up in the bow."

Even in normal weather the demand on the ferry was so great that carriages and wagons sometimes had to wait two days for their turn to be taken across. Think of that and be patient when congestion at a modern ferry calls for a wait of an hour or two!

Early in the nineteenth century two needs made themselves felt at Wright's Ferry. There ought to be a bridge across the river, and there should be a bank, since it was unsafe to carry money into the wilderness. What was more natural than that these two needs should lead to the charter, in 1811, of the Columbia Bank and Bridge Company! Of the 400,000 shares, 230,000 were sold to raise funds for the bridge, while 170,000 were sold for banking purposes. Of these shares the State took 90,000.

But when, at length, the bridge was built, troubles were not past. For in 1863 the Union forces had to burn the structure, as a protection against the forces of the invading soldiers from the South, whose coming to the Susquehanna was dreaded!

And if the dream of some of the early lawmakers had been

carried out, the Capital of the Nation would have been fixed here at Wrightstown! In fact, at one time those who were interested thought that the matter was settled. Yet the District of Columbia went to the banks of the Potomac.

The modern visitor to this region does not wonder that it was thought fit to become the seat of the National Capital. The appeal of the surroundings is so great that the news is welcome that there is a good road for ten miles or so up the river, as far as Bainbridge. But because good roads end there, it is perhaps better to turn away from the river at Maytown, and cross over to the Lincoln Highway.

A short distance above Columbia the chosen road crosses Chickies Creek near the mouth. Here, in 1846, was Chickieswalunga Furnace, one of eight furnaces along the line of the Pennsylvania Canal between Columbia and Marietta. Once the creek bore that rather difficult Indian name, which meant "the place of crabs." In time it was shortened to Chickies—though the shorteners felt that the second part of the name was too good to lose. Two post-offices in the valley of the creek bear parts of the name. One is Chickies; the other Salunga, is at the crossing by the Lincoln Highway and Chickies Creek.

Down on the Susquehanna is Chickies Rock, which looks back to the valleys of Donegal and—to use the company name—Chickieswalungo. At the base of the rock is the broad and beautiful Susquehanna, "dividing the red and white rose counties of Lancaster and York."

The Indian legend of Chickies Rock has been told in rhyme by Walter Kieffer. Two stanzas tell the gist of the tale:

"Here Wanunga on Salunga
Wooed the maiden, Wanhuita,
Told the story of his glory,
How he slew his rival, Sita;
Never maiden was so laden
With perplexing doubt and fear,
In her bosom dwelt a passion
For a paleface lying near.

"Then the paleface, with rare grace,
Sought the maiden in her bower,
Never dreaming danger teeming,
Till Wanunga held the power;
Hark! a rustle, then a tussle,
All is silent as the grave,
Then Wanunga, from Salunga,
Leaps with maiden 'neath the wave."

Opposite the mouth of Chickies Creek the Susquehannock Indians once had a fortified village, from which they went out to roam over their possessions in eastern Pennsylvania.

One more town of importance is seen before the river must be left behind. This is Marietta, built on the site of the house of James Patterson, Jr., the son of the man who was prominent in the little war precipitated by Thomas Cresap. Originally the spot was known as Anderson's Ferry, kept as early as 1733. Early in the nineteenth century two towns were laid out here. A descendent of the original Anderson laid out New Haven, in 1805. But in 1806 David Cook planned Waterford. Until 1812 there was great rivalry between the frontier settlements, but this ended when the two towns became one, the name Marietta being coined from the given names of Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Cook!

Beyond Marietta we leave the Susquehanna for the Lancaster Pike. But we have not seen the last of the Chickieswalunga. After a brief ride across East Donegal township the road passes Donegal Spring, a royal basin from which flows a branch of the Little Chickieswalunga. The spring is on the ground of historical Donegal Presbyterian Church, founded before 1721, perhaps as early as 1714, whose present log building was erected on land purchased from Thomas Penn. One of the organizers was James Patterson, the fur trader at Anderson's Ferry, whose packhorses, shot by Thomas Cresap, became a *casus belli*—one of many.

Originally the church was called Dunngaal. But that spelling should not be held against the Scotch-Irish organizers, any

more than should their idea that "Shecassalungo" was the proper name for the stream that rose in their spring.

On the grounds of the old church there are two landmarks, in addition to the spring. One of these is the church building, which dates from 1740, though in 1851 the exterior was covered with plaster. Attention is called to the second by a monument erected by the Witness Tree Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. This is the Witness Tree, close to the church building, whose story is given in the inscription:

"Beneath this Witness Tree a new patriotism found notable expression on a Sunday morning in September, 1777. An express rider came to tell the congregation of Donegal Church that the British Army under Lord Howe had left New York to invade Pennsylvania. The news demanded from all a new attitude toward the pastor who challenged them to show proof of their patriotism. The pastor, the Rev. Colin McFarquhar, had been accustomed to offer prayers for the King of England. The pastor and congregation joined hands under the tree and pledged their loyalty to the cause of liberty and the founding of a new nation in their western world."

That inscription is kind to the pastor, who had come recently from Scotland. Other records say that he was given the choice of resignation or of joining his people in their pledge of fealty to the Revolution.

To the honor of the pastor, he was so faithful to his vow that his name became a fit companion to the seventeen citizens of Donegal, colonels in the Army of the Revolution, who are named in the Witness Tree Monument.

And how many officers of other degrees, to say nothing of the soldiers of the line, who brought glory to Donegal Church and to their country!

VI

FROM PHILADELPHIA TO HARRISBURG BY THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY

MOST people who travel by the highway are interested in learning something of the history of the route they take. And their desire can be gratified when the route in question is the Lincoln Highway from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, for the major part of this distance is by historic Lancaster Road, in many respects the most famous road on the continent. When its story is told there is little need to outline the development of any other road in the State; this is a typical tale.

Once there was an Indian trail from the Delaware River to the Conestoga River and to the Susquehanna. Soon after the arrival of William Penn and his colonists a bridle path was pushed through the forests, following the trail of the savages. Within thirty years there was a road, of a sort, between Philadelphia and the Dutch settlements on the Conestoga. This, "the Great Conestoga Road," kept a course rather close to the present Lancaster road, though in places there were variations. In Lancaster County, for instance, this Conestoga Road entered near the Gap Hills, then went on through Strasburg and the Big Spring to the Conestoga.

The next stage in its development was introduced by the laying out of Lancaster. On January 29, 1730–31, a petition was sent to the Provincial Council, which said, in part:

"That not having the Conveniency of any navigable water, for bringing the Produce of the Laborers to Philadelphia, they are obliged at a great Expense to transport them by Land Carriage, which Burthen becomes heavier thro' the Want of suitable Roads for Carriages to pass. That there are no public Roads leading to Philadelphia yet laid out thro' this community and those in Chester County, thro' which they now pass, are in many places incommodious."

The work was done by stages, from 1733 to 1741. Thus "the Old Philadelphia Road" was ready for General Forbes, when he led the troops out toward Fort Duquesne in 1758. Farmers who lived along the highway used it constantly, traders found it helpful as they went to and from the Susquehanna, and emigrants bound for the dark, mysterious regions of the interior of Penn's Land found it their friend.

From time to time attempts were made to improve the highway, but that conditions of travel were far from ideal may be seen from a letter sent on January 1, 1761, from Chief Justice Shippen of Lancaster to Edward Shippen in Philadelphia:

"The roads have been so bad that no wagon has offered by which I could send the things I mentioned to you in a former letter, among which is some citron from Betsy Anderson."

Road conditions were still quite primitive during the Revolution, when both Continentals and British employed the road in the course of their marches to and from Philadelphia, and in retreat and pursuit after the Battle of Brandywine. In 1781 General Wayne found it helpful as the beginning of the route for his men to the south.

The financial depression which followed the Revolution did not deter ambitious Pennsylvanians from talking of a new Lancaster Road. On November 27, 1786, Jacob Hiltzheimer, famous as a member of the Pennsylvania General Assembly, made an entry in his diary:

"In the evening met seven of the members of the Assembly at the tavern opposite the State House, where we conversed about the new road to be laid out from Schuylkill to the westward, and which way the money is to be raised to make it a turnpike."

But progress was slow. Not until April 7, 1792, was the charter for the venture issued. The road was to run:

"From the west side of the Schuylkill River opposite the city of Philadelphia, so as to pass over the bridge on Brandywine Creek, near Downingtown, from thence to Witmer's Bridge on the Conestoga Creek, and thence to the east end

of King Street, where the buildings cease in the borough of Lancaster."

The road was to be fifty feet wide; twenty-one feet of this at least was to be "an artificial road, bedded with wood, stone, or gravel, and any other hard substance, well compacted together, a sufficient depth to secure a solid foundation of the same . . . faced with gravel, or stone pounded, or other small, hard substance, in such manner as to secure a firm, and, as much as the materials will admit, an even surface, rising toward the middle by a gradual arch."

Of the building of the turnpike road one historian has written:

"There was between Philadelphia and Lancaster no town, but merely a settlement, and thus the little army of road builders cut their way through what was pretty nearly a wilderness, sleeping sometimes in little shacks that they built by the way. Their work must have been arduous. Often they would interrupt it to replenish their larder with bear meat and with fish. Often, too, they would be in terror of the Indians, for braves in war paint ran silently in single file through the great forest, busy with some little internecine war, and sometimes white men were taken unawares, bound and tortured terribly by the savages."

Stock in the road was advertised at $300 per share. Each share was a sheepskin document; as many sheepskins were used as there were shares. At the top was a picture of the road, with a Conestoga wagon approaching a tollgate.

The excitement occasioned by the offer of these shares was the subject of a letter sent from Philadelphia on June 14, 1792, by Edward Burd to Edward Shippen:

"There was great confusion in the city about ye Subscription to the Turnpike Road. I intended to have subscribed a few shares by way of encouraging the project, but finding that unnecessary, I gave myself no further trouble about ye matter. My office was deserted the whole day by Mr. Davis and my apprentices, they having been afected with the Turnpike Rage. Everything is now turned into Speculation."

Conditions were similar in Lancaster. On June 5, 1792, William Webb wrote to Nathaniel Ellmaker:

"I have never seen men so wet with sweat in a harvest field, as some were in the crowds to-day, to subscribe to the Turnpike Road. Most of them did not think that the worst of it, for many did not get in for a prize, which warned their minds as well as their bodies."

The importance of the project that caused so much public excitement was evident from the readiness of William Bingham to accept the presidency. This leader among Philadelphia business men was the founder of Binghamton, New York, and served as United States Senator.

The cost of the project was $464,142.31. The average cost for each of the seventy miles was $6,629. Those who advanced the money looked forward to returns through the funds collected at the nine toll bars. Four of these were at the first twenty miles out of Philadelphia, while the last of the nine was at Witmer's Bridge, Lancaster. The rate charged, for a horse and rider, or for a led horse, for each ten miles, was one-sixteenth of a dollar, while a two-wheeled sulky was charged twice as much. A "coach, chariot, stage wagon, phaeton, with two horses and four wheels" paid a quarter of a dollar for ten miles, but if such a vehicle was drawn by four horses, the charge was fifty per cent greater. Two oxen were equal to one horse, and a mule was equal to a horse.

Julius F. Sachse in his "Wayside Inns on the Lancaster Turnpike," quotes a letter written in March, 1795, which gives a vivid picture of the road during the early days of the payment of these tolls:

"I set out from Philadelphia on horseback, and arrived at Lancaster at the end of the second day's journey. The road between Philadelphia and Lancaster has lately undergone a thorough repair, and tolls are levied upon it to keep it in order, under the direction of a company. This is the first attempt to have a turnpike road in Philadelphia, and it is by no means relished by the people at large, particularly by the wagoners,

who go in great numbers by this route to Philadelphia, from the back parts of the State.

"It is scarcely possible to go one mile on the road without meeting numbers of wagons passing or repassing. The wagons are commonly drawn by four or five horses, four of which are yoked in pairs. The wagons are heavy, the horses small and the drivers unmerciful; the consequence of which is, that in every team, nearly, there is a horse either lame or blind. Most people travel on horseback with pistols or swords and a large blanket folded up under their saddle which they use for sleeping in."

As the years passed the road became still more congested. "During the latter part of the first quarter of the century," says Sachse, "there was on the entire length of the turnpike an almost unbroken procession of the ponderous Conestoga wagons, each drawn by five or six strong horses, which transported all the merchandise destined for the interior, and the extensive travel thus created and concentrated upon the once splendid highway stands without parallel in the history of transportation in the country previous to the introduction of steam power."

The demand for the service of freight carriers is illustrated by an advertisement which sounds strangely like the cards of those who to-day invite consignments of goods for their automobile trucks. In a Philadelphia paper in 1818 Thomas M. Souder told the people that he had opened a store at 318 Market Street "for the reception of merchandise to be transported to the Western Country in Wagons," so he offered "his services to the Merchants generally to take charge of their goods to be forwarded to Pittsburgh or any part of the western country." The next year a company was organized, with a capital of $35,000, to send out two Conestoga wagons daily on the twelve-day journey to Pittsburgh.

The rate to Pittsburgh was six dollars a hundredweight, practically the same rate as was charged from New York to Pittsburgh, by way of the Hudson and the Mohawk Rivers.

In 1827 the stock of the road was a bonanza, for it paid seventy-two dollars a share, or nearly twenty per cent on the

investment. Other sections of the State became enthusiastic as they saw the results, and by 1831 there were 2500 miles of turnpike roads in Pennsylvania.

Gradually, however, prosperity lessened. The coming of the railways sounded the death knell of the turnpike freighters. Year after year the stock paid smaller dividends, until in 1899 the returns were but twenty-five cents a share!

As a consequence the road deteriorated rapidly. The once perfect highway became a nightmare to travellers. And it came to pass, in 1867, that A. J. Cassatt and his associates in the Lancaster Avenue Improvement Company were able to buy the turnpike from Philadelphia to Paoli for $8000. They improved its surface, and continued to charge tolls.

In 1917, when the automobile had become a tremendous factor in transportation, the State Highway Department was obliged to pay $165,000 for this same section. The last twelve miles to Lancaster cost $90,000. Then tolls were abolished, the picturesque toll bars were removed, and the modern history of the Lancaster Road began. In 1925 and 1926 the Department not only improved the surface of the entire road, but widened the highway for a long distance out of Philadelphia, to the fifty feet planned for in the original survey of 1792. In doing so they had to shift sidewalks, remove trees and hedges, and sometimes take a slice off property that had encroached on the roadway. The wonderful result of these efforts is appreciated by the traveller who uses the road in approaching or leaving Philadelphia.

The building of the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad marked the beginning of the downfall of the Lancaster Road. The railway followed in a general way the route of the highway, beginning at the Schuylkill River, and passing out what is now Montgomery Avenue, a little south of the Lincoln Highway. Relics of the primitive railroad may be seen here and there along the road. At the corner of City Line Avenue and Montgomery Avenue in Cynwyd many of the stone blocks to which the rails were bolted are accessible at the rear of a gasoline station.

Not far from this corner which displays railroad relics, a

little to the north, was the camp-ground occupied in the summer of 1777 by Georgia troops. It is related that, on August 15 of that year, "divers inhabitants of the townships of Merion and Blockley" asked President Wharton of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to interfere between them and the troops, who were over-running their fields and taking their fruit. Those who signed were able to make all necessary allowances for the troops, since many of them were soldiers who had been given leave from the army, to go home for the time of harvest. A marker before St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church tells of the presence there of the encampment.

The remarkable beauty of the country through which Montgomery Avenue passes was appreciated by the Welsh settlers, who landed two months before the arrival of the *Welcome* with William Penn. They sought and secured the grant from him of 30,000 acres which, therefore, became known as The Welsh Tract. Strange-looking Welsh names like Wynnewood, Merion, and Bryn Mawr, of towns and homes in the vicinity of the highway are reminders of the original owners. When visitors to Philadelphia are told that the delectable lands in Lower Merion township were passed by for a long time by those in search of suburban homes, locations to the north and south of the city having the preference, they are apt to express surprise, until the plausible explanation is given that those who took the drive to and from Philadelphia, along the Lancaster Turnpike, were compelled to face the rising sun in the morning, and the setting sun in the evening. Until 1830 there was not a post-office in the township!

Those who leave Philadelphia by this route have an unusual opportunity to pause before many historic shrines. Less than two miles beyond the old railroad relics is the General Wayne Inn, whose swinging signboard tells of the days when weary travellers welcomed this as a token that rest and refreshment would be found within. The building dates from 1704. Washington and Lafayette both slept in this house more than once. When on his way to Paoli, September 14, 1777, General Wash-

ington camped close by. Across the road Cornwallis once stopped to have his horse shod. There too, in 1793, General Wayne encamped when on the way to the Northwest Territory. The Commander slept in the inn.

A little farther along the road is quaint Merion Meeting House, built in 1695 by the Welsh who had been holding meetings at private houses for several years. Unfortunately the stone walls were covered with plaster in 1829, and most of the original beauty of the building was destroyed. It is said that Penn spoke many times there, and that he was accustomed to hang his hat on a peg that is pointed out proudly to all visitors. The claim is made that this peg was stolen once by a relic hunter, but that conscience hurt him until he returned the bit of wood to its place.

One of the reasons why the founder of Pennsylvania went to Merion Meeting was that he would find there the physician who had been his companion on the *Welcome*, Thomas Wynne. Not far from the meeting house, in the vicinity of City Line Avenue, is Wynnestay, the house begun by Dr. Wynne in 1690 and completed in 1700.

A house of the same period, but of entirely different construction, is the log cabin to be seen by those who turn to the north at Ardmore, on Mill Creek Road. This cabin, built in 1690, was once occupied by civilized Indians. On returning to Ardmore, at Montgomery Avenue, the traveller by Mill Creek Road passes the Anderson homestead, St. Georges, which has been occupied by the family since the Revolution. Much of Ardmore above Montgomery Avenue has been built on the Anderson farm. This prosperous borough, once known as Athensville, contained but one hundred houses in 1884.

At Ardmore, Montgomery Avenue and the Lancaster Pike approach so closely that it is wise there to pass to the route of the Lincoln Highway. Within a short distance, on the left, is one of the famous taverns of the Turnpike, the Red Lion, now used as an office building by the Autocar factory. Although this inn was opened before the Revolution, it did not appear in the

list of taverns on the Old Lancaster Road, or King's Highway, which preceded the Turnpike.

The days when there were great distances between houses have long passed away; to-day there is difficulty in telling where one town ends and another begins. Thus without warning Ardmore becomes Haverford just beyond the Red Lion Inn. This beautiful suburb was known, in the early days of the Pennsylvania Railroad, as the Kissing Station, because, it is said, so many young women were accustomed to meet the evening trains on which their husbands were passengers. An old commuter, in relating his memories of early days, has told what happened when, one evening, a wife failed to meet her husband as usual. Her absence was noticed by joking friends, who prepared a substitute, a man garbed in clothing similar to that of the wife. The masquerader waited in the place usually chosen by the wife, all ready to embrace the husband when he hurried from the train. At that moment the friends stepped from their cover, and gave the young husband the laugh.

On the left, in Haverford, is the gate to the beautiful grounds of the College, founded by the Friends in 1833, while a half mile farther on is the old Buck Tavern, built in 1735, and now used as a private residence.

Next comes Bryn Mawr, a suburb with an unusual history. When the Pennsylvania Railroad wished to eliminate a long detour by making a deep cut through high ground, it became necessary to buy a farm. The idea was conceived of building a town on the farm lands, as successor to Humphreysville, where there were already fully twenty homes. When the lots were sold, restrictions which were considered quite drastic in those days were written into the deeds; no house costing less than $8000 was to be built on Montgomery Avenue, while on other avenues the lowest limit of cost was $5000!

One of those who built a home in the new suburb was A. J. Cassatt, vice-president of the railroad, who soon found that the poorly kept gravel surface of the Turnpike was impossible for his carriage. After talking with his associates, he arranged for

the company which purchased and developed the road, as told earlier in this chapter.

George W. Childs was another of the early residents of Bryn Mawr. His country place, "Wootton," as he named it, is still to be seen on the new Bryn Mawr Avenue.

On the right, Elliott Road leads to the grounds and buildings of Bryn Mawr College, the famous institution for women founded in 1880. Then a little beyond, at Roberts Road, there is the beginning of a short detour to Harriton House, built in 1704 by Rowland Ellis, once the home of Charles Thomson, Secretary of Congress.

Two old churches at Radnor should be seen. One of these is Radnor Friends' Meeting House, built in 1718, with its old horse block. One of Washington's outposts in 1778 was near the Meeting House, and some of his officers attended service there. The other church, St. David's, built in 1715, is reached by way of the old Conestoga Road on the left. The two-mile detour pays well, as it makes possible the sight of the old building whose interior furnishings were from the old tree under which the Welsh held meeting before the building of the church, the lych gate, and the cemetery where General Wayne is buried.

Where the old Conestoga Road comes into the Lancaster Road is the site of the famous Spread Eagle tavern. A rude stone house was used as an inn here as early as 1769, but a much more pretentious structure took its place in 1796, when the Turnpike was building. The earlier building was one of Washington's outposts during the Valley Forge winter. The later structure won fame as one of the largest and most pretentious public houses between Philadelphia and Lancaster. During the later years of the eighteenth century the landlords belonged to the Siter family. Their name was given to the hamlet and post-office, Siterville, which gradually grew about the inn. During the reign of the Siters, says Sachse:

"All was life and bustle about the Inn; there was hardly a moment during the twenty-four hours of the day that there was not some travel past the hostelry. Frequently there were long

lines of Conestoga wagons going towards the city loaded with the products of the West or going in the opposite direction freighted with the productions of Eastern mills or foreign merchandise; the wagons were mostly drawn by five stout horses, each horse having on its collar a set of bells consisting of different tones which made very singular music as the team trudged along at the rate of about four miles an hour. Emigrants could also frequently be seen on their way, generally in companies for mutual assistance, going with their families and worldly possessions toward the new West. Large herds and flocks also furnished their quota to this ever-moving, living panorama."

Accommodation for the various passers-by was provided by houses of different degrees of social standing. The houses of the first class were known as stage stands; they provided entertainment for travellers by stage. But no wagoner or teamster could think of stopping at such a place; these must go on to a wagon stand. The drovers found accommodation for themselves and their cattle at the drove stands. Because so many of those who used the road could not read, and also because the passers-by were apt to use different languages, sign-boards which they could not mistake, were displayed before each house. The stage stands used a sign that told of a popular hero, or pictured something rather aristocratic, like the Spread Eagle and the Indian Queen. The wagon stands were apt to have such designations as the Sorrel Horse, or the White Horse. The drove stands preferred plain names like the Bull's Head, the Lamb, or the Ram's Head.

Those who used these various stopping-places became familiar with the old log cabin, built in 1732, which may still be seen where the Devon Road turns right to Valley Forge. This house was twenty-two years old when Governor Thomas Pownall passed this way on his journey to Wright's Ferry. Of this country he wrote:

"The road ran incessantly up hill and down, and through wood (Oak, Hickory, Chestnut); all the way, except here and

THE GROVE AT DEVON

AN OLD BAKE OVEN BY THE ROADSIDE

RAILROAD STATION AND INCLINED PLANE, COLUMBIA RAILROAD
On west bank of Schuylkill River
Built 1836

MARKET STREET BRIDGE ACROSS SCHUYLKILL, PHILADELPHIA
Drawn at high tide in 1852

there are plantations, or the beginnings of others. The whole land here is possessed by settlers, but not fully cultivated, because the settlers have all bought large tracts on speculation."

One of the possessors of large tracts along the route was the grandfather of General Anthony Wayne, who, in 1724, built Waynesborough, the well-preserved stone house where the future aide of Washington was born in 1745. A half-mile detour from the Turnpike, beginning at the Tredyffrin Country Club, leads to the historic house.

In the days of General Wayne's boyhood the nearest house of entertainment on the predecessor of the Turnpike was called Mills Tavern. Later the General Paoli Tavern became a favorite stopping-place of travellers. In 1813 a man told of his experience at the inn:

"A scene of bustle unprecedented by anything I had ever met before, presented itself till midnight, supper was three times spread for at least twenty people, and as the chambers were not very numerous we were under the necessity of agreeing amongst ourselves for bedfellows. My partner was a merchant with whose conversation I had been pleased during the evening and we were shown along the passage to a remote room. We were roused at four o'clock in the morning to proceed on our journey to the city."

When the Columbia Railroad was projected, the surveyors planned to leave the Paoli far to one side, because of the difficulties of the way. But the genial keeper of the tavern, General Evans, persuaded them to change their plans and the prosperity of the inn was increased by the building of the road. There the passengers to and from Pittsburgh left the stage and changed to the railroad. Naturally many of them became patrons of the inn. Further importance was given to Paoli by the action of Edward Evans in building a private siding at the inn, for the accommodation of neighbors who wished to use the road in carrying their products to market, by means of the private conveyances which were allowed on the railroad at that time. The building of many such sidings led to an embarrassing

increase in the number of the farmers' conveyances. Since each driver chose his own speed, the difficulties and annoyances proved very great, especially after the introduction of locomotives. Soon the officers of the road found it was impossible for horse-driven vehicles to use it along with the steam engines.

In the story of the building of the Turnpike, an amusing incident is related. During the days of the preliminary view a party of surveyors went out from Philadelphia. "A week passed, and nothing was heard from it. After twenty-two days a searching party was sent after the lost surveyors. They were found in good condition and hard at work."

Malvern, beyond Paoli, became an important point in 1832 when the Columbia Railroad was completed thus far. This was called the West Chester Intersection. The first through car was sent from Philadelphia to West Chester on Christmas, 1833.

But to-day Malvern is best known to travellers as the point of departure from the Turnpike for the site of the Paoli Massacre of September 20, 1777, where General Wayne's command was surprised by the British at night, and about one hundred and fifty were killed or wounded with such unusual brutality that the engagement came to be called a massacre rather than a battle. Two monuments have been built to commemorate the event, one in 1817, the other in 1877.

The charge was made that the British surprise was due to the perfidy of Tories, whose headquarters were at the Admiral Warren Tavern, now the General Warren Tavern, just beyond Malvern, where the road turns under the railroad. The change of name was made after the Revolution; Admiral Warren's coat on the signboard was red, but when the new sign was painted, General Warren was given a blue coat.

The description written by Governor Pownall in 1754 is good to-day:

"At Warren's the road descends the south mountain into the valley. This is a narrow valley, but a most pleasing landscape."

The most famous landlord of the General Warren was

Caspar Fahnestock, son of Dietrich Fahnestock, of Ephrata, who came to America in 1726, "possessed of an axe, a weaver's shuttle, a Bible, and a German thaler." In 1786 Caspar set out for Philadelphia. On his way he stopped at the Warren. He was on foot, wore the rough habit of his religion, and carried a staff and saddle bags. So perhaps the proprietor was justified in his gruff message, "No beggars are wanted around here." But when the "beggar" reached Philadelphia, he took £2000 out of his despised saddle bags and secured title from John Penn to 337 acres of land, including the old tavern. Then he went to his property, roused the proprietor from his bed, and told of his purchase.

When the Turnpike was under construction, the tavern was rebuilt. In 1831 the house burned, but it may be seen to-day as it was rebuilt on the old walls, a structure of more than usual attractiveness.

During the incumbency of the Fahnestocks at the Warren, the inn became the Mecca not only for native Americans, but for Germans of many religions, Mennonites, Dunkers, Amish, Lutherans, Reformed, and Moravian. The menu provided was attractive. "When, in the other wayside inns, even of the better sort, regular fare consisted of fried ham, corn beef and cabbage, mutton and beef stews, and mush and molasses, bread, half rye and corn meal, and occasional rump steak and cold meats and tea, in the Pennsylvania German inn there were such dishes as *Kalbskopf* (mock turtle soup, redolent with the odor of Madeira); *Sauerbraten*, a favorite dish of the Fatherland; *Schmorbraten* (beef a la mode); *Spanferkel* (sucking pig stuffed and roasted); *Kalbsbraten* (roast veal filled); *Hammelsbraten* (roast mutton); *Kuttleflick* (soused tripe spiced); *Hinkelpie* (chicken pot pie); *Apfelklose* (apple dumpling); *Bratwurst* (sausage); applecake, coffee cake with its coating of butter and cinnamon, and many other dishes, unknown to the English competition."

But table manners! "It was the usual custom for guests to reach across the table, or across three or four persons sitting next to them when they wished for some particular article. It

was also the custom to do the carving with one's own knife and fork, or to use one's own spoon when wanting sugar. In other words, the patrons of the dining room helped and looked out for themselves, and it was understood to be each man's duty to see that he got at least his share of the meal."

The Great Valley, at the entrance to which is the General Warren, where the Dutch dainties were served, was, in September, 1777, the rendezvous of the armies of General Washington and of Lord Howe. There they marched and countermarched in the course of their manoeuvres directed one against the other.

A letter written by Thomas Paine to Benjamin Franklin, on May 16, 1778, told how "on the 16th of September the two armies were drawn up in order of battle near the White Horse, on Lancaster Road [three miles west of the General Warren] when a most violent and incessant storm of rain prevented an action." Mr. Paine went on: "Our army sustained a heavy loss in their ammunition, the cartridge boxes, especially, as they were not of the most seasoned leather, being no proof against the almost irresistible fury of the weather, which obliged General Washington to draw his army up into the country, until their injuries could be repaired, and a new supply of ammunition secured."

The new ammunition was supplied at Warwick Furnace, as related in another chapter.

By that time there were many more people in the neighborhood than there were on August 31, 1732, when the Philadelphia *American Weekly Mercury* printed an item that would have been given a scarehead by a modern newspaper:

"We hear from Uwchland in the Great Valley, in Chester County, that on Tuesday the 22d instant, a Child of Philip Huges, about two years and a half old, went out at 7 a Clock in the Morning, and lost it self in the Woods. Search was made after it all that Day in vain. The next day all the Neighbors assisted in the Search till night, but without Effect. The Day following some 100 People employed themselves in scouring the Woods, but still successless. In the meantime there fell a pretty

deal of Rain, the wind being at N. East. The Child was not found till near Sunset on Friday the 25th; but to the great Joy and Surprize of the Parents, still alive and well."

Directly through Uwchlan—this is the modern spelling—passes one of the finest of Pennsylvania's celebrated highways, the Pottstown-Wilmington Highway, which crosses the Lincoln Highway at Exton. For twenty-one miles this concrete road leads through some of the finest country in Eastern Pennsylvania, past old houses, through the forest, across historic streams and over the Schuylkill to Pottstown.

Four miles west of the intersection of the superb road to Pottstown is Downingtown, known as Downing's in the days of the original Lancaster Road and in the entire history of its successor. This half-way point between Philadelphia and Lancaster was noted once as the only place between the towns "where there were two houses together." After the Revolution the inn where the stage passengers stopped was called the General Washington. The old building is now a private residence.

Downingtown—its name might still be Milltown, because of the paper mills there—was for a day the Capital of the United States. At any rate, Congress stopped there when fleeing to Lancaster, long enough to hold one session.

Downingtown is on the Eastern Brandywine, sometimes called the Black Brandywine because of the color of the water due to marshy ground through which it is fed. Coatesville is on the Western Brandywine. Between the two, near Thorndale, was James Buchanan's farm, which gave him so much pleasure after he retired from the Presidency to his residence in Lancaster. A century before Buchanan, those who used the road between Lancaster and Thorndale, over which he rode so frequently, did not find progress so easy, especially when they came to the Western Branch of the Brandywine. A petition for a bridge over this stream, at the present site of Coatesville, told the county officials of sorrows they wished to have alleviated:

"Travellers in general, as well as your petitioners in particular, have found it very difficult and had to pass over the west

branch of Brandywine Creek where the Great Provincial Road leading from Philadelphia to Lancaster crosses said Creek. It is a fact well known to numbers, and severely felt by many who have had to spend many hours in said creek cutting ice in the severest season of the winter in order to pass with their waggons, and many of them obliged to leave their waggons frozen all night in said creek, some of them the said teams loaded with liquors and other valuable goods, and perhaps taken them a great part of the next day to cut them out."

Travellers of to-day find Coatesville beautiful for situation, and wonderful by reason of its industries. The Lukens Iron and Steel Company operate the largest plate rolling mills in the world. A publication of the State Department of Highways has this urgent message:

"Visit them and see steel in the making and how the hot metal is handled, the blast furnace which belches forth tons of liquid metal, the shears that take one bite through ten inches of cold steel, the lifting magnets which hoist vast weights without a hook. The thrill and romance of great industry run by big men in a big way are here."

Coatesville is the heir of Laurel Forge, which once prospered six miles down the Brandywine. The ruins are worth a visit, for they made possible the defeat of the *Merrimac* by the *Monitor*, the first fight of iron-clad vessels. At Laurel Forge were made the iron sides of the steamer that resisted so successfully the fierce onslaught of the strong champion of the Confederate navy.

Not far away, on Doe Run, a tributary of the Brandywine, is a building that, unlike Laurel Forge, is not abandoned. This is ivy-covered Doe Run Presbyterian Church, which dates from 1740. But old churches in the vicinity of Coatesville are not rare; a few miles to the westward, just north of Parkesburg, is Upper Octorara Church, and this is twenty years older than Doe Run!

Upper Octorara Church is close to Gap, a section made notorious in the early days of the highway by the activities of

the Gap gang of outlaws, whose headquarters were at the Gap Tavern. One of their favorite lurking places was at Hand's Pass, a little west of Coatesville, where the long grade begins that goes up towards Sadsburyville and Lancaster. The stage going west had to slow up at this point, and the robbers took advantage of the place to rob the passengers. Many tales are told of Sandy Flash's activity there.

Five miles from the old haunt of the outlaws at Gap is Paradise. The name of the town has always been a subject for the joker. Thus, when the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad was under construction, a farmer who did not welcome the engineers told them that they might go to a most undesirable place. Their quiet reply was, "Thank you, we expect to sleep in Paradise to-night."

When the road was completed, Paradise was reached by a spur line, half a mile long, and the people were proud of the distinction. Their town was so important that the railroad had to make special construction to reach them! The residents were not so well satisfied with the custom that soon became fixed of having passenger coaches which were known as the Democratic and Whig Coaches. A man had to take his place according to his politics. And when the Democratic party was in power in the State, the Democrat could hope to be passed by the Democratic conductors. But if a Whig conductor issued a pass, when his party was not in power, woe to him!

Two miles out of Paradise is another of the old Presbyterian churches near the line of the Turnpike—Leacock Church, organized in 1741. The building erected in 1754 still stands by the side of a more modern structure.

Ten miles more, and the traveller on the Turnpike passes through Lancaster, a town which was fifteen years old when, in June, 1744, a treaty of the Six Nations was concluded there. The early road directories gave as much prominence to Conestoga Creek, crossed by Witmer's Bridge, as to the town itself, two miles farther west. The bridge was erected in 1749 by Witmer, who was permitted to collect toll of those who crossed. But the

day came when the county bought the bridge, and toll ceased. Yet the public spirit of the builder was recognized by a stone on the banks of the Conestoga, which commended "the Public Spirit of an Individual."

During Lancaster's early days the town was the home of George Ross, who was one of the early iron founders of York County, a leader in Colonial affairs, and a Signer of the Declaration of Independence. A memorial pillar on the site of his Lancaster home, where the present Court House stands, tells of his services, not the least of which was the suggestion, made to the Committee on a new flag of which he was a member, that his niece, Betsy Ross, be commissioned to make the historic bunting.

George Ross had been a citizen of Lancaster eight years when an event occurred of which the old town is proud—the foundation of the Lancaster Library Company, the third subscription library in Pennsylvania, called the Juliana Library, in honor of the wife of Thomas Penn, in the vain hope that she would make large gifts to it.

During the early days of the library, Lancaster was one of the busiest stage towns in the country. The first stage wagon which ran through from Philadelphia reached the town on the Conestoga in July, 1771. The return trip began on Monday morning, and was completed by evening of Tuesday. The fare was ten shillings. Stage travel grew rapidly, and in 1799, when the town became the Capital of Pennsylvania, it was enormous. Yet—if a traveller of 1790 is to be believed—the inns did not keep pace with the demands made on them:

"The taverns are very indifferent. If the traveller can procure a few eggs with a little bacon he ought to rest satisfied; it is twenty to one that a bit of fresh meat is to be had, or any salted meat, except pork. Vegetables seem also to be very scarce, and when you do get any, they generally consist of turnips, turnip tops boiled by way of greens. The bread is heavy and brown, though they have as fine flour as any in the world; that is owing to the method of treating it; they raise it with what

they call 'sots,' hops and water boiled together. The traveller, as he arrives, is shown into a room which is common to every person in the house, and which is the room generally set apart for breakfast, dinner, and supper. All the strangers that happen to be in the house sit down to these meals promiscuously, and the family of the house also forms a part of the company. It is seldom that a single bed can be procured."

This largest inland town of the country became the Capital of the United States for a single day in September, 1777, in consequence of the approach of the British to Philadelphia. The lawmakers took the journey to Lancaster by stage coach and on horseback. Official documents were carried by wagon under the direction of Abraham Clarke, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Twelve years later, when Congress was giving serious consideration to the location of a permanent Capital for the new nation, Lancaster showed the proper spirit by sending a letter which may be seen to-day in the Yeats Collection in the Manuscript Division of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Edward Hand, Burgess, was the writer, and William Hamilton was the recipient. Copies were supplied to every member of both houses of Congress. In part the letter read:

"Should the general Interests of the Union point out an Inland Central Situation as preferable to that of a Seaport, for the future Residence of that Honorable Body We humble presume to offer ourselves as candidates for that distinguished Honor. . . . As an inland Town we do not perceive ourselves inferior to any within the Domain of the United States. . . . We venture to assert that there is no part of the United States which can boast within the Compass of ten Miles, the same number of Waggons & good Teams with ourselves.

"We are sensible that Dealing in Generals will have no Effect with dispassionate & temperate Minds.—We venture therefore to descend into a more minute Recapitulation & pledge ourselves to you for the Truth & Correctness of the following Statement:

"Our Centrical Situation will be best determined by the consideration of the following Distances which pursue the Course of the Roads now occupied, but may be shortened & which we consider as accurately Taken." The list which followed covered the important points and the means of reaching them.

The closing paragraph touched on a sore point with Lancastrians, who were groaning under the ground rents, exacted by the Hamilton estate:

"We have reason to think that Wm. Hamilton, Esq., who is entitled to the Rent Charges & unoccupied Parts of the Borough, would cheerfully second every Wish of Congress, so far as his Property is Concerned. . . ."

Lancaster did not succeed in her quest, though she did have the State Capital from 1799 to 1812. But her greatest claim to fame is her industrial progress. This began early. The Conestoga wagon was invented and manufactured there. Weaving was another capital industry. In the year 1769–70, 33,000 yards of cloth were woven in the town, most of it in the homes of Germans, descendants of weavers who had come from the Palatinate. And six years before this time William Henry made in Lancaster the first model of a steamboat; this was 22 years before John Fitch, and 44 years before Robert Fulton.

To-day there are more than three hundred industrial plants in Lancaster, while the products of the farms tributary to the city are enormous, tobacco and potatoes being the chief products.

By the will of Thaddeus Stevens, as well as the action of the State and of teachers and pupils of the public schools of Pennsylvania, this industrial city is the site of the Thaddeus Stevens Industrial School, which plans "to give poor and deserving boys a good English education and to train them in habits of morality, economy, and industry, and to teach them mechanical trades."

A much older educational institution is Franklin and Marshall College, christened in 1787, from the union of two schools

THE GENERAL JACKSON TAVERN
At the eighteenth milestone on the Lancaster Road

THE FRONT STEPS ON THE SUSQUEHANNA AT HARRISBURG

THE SUNKEN GARDEN ON THE RIVER FRONT AT HARRISBURG

that were already, respectively, seventeen and forty-five years old. On the first board of trustees there were four Signers of the Declaration of Independence, seven officers of the Revolution, three who became governors of Pennsylvania, and two who became United States Senators!

Lancaster County's prominence in the events of the Revolutionary War is not confined to the county seat. Twelve miles to the westward is Mount Joy. Near its site, from December, 1777, to May, 1778, General Anthony Wayne encamped with more than two thousand soldiers. Among them the destitution was as great as at Valley Forge; one third of the men had no shoes, no stockings, no shirts, and no blankets.

Fourteen miles beyond Mount Joy, on the Swatara, is Middletown, a settlement thirty years older than Harrisburg. The name was given because the town was half way between Lancaster and Carlisle. The site chosen had appealed to the Indians first, for there they had a village.

Middletown was of importance during the Revolution, for a Commissary Department was established there. The boat builders on the Swatara inspected the boats for General Sullivan's army, and when these were sent to him for his expedition against the Six Nations, provisions and stores were supplied also.

The position of the town near the junction of the Swatara with the Susquehanna gave it prominence at an early day. For a long time it was felt by the pioneers that this was the limit of safe navigation on the Susquehanna, because of the falls and cataracts below on the river, but after 1796, when a miller named Krider passed Middletown, bound for Baltimore, carrying a cargo of flour, which he had brought from Huntingdon on the Juniata, through trade was considered practicable. Other arks followed, and pilots learned how to take them below Middletown.

In the days of canals, Middletown was a post of consequence for there the Pennsylvania Canal to the west and the Union Canal to Reading united.

A traveller along the road in 1810, Margaret Dwight, called

the Swatara the "Sweet Arrow"! The stream was crossed in the wagon which carried her and her guide.

Middletown has passed on her importance to a town that was not even thought of until she was more than a century old—Steelton, half way to Harrisburg. The birth of this busy centre was in 1865, when the Pennsylvania Steel Company found there the site for which it was looking. In its new plant the Bessemer process of making steel was used first in Pennsylvania. This was before the trip made by Andrew Carnegie to Scotland, when he was so attracted by the process that he introduced it in his own works.

The Steelton plant has a frontage of three miles along the Susquehanna. In fact, the place blends with Harrisburg so gradually that the traveller hardly knows when he is leaving one city, and entering the other.

VII

FROM DOWNINGTOWN TO HARRISBURG, BY THE HORSE SHOE ROAD

DOWNINGTOWN can claim at least one distinction that few other Pennsylvania towns can have; for years it fought those who desired to take the county seat to this favorite stopping place of so many of the Conestoga freighters. These used the roads passing through or leading from Milltown, as the place was known originally, by reason of the various mills whose wheels were turned by the waters of the Eastern Branch of the Brandywine. The town founded by Thomas Downing was content with the distinction of having, in 1798, the only post-office between Philadelphia and Lancaster, and a tavern which was famous even in Europe as the best kept inn in America.

Downingtown came naturally by its reputation for "seeking not its own." When Thomas Downing died, his will made unusual provision:

"As many poor people have formerly purchased of me and were become debtors my intent and meaning is that I do hereby forgive the said poor people all the book debts that may stand in my books against them at the time of my decease, and I do hereby frankly acquit and discharge them from paying the same."

Traveller, this is something to think of when you pass by the log house to the east of the bridge across the Eastern Branch of the Brandywine. In this house Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Downing began housekeeping in 1790, knowing that they had their work cut out for them if they would maintain the fair name of Downing, inherited from "William and Mary, Richard the First and Richard the Second, Downing the Miller and Downing the Fuller, Downing the Farmer and Downing the Tavern-

keeper." No wonder Milltown became Downing Town, then Downingtown!

Out of Downingtown leads, to the northeast, the famous Horse Shoe Pike. The first name of the road was the Downingtown, Ephrata and Harrisburg Turnpike. But who would use a name like that when they had such a serviceable name as the Horse Shoe? Why inquire the reason for the Horse Shoe? Some say the title was given because of the sinuous course of the road. Others deny this. But who can deny the beauty of the route? The Horse Shoe Pike was successor to the Horse Shoe Road of 1752, as that road succeeded the Paxtang Road, though it does not follow the identical course. For years after 1803, when the turnpike was chartered, travel by it to Lebanon and beyond was so great that sometimes there was difficulty in keeping track of the wagons. In the words of Thomas Buchanan Read, who was born on the Brandywine, within a few miles of Downingtown:

"The old road blossoms with romance,
Of covered vehicles of every grade;
From ox-cart of most primitive design,
To Conestoga wagons, with their fine
Deep-chested, six horse teams—heavy gear,
High hames and chiming bells—to childish ear
And eye entrancing, as the gathering train
Of some sun-smitten pageant of old Spain."

Here and there along the Horse Shoe Pike are mile-stones that were noted eagerly by these teamsters of yesterday. These mile-stones told the mileage to P., and the distance to T. Of course P. stood for Philadelphia. But what was T.? Some have said that the abbreviation was for Towningtown—the spelling of the Dutch pronunciation of the name of the Downings. But in fact T. was an abbreviation for Turnpike. What Turnpike? The Lancaster Pike, of course; this was the famous highway of early days in all this section. There were other turnpikes, but even the Horse Shoe was willing to take a back seat as it told the distance to the father of all the turnpikes.

The course of the road from Downingtown is directly across Brandywine township, a township that, by division, has descended from the high estate of olden times when it was bounded by the two branches of the Brandywine, so that its inhabitants could all have joined in the pæan of James B. Everhart:

"How beautifully glides the Brandywine!
On and forever from dawn to decline—
Under the bridges and arches of trees,
Gilding the landscape and cooling the breeze,
Passing the pastures and swelling its stores,
Flowering, perfuming the sinuous shores,
Glossing the squirrel, disporting above,
Sweetening the tanager's carol of love."

On its journey toward the West Branch of the Brandywine the traveller passes through Guthriesville, whose chief distinction is that not far away, to the left, was Hibernia Forge, on the West Brandywine. Here, in 1799, Samuel Downing made "Pig into Bar Iron." The site is passed daily by trains on the Wilmington and Northern Railway. Near by is the mansion house occupied by the owners of the forge, built on a tract called "Fortunate" by those who sold it to Samuel Downing. What speaking names they did have for places in those days!

The people called the settlement near the forge Londonport town. Wasn't that better than the prosaic Wagontown of to-day?

The turnpike reaches the Western Brandywine some miles above the forge, at Brandywine Manor. Here, too, there is a curious story about the name. There were, in the days of William Penn, several manors in Chester County. But there was no Brandywine Manor. There was, however, Springton Manor, and the town of Brandywine Manor was built on part of Springton's territory. And in 1735 a Presbyterian church was organized there. This had for its official name, Forks of Brandywine. That name was too long, so people called it the Manor Church. How easy, then, was the transition to Brandywine

Manor! Another curious thing to remember is that the Forks of Brandywine Church is some fifteen miles distant from the junction point of the two branches of the stream. Then why was it named as if it stood in the forks? Simply because, in Colonial days, the forks of a stream included everything between the junction of the branches and the source of these branches!

The modern building of the old church is by the roadside nearly thirty-eight miles from Philadelphia, with a glorious view of the hills on the left. How well the pioneers close the sites for their churches! But, if truth were told, they were not thinking so much of beauty as of a location from which they could see the approach of enemies!

The members of Manor Church were made of heroic stuff. In 1777 it is said that "every able-bodied man in the large congregation was in the army, and the gathering of the harvest and putting in of the fall crops was performed by the old men, women and children." The Scotch-Irish in the church would have been in hearty sympathy with that church which brought before the Session one of its members on the charge that he was "suspected of not being sincere in his profession of attachment to the cause of the Revolution."

With a reputation for patriotism like that, no one need think strange the fact that, when the first building was burned, Benjamin Franklin, Doctor Rush, Edward Shippen, and David Rittenhouse were numbered among the contributors for the new church. The presence on the book of names like these made the members of the old church better satisfied than ever with its location "Near the Seat of the Synod—and has Been Ever Reputed one of the Most Healthy places as it is high Land and fule of good springs."

Near the Meeting House, from 1793 to 1816, there was a classical academy, one of the preparatory schools for which Pennsylvania was famous before the days of free schools. And just a little to the north, at Wyebrooke, where Perkins Run enters the Eastern Brandywine, Isabella Furnace stood, the buildings long since deserted and falling into ruins. There are so

many worth-while bits that may be found by those who are ready to wander a little from the main road.

But if you must go on, you will find other pleasures in store. There is Honey Brook Township and Honey Brook town. The name sounds satisfying. But it becomes even more so with the reflection that Honey Brook is the translation of the Welsh Nantmel, now called Nantmeal. From the township of that name Honey Brook was formed in 1789. Nantmel means "Sweet Stream." So, then, Honey Brook!

Most of the way from Brandywine Manor to Honey Brook town is in a valley bounded on the north and west by the Welsh Mountains, and on the south by Barren Hill. There are boulders everywhere. The names of the villages Rockville and Rocklyn are descriptive. But let no one think that there is not good soil also. One evidence of this is the fact that, back in 1774, when a mortgage was recorded for a bit of land on which Rockville is now built, the land was called "Beautiful Garden!" Wilson M. MacElree, whose wandering along the Brandywine led to the writing of two unusually intimate books of travel, says: "Sentiment in a Chester County mortgage is certainly rare." Then he adds, with engaging frankness: "I doubt if Faust was quite as much surprised upon finding a student in the disappearing vapor as I was upon discovering a part of my garden in that geological village."

And Honey Brook? The reality is equal to the fetching name. Think of a maple-shaded street, with a church spire peeping from the treetops on either side of the way!

Rockville dates back before the Revolution, but Honey Brook is much more modern. Until 1815 the site of Honey Brook was a field used by whoever would; it had never even been fenced. Several buildings were new, including the General Wayne Inn, which was distinguished by an old-fashioned sign-board depicting Mad Anthony on his horse, in rainbow colors. The builder had chosen for his inn a site by the curve of the road leading south to another inn called the Mariner's Compass, where now is the village known as Compass. Another building

was the General Wayne schoolhouse. This structure was intimately connected with what became the town of Waynesburg, for there an Irishman taught who saw in the field a good speculation. Having bought it and laid it out, he sold lots on credit through a lottery. As may be imagined, the people who did not draw lots on the turnpike were slow to meet their promises of payment, and the speculation did not prove as profitable as had been anticipated.

Forty years after the birth of Waynesburg, now the town of Honey Brook, a railroad was built from Downingtown, eighteen miles away. This pioneer road is now a part of the Pennsylvania system. At Honey Brook it is near neighbor to the wonderful Wilmington and Northern Railway, a part of the Reading system. It has been said that a man's travel education is not completed until he has experienced the thrills and surprises of transportation by this unique specimen of railway construction.

The building of the railroad from Downingtown proved the death blow to a plan as old as William Penn. In 1690 he proposed the construction of "a way" from the Susquehanna to the Delaware and the Schuylkill. He meant a canal, though he did not use the word. Fifty years later the Pennsylvania Assembly was asked for authority to proceed. Things moved slowly in those days; twenty-two years more passed before the completion of a survey, made by David Rittenhouse and Dr. William Smith. There came an interval of sixty years more; then a letter from Harrisburg spoke of surveys in the neighborhood of Churchtown for a line to extend through Honey Brook and Morgantown. But everybody was too deliberate. Only thirty years remained until the railroad was on the ground, and it is evident that this period was altogether too short for canal building in the Brandywine section of Chester County.

Honey Brook itself, too, suffered from Chester County deliberation. In 1734 a petition hard to resist was presented to the Court for the division of Nantmel:

"Settled in the nethermost bounds of this County, when this township was laid out, were very few settlers, which occasioned

it to be larger and now moſte of it being settled we find the largeness of it to be very detrimental to moſt of the inhabitants for when a road is to be laid or repaved in one end of the township the inhabitants of the other end which are at leaſt twenty miles diſtant will be obliged to spend three days to do one day's work which is a very great hardship."

Yes, that petition was sent in 1734. And its grandchild was granted in 1789!

Nantmel Township had to reſiſt other demands for division. "Too large!" said one petition. "Too swampy!" said another, dated in 1740, which asked that the line of division be run so impartially that a swamp should lie on either side!

Even more diverting was the petition sent to the Court by Francis Edwards, in 1731, who declared that he had spent "his whole subſtance in building a corn mill in Nantmel to accommodate his neighborhood, there being nothing of that kind within four or five miles of his place, which he hath with great difficulty at laſt effected. But not having any road to his said mill, a great part of the cuſtom which firſt put him upon it can not reap the cheiff design of its building which is a very great hardship both to them and your petitioner."

That petition is rich, but the counter petition presented by those who opposed the road is richer ſtill. The thanks of those who use roads to-day are due to Mr. MacElree, whose name has already been mentioned, for his patience in examining old court records which present a gem like the following:

". . . Wch road if granted will be unsupportable charge to us your Petitioners. Neither can it be of Much Benefit to said Francis . . . the sd road muſt pass thro a Meadow belonging to James Logan wch is . . . so swampy that Horses cannot pass through it & the makeing of a bridge across it will we Concede amount to between ten and fifteen pounds Charge . . . then as to the Charge of Opening the sd Road and wch will be about six miles long we judge it will not Cost very Little Less than five pounds more."

Having laid the ground thus well, the petitioner told of a

much better and nearer mill. "There's Little likelyhood" of a prosperous trade for the mill because it "has no covering but a few boards Nailed over it. Neither is there any Place to receive corn, it being all open to the Weather Except what's sheltered by the afore-mentioned Boards."

The final argument was that the road would cost thirty pounds, and "yett we are unable to pay but about four Pounds Tax . . . therefore we Humbly crave that in Consideration for the Vast Charge the Aforementioned road will, (if Granted), unavoidably bring upon us, your Petitioners, & our inability to support the same, you will be Pleased not any ways to Countinance the aforementioned Petition."

The record does not tell which petition succeeded. But those who pass along roads in Nantmel and Honey Brook township may be sure that the ancestors of these highways were built at cost of sore travail, and only after the persons had endured for a long time conditions which came to be insupportable, for instance like those of the turnpike below Honey Brook where, in 1747, the people declared that, owing to the location "on the backside of a mountain," it was "Very Difficult to be Crost with Loadened Waggons or Carts."

There is food for thought and thankfulness when you are tempted to repine because of a bump or two in the road that causes you to touch the top of your car!

From Honey Brook the Horse Shoe Pike stretches away through Caernarvon township, settled by the Welsh in 1730—a region of beautiful country, with the Fort Hills on the north and the Welsh Mountains on the south.

Between Honey Brook and Bear Town there is an old house by the roadside, with date stone of characteristic form:

P
I & C
1807

Soon Blue Ball appears, at the junction of the Horse Shoe with the old Paxtang Road. There stood the tavern of 1766 with the sign of the Blue Ball, a noted hostelry of early days.

Some of these roads echoed, probably, to the tread of the unfortunate Redemptioners who were on the way home with masters who had purchased their time on the arrival in Philadelphia of some ship from England or Germany, or with those who had not yet driven a hard bargain for their sale. For, as John F. Sachse says: "When not sold on shipboard, the poor creatures, weakened by the long voyage, were herded together and driven through the country like a drove of cattle. Stops were made at every crossroads tavern to expose the human drove for sale."

At Hinkletown a tavern was kept by George Hinkle in 1767. A mill-dam and the bridge across the Conestoga made a picture that is worth attention. The section of the town before the bridge is reached was once known as Swopestown, because it was settled by Suabians, whose German name is Swopes.

On the way to Ephrata the highway skirts the edge of West Earl Township, whose beauty attracted a Swiss farmer in the Pequea Valley. While searching for his lost horse he crossed the Welsh Mountains and wandered over the delightful miles to the north. When he returned to Pequea, he bundled up family and goods and came back to what became known as Groff's Thal.

The Swiss emigrant had for neighbors on the north the strange band of Germans that settled Ephrata and laid the foundation for their peculiar institutions there. Conrad Beissel was the father of "The Communion of the Solitary," who were supposed "to muffle the mortal body for its plainest humiliation." Shoes of wood or of the plainest leather and formless garments were in favor among them. Their first building, Kedar, "The House of Sorrowfulness," was begun in July, 1735. The third story of this was designed for the occupancy of "The Order of Spiritual Virgins." Then came Bethania, "The House of Prayer," built because of scandals that followed the attendance of men and women at midnight prayers. In the steeple of a later building, called Zion, a clock and bells were placed. The clock rang the bell at midnight. The sound was heard to a

distance of four miles, so that all the families could rise and hold worship in their homes.

The community was at the height of its prosperity when Washington, after the Battle of Brandywine, sent there some of the sick and wounded of the army. The roads leading to the town were for a time crowded with wagons bearing the patients. Among these typhus broke out after a time, and several hundred soldiers and nurses were buried on Zion hill, a simple inscription telling of their resting place:

"Here rest the remains of many soldiers."

But as time passed, dissensions entered, and popularity decreased, members retired, taking the five pounds each they were allowed from the common fund.

But the town remains, with its characteristic brilliantly red brick houses, trimmed in white, its shady streets, several of the buildings of the old time community, and a hotel by the roadside, where modern visitors can pretend that they are living the straitened life of the people who permitted a newly married couple to occupy a cabin by themselves for two years only, and frowned on nearly everything that made life pleasant.

In 1754 the highway to Ephrata was traversed by Thomas Pownall, who spoke of coming "to Donkers' Town, where there were people called Donkers, Doopers, Domphers."

Again in 1786 a picture of the community and its surroundings was given by a British officer who wrote:

"The whole road from Lancaster to Ephrata affords a variety of beautiful prospects; the ground is rich and well cultivated . . . and the meadows abundantly watered by numerous refreshing streams. About twelve miles from Lancaster we left the great road, and struck into the woods, through which we were led by wildly devious paths to the delightful spot where Ephrata stands. . . . They are now reduced to seven men and five women. Their original grant of lands consisted of several thousand acres; part was wrested from them by force, part was disposed of to settlers. . . . The town consists of three wooden houses of three story high, the cells of the brethren are exceed-

ingly small, and the windows and doors extremely ill suited for a hot climate; the doors in particular are narrow and very low."

Ephrata has a neighbor which visitors may wish to see, though it is off the main road. Lititz, another peculiar, quaint town, may be reached by those who will take a roundabout road from Ephrata toward Lancaster. The trip is worth while, because Lititz, which was founded in 1757 by emissaries from Bethlehem, was always noted for the beauty of its surroundings. The Brothers' House and Sisters' House there were at one time well populated, but long ago the original use was abandoned. The Brothers' House was used as a hospital during the Revolution.

If the side trip to Lititz is taken, it will be a mistake to return to the main road without going west a few miles to Manheim, the town of Baron Henry William Stiegel, the glass manufacturer and iron founder, whose wares are in demand by collectors of rarities. Tradition says that he was not a real Baron, but was called so by courtesy, precisely as most men of mark used to be called "Colonel" in Kentucky. Manheim, where he had his glass factory, was laid out in 1762. Ten years later he gave a lot to the Lutheran church. This gift is famous to this day because he asked in payment five shillings and a red rose each year, when demanded. On the second Sunday in June the roads leading to Manheim are crowded by the curious who wish to be present at the service in the Baron Stiegel Memorial Church, in time to see the stipulated rose placed in the hands of a descendant of the Baron.

If possible, the route to Ephrata should be retraced, for it is a pity to miss the beautiful country to the northwest of the old town. Several miles on the road is the town of Weidmanville, named for the pioneer who chose the pleasant site in 1745. Soon, too, comes Brickersville, nestling in the tree-clad hills, where John Bricker had a hotel at which the Conestoga freighters stopped.

Brickersville is connected with the story of Baron Stiegel. When he became penniless, in 1779, he lived in the Lutheran

parsonage for a season, taught the local school, preached in the church, and gave music lessons.

But before the day of penury, the Baron lived in royal style at Schaefferstown. On an eminence still known as Tower Hill he built a great wooden castle in the form of a pyramid, fifty feet square at the base, ten feet square at the top, and seventy feet high. Friends from far and near were entertained in the great banquet hall. The Baron drove to and from the Castle in his coach and six, and his home-coming was greeted by a signal gun. In like manner the firing of cannon told of his arrival at his home in Manheim. Extravagance like this led to the financial embarrassment already noted.

The first settlers in Shaefferstown were Jews, descendants of those who had come to New York from the Dutch West Indies and from Brazil, about 1655. There they were not well treated, so the colony came to Chester County, where they traded with the Indians before the days of William Penn. For two generations they continued in the neighborhood of what was to become Schaefferstown. There they had a synagogue and a burial ground. The synagogue has disappeared, but the site of the burial ground, which was near Tower Hill, is pointed out to-day.

The town itself dates from 1744, when Alexander Schaeffer laid out the ground. He gave to it the name Heidelberg, but the people insisted on calling it after its founder.

One distinction of Schaefferstown is that it had one of the oldest water-works in Pennsylvania. In the central square there were two running fountains, supplied by water sent in wooden pipes from a spring half way up the slope of Tower Hill. These primitive pipes were in use about one hundred years before the incorporation of the Schaefferstown Water Works, and the introduction of iron pipes.

The location of Schaefferstown on the highway between the iron mines and furnaces of Lancaster and Lebanon Counties, and the Robesonia Furnace, in Berks County, brought to the central square and to the taverns located upon it many of the six-horse ore teams which did a rushing business between these points.

Since the settlement was also a division point for the freight teams which used the roads between Philadelphia and Baltimore, and Pittsburgh and the West, the tavern-keepers had a prosperous trade.

Down again to Brickersville, then on by the Horse Shoe Turnpike once more. The way leads delightfully through the woods and across a ridge of the hills, for a time following the boundary line of Lancaster and Lebanon Counties. After crossing South Mountain, the road cuts across South Lebanon Township, into more level lands, and unexpectedly leads up to rows of stone houses by the wayside. These are ugly enough to belong to an old time English industrial community. This is Miner's Village, where live scores of those who work the quarries below town, forbidding-looking, deep-terraced, tunnelled and criss-crossed as a result of the operations of many years.

And now we come to one of the wonders of early days, a wonder which every traveller of pioneer days thought that he must see, the Cornwall Ore Banks, three solid hills of magnetic ore. There are 110 acres in Large Iron Hill, Middle Hill, and Grassy Hill, the treasure-houses, which have been worked for nearly two centuries.

On May 8, 1732, Joseph Turner bought 5000 acres from John, Thomas, and Richard Penn, paying for the tract £500 in Pennsylvania currency. To Peter Grubb from Cornwall, England, a portion of the land was sold later for £135. On his land Grubb opened Cornwall furnace, which was supplied with ore from seemingly inexhaustible open cuttings. His English home gave him the name for his settlement. By 1739 the forge was in active service. During the Revolution the patriotic owners did their part in supplying Washington with munitions, and during the century after the Revolution the ore banks were the biggest producers of iron in the country. In fact, Cornwall was the largest ore mine in the land until the Lake Superior mines were opened. As recently as 1908 it was stated that the Lebanon County hills of Peter Grubb had produced more ore than any other single iron ore property in the United States.

And the Paxtang Road, succeeded by the Horse Shoe Turnpike, brought travellers to see the wonderful workings and the furnace, and pointed the way by which the product was carried to the outside. In 1853 the decision was reached that the road connection with Lebanon, the road from Harrisburg to Reading, was not good enough, so a plank road was built. But, to the disappointment of those who had advocated the enterprise, the heavy traffic destroyed the planks, and something better had to be made.

From Cornwall one of three routes may be chosen to Harrisburg. Five miles north is the William Penn Highway; the twenty-five miles by this road to Harrisburg are considered in another chapter in this volume. Then, almost directly east, leads the continuation of the road described in this chapter, first through South Annville Township, where is some of Lebanon County's best farming land, along the banks of Quitapahilla Creek which flows north toward the Swatara. This is the country of which a local historian wrote facetiously that, when the German settlers invaded the precincts of the Indian Conewago, Swatara, and Quitapahilla, they became so numerous that the babblings of these streams were changed to suit their German ears:

"Twas Yorick Steitz and Hannis Licht and Peter Kucher, who
On either bank now reared their homes to grow quite well-to-do,
The Kreiders, Orths and Horsts came next, the influx grew so much
The streams their babbling had to change, from Indian into Dutch."

Soon after leaving behind South Annville Township, the road joins the William Penn Highway.

The third route from Conewago to Harrisburg coincides, for a short distance, with the highway across South Annville, but soon it turns toward the Lincoln Highway, passing into South Londonderry township. This road is of special interest because it goes through Colebrook, where, in 1781, Robert Coleman built an iron furnace on Conewago Creek, where he made not only pig iron but also wood stoves, most of them ten-plate

THE HIGHWAY PATROL AT HERSHEY

THE CAPITOL FROM STATE STREET, HARRISBURG

ſtoves. Those who are familiar with the remote farmhouses of Lebanon County say that specimens of these ſtoves, bearing the name of T. B. Coleman, Colebrook Furnaces, may ſtill be found in some of them.

Plates of the old ſtoves have been discovered by patient inveſtigation "among the rubbish of old farms, as makeshift chimney tops, ſtepping ſtones, or gutter ends, buried under soot and ashes, or hearth pavements for ſtill exiſting fireplaces where apple butter is cooked, soap boiled, or hams smoked, or rescued at the laſt moment in the scrap heap of the junk dealer."

The six-, eight- and ten-plate ſtoves followed the fashion learned at home by the emigrants from Northern Europe, not only in shape, but in decoration. The decoration moſt popular was of some Bible scene. The Berks County Hiſtorical Society at Reading treasures many of the plates with their Bible pictures, fearfully and wonderfully made.

From Colebrook a rather trying road climbs the hill to Mount Gretna, the place of the summer encampment of the Pennsylvania National Guard. The grounds once were used for picnic purposes. To-day the Cornwall and Lebanon Railroad, as well as the highway, takes many visitors to the resort one thousand feet above the sea. After the detour to Mt. Gretna the route may be continued to Elizabethtown, on the Lincoln Highway, the borough built where there was a tavern that was a favorite with travellers. Travellers bound weſt sometimes preferred to come this far inſtead of ſtopping at Mt. Joy, which was celebrated, according to the Coneſtoga wagon-drivers, for its three crosses, the Cross Roads, the Cross Keys, and the Cross Landlady!

From Elizabethtown the route is by the Lincoln Highway to Harrisburg, the town to which an unnamed traveller of 1822 turned his ſteps and in which he found food for thought and comment. For the day after reaching the little city on the Susquehanna, which he called a "ſtylish and fashionable place," he wrote:

"We took a walk to the State House, the description of

which I will not pretend to give, knowing my inability for the task—the house was not in Session, so we went through it—the room is large and Spacious of a Neat Workmanship—the house is 180 feet long by 80 wide—100 feet to the Cupilo—at 10 Oclock the house went into Session—the Speaker in the chair he called to order—the Clerk proceeded to recording Some bills—but he might as well have saved his wind for there was not a man in the house that paid the least attention to what he was reading—every man was bussy—some in reading the news—Some in reading letters and others in talking—it had more the appearance of a school to me, than of learned men in legislation."

Have times changed so much, after all?

VIII

FROM PHILADELPHIA, BY VALLEY FORGE AND READING, TO HARRISBURG

THEY were bowling along the Gulph Road from Bryn Mawr to Valley Forge. With a sigh of satisfaction one of the party exclaimed:

"How like the English countryside this is!"

But another said, "You are wrong. I was just thinking that it is like the best in France!"

Both were right. The road to Valley Forge is like an English road, and it is like a French road. But both riders might have increased their claim; if they had said, "This is better than anything England or France can show us!" they would not have been far wrong.

The original Gulph Road, as laid out by William Penn himself, did not begin at Bryn Mawr; this is the new Gulph Road. In the day when the Proprietor decided to mark out his road, an Indian trail led off from what is now Montgomery Avenue, near the historic Merion Meeting House. Penn's own Meeting House was a fit starting point for what came to be known as Billy Penn's road.

On his own horse Penn led the way over the Indian trail, showing where he wanted the road to go, explaining the necessity of having granite mile-posts all along the way. These posts were to bear the Penn coat of arms,—three balls, or "three apple dumplings," they have been called by the irreverent.

After leaving the Indian trail, the road crossed to the valley of Mill Creek, then west up Mill Creek, which it crossed by a ford—a ford that still exists. Think of a ford within such easy reach of Philadelphia! Near the ford are the ruins of the Dove Mill, which at one time manufactured all the paper for bank notes and for other government use. This paper bore as a watermark the dove and the olive branch. Later the road passed

Harriton House, built as the home of Charles Thomson, Secretary of Congress.

Soon the old Gulph Road joins the new Gulph Road, and the two are identical, past the ancient Lower Merion Baptist Meeting House, and winding away through woods and by old farmhouses toward Devon and the Lancaster Road

This alluring road that leads to Devon, after sweeping down from a height which affords a memorable view of a delightful country, passes the great bowlder set to mark the camping place of Washington just before he led his men to Valley Forge. When this rock with its inscription was dedicated in 1893, William S. Baker said:

"We are standing on historic soil. Yonder hills, one hundred and sixteen years ago, witnessed the privations and sufferings of a band of heroes, the soldiers of the Revolution. The old Gulph Mill, its walls grim and gray with age, still guards the spot, a faithful sentinel. Here have passed and repassed men whose names are history itself, whose deeds are a cherished inheritance. Washington, modest as virtuous; Green, wise as brave; Knox, gallant as true; Lafayette, the pride of America; Sullivan, Sterling, De Kalb, Muhlenberg, Maxwell, Huntington, and Wagner!"

Not only is this the neighborhood of the Gulph Mill, which has disappeared, but also of the Revolutionary powder mill, whose proprietor was Henry Derringer, maker and namer of the first Derringer revolver.

Our way leads us along the new Gulph Road, on the banks of Gulph Creek, to the overhanging Gulph Rock which tells of the blasting operations of Washington's engineers. Those who delight both in history and in beauty rejoice that the attempt to have the rock condemned, made in recent years by some disgruntled driver whose automobile was injured there by his own carelessness, came to nothing, by reason of the praiseworthy efforts of those who bought the site and presented it to the Valley Forge Historical Association.

A few miles farther on, after passing old inns and houses

which were on the road when Washington went by with men who marked the way with their bleeding feet, is another old landmark that has escaped demolition—the gaily painted swinging signboard of the King of Prussia Inn. There was excuse for taking down the sign because of the feeling it caused during the World War, but there was wisdom in restoring the sign to the front of the inn, even if the date it bears is in question. The building may not have been standing in 1709, but it was there certainly when the march to Valley Forge was going on, and when the British spies gathered there, seeking information of the suffering patriots on the heights which Washington had chosen for their winter quarters.

In spite of the activities of British spies, the people who revered Washington managed to send along this road needed supplies to the starving men in camp. All honor to the women of 1778! One day eight big Conestoga wagons, heavily laden with clothing, each drawn by six mules, and driven by a woman, passed on to satisfy the needs of the patriots. The leader of this band was Mrs. Joseph Read, the same Mrs. Read who, two years later, in response to Washington's plea for assistance, organized the women of Philadelphia to give needed relief. Inspired by her, the president of the society organized for the satisfaction of the need. Women gave their jewels in exchange for goods. Then they sewed 2200 sheets for the soldiers. And there were no sewing machines in those days!

After the army at Valley Forge had been kept together by the indomitable will of Washington, supported by such patriotic women, the day came when the British, daunted by their spirit, evacuated Philadelphia. Then a messenger thundered along the Gulph Road to carry the news to Washington. Soon after his passing came Captain Allan McLean, leading a company of light horse, sent from Valley Forge as an advance guard to re-occupy Philadelphia.

The modern visitor to the ground made forever famous by the presence there of Washington and his men, sees the stately Memorial Arch from a distance, and is tempted to make a short

cut into the Park by an unimproved road that leads by one of the old Headquarters houses. But the better way is to turn to the right and keep on to the main entrance, and then go over the road that passes one of the reproductions of the huts occupied by the soldiers, overlooking the country on all sides, There the way is open on the left to the Arch dedicated "To the Officers and Soldiers of the Continental Army," and on through the pillars, surmounted by eagles, dedicated to the brigadier-generals, the equestrian statue of Mad Anthony Wayne, and the monument to Baron Von Steuben. Then the road passes on below the fortification on the hill, between the height and the creek, past the Defenders' Gate, the entrance to the Washington Memorial Cemetery, then down to Washington's Headquarters.

There are miles of roads in the park, but one of the choicest of these leads up from the Headquarters to the Washington Memorial Chapel, on the commanding height above the winding Schuylkill. "The American Westminster" was the name given to the chapel by the representative of the King of England who took part in the dedication of the lectern. Woodrow Wilson called it "The Shrine of the American People."

The man to whom was committed the duty of selecting the design for the Chapel from among those offered in competition said of the surroundings:

"Its ensemble expresses truthfully the theme of the competition: a memorial chapel with auxiliary structures. The chapel dominates the group while not overpowering it, and a tower, higher than the chapel and sufficient to its purpose as an observatory, is placed at the right point to complete the balance of the group. This is as simple in plan as it is effective in mass. The chapel, while pure in historic character and fine in proportion, has an expression of dignity, repose and strength, which it would be difficult to carry further toward harmony with the sentiment of Valley Forge. In its wall and window treatment there is presented, as nearly as possible in a place intended for worship rather than defense, the mediæval approach of the

church to fortress building. The other portions of the group are true in character and in proportion with the chapel. The plan arrangement of this group combines more of simplicity, compactness and economy, both of construction and administration, than any other in the competition. In architectural quality it is scholarly and tasteful to an unusual degree, and possesses real charm and distinction."

The majestic simplicity of the building is in keeping with the life of him who is commemorated by an inscription from Tennyson, cut on the altar steps:

"His work is done;
But while the race of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand,
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,
Till in all lands, and thro' all human story,
The path of duty be the way of glory."

The chapel has not been completed. As the years pass new memorials are being added to it, and its beauty increases. One notable addition was made in 1926, when the tablet commemorating the Signers of the Declaration of Independence was placed above one of the doors. This tablet was made by Martha Hovenden, daughter of the famous artist who painted the picture, "Breaking Home Ties." Her work was done in the studio, back of the Hovenden homestead, across the way from Plymouth Meeting House, on the Ridge Road—the studio where her father did his work, from which he went in 1895 to the death which came to him as he attempted to save the life of another.

Men with the spirit of Hovenden were the thousands who spent that trying winter of 1777–1778 on the ground purchased, in 1686, by Evan ap Evan. There, in 1742, an iron forge was erected which became the property of John Potts. These men were in charge of officers who took an oath like the following:

"I, James Glentworth of the 6th Penya Reg, do acknowledge the United States of America to be Free, Independent, and

Sovereign States, and declare that the people thereof owe no allegiance or obedience to George the Third, King of Great Britain, and I renounce, refuse and abjure any allegiance or obedience to him; and I do swear that I will, to the utmost of my power, support, maintain and defend the said United States against the said King George the Third, his heirs and successors, and his or their abettors, assistants, and adherents, and will serve the said United States in the office of Lieutenant, which I now hold, with fidelity, to the best of my skill and understanding."

One of the officers in the camp was Albigence Waldo. As we pass along the drive at Valley Forge, it is worth while to think of his comment:

"It is an excellent place to raise the Idea of a Philosopher beyond the glutted thoughts and Reflexions of an Epicurean. His reflexions will be as different from the common Reflexions of Mankind as if he was unconnected with the World, and only conversant with pictured things."

Then he went on to tell with good-humored philosophy of the advantages of the place chosen for winter quarters:

"1st. There is plenty of Wood & Water.

"2dly. There are but few families for the soldiery to steal from—tho' far be it from a Soldier to Steal."

(No 3dly is given.)

"4ly. There are Warm Sides of Hills to erect huts on.

"5ly. They will be piously minded like Jonah when in the Belly of a Great Fish.

"6ly. They will not become home Sick, as is sometimes the case when men live in the Open World,—they would be thinking of 'the Journey to another Home.'"

Fortunately, in 1903, Pennsylvania accepted the gift of Valley Forge Park and undertook the administration of the place for the people. This was twenty-five years after the beginning of the efforts of the Valley Forge Centennial and Memorial Association to rescue the property from commercial uses.

WASHINGTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT VALLEY FORGE

ENTRANCE TO THE SPRING IN ZELLER'S FORT

THE SHADED STREETS OF WYOMISSING

From Valley Forge the road leads over Valley Creek toward Phoenixville. Nothing is said of the town's many attractions here, for Phoenixville, is the starting point for another of the routes included in this volume.

After leaving Phoenixville the road to Reading, which follows the southwest bank of the Schuylkill, crosses Pikeland Township, so named because the land was granted by William Penn to Joseph Pike, of Cork, in 1705. His son and successor, tried to change the name to Newington, in honor of his own home, Stoke-Newington, England, but the people would have only the name to which they had become accustomed.

Samuel Nutt, who came from Coventry, in Warwickshire, was more fortunate in his efforts to name his land; from his day the township farther along the river has borne the name of Coventry. In 1722, when the twenty-seven "taxables" of this region were named, Samuel Nutt led all the rest, and the second in order was "Mordecai Lincoln," ancestor of Abraham Lincoln.

Some miles after the road leads behind the last of the Coventrys, it comes to Birdsboro, the town which, since the formation of Berks County in 1752, has kept company with Reading; at that time the two places were the only towns named in the county, and through succeeding years both have maintained their prominence in industry. William Bird, the town's founder, in 1740 built there a forge, as well as a grist-mill and a saw-mill. To his son Mark the founder passed on his genius, and the son became one of the great iron founders of his day, and a man of great prominence during the Revolution.

The early users of the road that passed through Birdsboro forded the Schuylkill at the mouth of Hay Creek, but in 1845 a covered wooden bridge was built there. When the flood of 1850 swept this away, another bridge took its place, so that Birdsboro has always commanded the passage of the river.

The township that adjoins Robeson, of which Birdsboro is the chief town, has a Welsh name, Cumru. This name tells of the coming of about 1700 Welsh settlers from Chester County. What a mixture of people came to the country about Reading!

The Swedes had Germans for neighbors, and the English, the Irish and the Welsh were partners in pioneer toil.

These early residents of the country about Reading needed a road to the west. So a track—it was little more—was laid out from the Delaware to the Susquehanna in 1687. This prairie trail was improved beyond Reading in 1727. 1768 saw a great change for the better in the roadway, but not until 1805 was the Berks and Dauphin Turnpike begun. This led by way of Sinking Spring and Womelsdorf to Lebanon, and was completed in 1816. The modern road is, for the most part, in the bed of this old turnpike.

But there are towns along the road that were never thought of in the days when toll was charged on that road. One of these, just west of Reading, is the model little city Wyomissing, supported by well-organized industries, housed in buildings that please the traveller by their unusual appearance. The residence part of town—not only that occupied by the employers and their aides, but the streets where the wage-earning partners live—has a beauty that is worthy of more than passing notice. But factories and residences do not complete the tale of Wyomissing's marvels. Those who pass along the streets note with pleasure the remarkable municipal planting of trees. The hospital on the left does not look like an institution, while the city museum, with its sunken arboretum before it, makes the traveller desirous of returning to the town for a longer stay, even if he cannot take up his residence there.

Yet those who go on from Wyomissing are by no means done with things that interest and appeal. Beyond the town there is a notable view on the left, over the rolling land to the ridge of hills that might be called mountains. At Sinking Spring, Cushion Rock, so named by reason of its peculiar shape, stands out from all its surroundings, while on the right there is a strange survival, one of the eight-cornered buildings used as a schoolhouse. This type of building was popular in the early nineteenth century, perhaps because the form was thought economical of space. Not many of the structures

remain, though there are a few scattered over Berks and Montgomery Counties.

This is the country which gives such satisfaction to those who turn in days of leisure to the hotels and sanitariums of Wernersville. From the heights on which they are built, to the left of the highway, their guests can enjoy the prospect toward the road and beyond, as well as off to the southwest. The latter view Gifford Pinchot declared was one of the finest it has been his privilege to see.

Beyond the road leading away to the hotels that command these prospects of country so desirable, the buildings of the South Mountain Hospital for the Insane command notice. But more pleasing even than these are the beautiful driveway, and the remarkably symmetrical white oak tree within the grounds, not far to the left of the railway station. The spread of this tree is large, while the girth, one foot from the ground, is more than twenty-one feet.

We are now in the delectable Lebanon Valley; the road passes through this all the way to Harrisburg. When the Indians possessed the land, they found delight in its beauty. When the Penns made inland journeys they had bright visions of the future of this section. And when the settlers began to push back from the coast, they were not slow to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the Valley.

A blot on the beauty of the Valley is the refuse pile at the Robesonia Iron Furnace, a little beyond South Mountain, and one mile to the left of the road. But the unsightly mass is forgotten in the recollection that the Robesonia Furnace was making iron with charcoal on Spring Creek in 1794, and because of the interesting lawsuit in which the proprietors of the furnace have figured. In the days when the furnace called for but twenty-four tons of ore each week, the will of one of those who owned the Cornwall Ore Banks in Lebanon County left to the workers of the Robesonia furnace all the ore they could use, to be selected anywhere, according to desire, the privilege to be continued "so long as grass grows and water runs." Now that

one thousand tons are needed each week the drain on the Cornwall Banks is disturbing.

Only a little farther on, still at the left, is the homestead, at Womelsdorf, of the pioneer whom Berks County is proud to own as her first citizen. The house on the property may be seen from the road, but it is well to turn aside to see the much older house at the rear which was occupied by the leader of the emigrants from the Palatinate who landed in New York in 1712, lived at Schoharie for a period, then, in 1723, moved to the headwaters of the Tulpehocken. The story of their epic wanderings has been told simply. After cutting a road through the forests from Schoharie to the headwaters of the North Branch of the Susquehanna, in New York, they carried their goods to that point. Then they embarked on rafts built for the voyage. After floating down the river to the mouth of the Swatara, they worked their way up that stream, to a favorable landing in Lebanon County. They settled in the vicinity of Womelsdorf and Stouchsburg. With them was Conrad Weiser's father. Conrad himself was not with them, but followed with another party in 1729, making the long journey in the same tiresome manner. He settled at Womelsdorf, then known as Middletown, which was founded in 1723, and so is older than Reading. The present name was not given to the town until John Womelsdorf improved the site in 1762.

The story of Weiser's remarkable services is told on the tablet erected in the house:

> House of Conrad Weiser, 1729–1760.
> Churchman, Counselor, Soldier, Indian
> Interpreter, Jurist, Diplomat, and first
> Judge of Berks County.
>
> Here were held many conferences with Indian chiefs, missionaries, colonial governors and leaders.
>
> Here were raised his children, of whom the eldest daughter, Anna Maria, married Rev. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, the Patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America.

Here he died, July 13, 1760, and lies buried in the family plot near by, together with his wife, her father, several children, and a number of friendly Indian chiefs. He so ably served the Colonies as Indian Interpreter and Diplomat that he is regarded as the pivotal man who brought this country under Anglo-Saxon versus Latin civilization.

"Posterity cannot forget his services."

—President George Washington.

In Reading the schoolchildren have erected a tablet:

> In Memory of Col. Conrad Weiser,
> Pioneer, Soldier, Diplomat, Judge.
> As interpreter and Indian agent he
> negotiated every treaty from 1732 until
> near the close of the French and Indian War.

The graveyard in which this useful man was buried looks out toward Eagle Peak of South Mountain. The sightly grounds are cared for by the Conrad Weiser Memorial Park Association.

Among famous men who have travelled through Womelsdorf was John Penn. In 1788 he spoke of a spot near town that attracted him:

"The beauties are chiefly those of wildness, and the romantic; the adjoining hills, being as yet bare of leaves, except where dotted by groups of firs, and being steep and extensive, these circumstances render them striking; forlorn and wild, the seat of Desolation."

Five years after the visit of Penn, George Washington entered Womelsdorf. There he spent the night of November 13, 1793. The people gave for him a memorable reception, for the occasion of his visit was very popular; he was on his way home from a visit to the projected Schuylkill and Susquehanna Canal, which all the countryside thought would prove helpful to them. But the fulfilment of the canal dream was postponed for twenty years.

The next presidential visitor was Martin Van Buren. In 1839 he approached Reading by stage. At Womelsdorf a welcoming procession met him, "in vehicles, on horseback, and on foot. . . . The President entered the town on a beautiful cream-colored horse and attracted general attention, not more by his rank, than by his graceful horsemanship, and the propriety and dignity of his deportment."

Beyond Womelsdorf the view of the Blue Mountains on the left becomes more striking; and the invitation is welcomed to approach nearer to them offered by a byway that leads from the highway just before the stone bridge over the Tulpehocken is reached. The little road passes Sheridan Furnace, with its great slag banks, also supplied by the Cornwall Ore Banks. Not far away is one of the Blue Mountain Forts which served so well for defense against the Indians before and during the French and Indian War. This quaint, well-preserved old building, still known as Zeller's Fort, built by Heinrich Zeller, who came to the region from Schoharie, New York, in 1723, is on a farm on the edge of Lebanon County. What a delight it is to enter by the original door, cut in half, Dutch fashion, climb the steep stairs to the attic, peep within the great fireplace, nine feet long, with its swinging crane, then descend to the lower level by the outside way, where another door opens above the little run that has its source in the spring within the basement of the fort! This spring supplied needed water in time of siege by the stealthy savages.

Above the main door of the fort is the coat of arms, with the builder's name and date, crudely yet beautifully carved in the stone lintel.

The door posts also are of stone, likewise carved, probably by the trader with the Indians, who had ample leisure for such employment.

Beyond the fort is Newmanstown, where, on the main street, from the roofs of stores and houses alike, downspouts leap across the pavement to the street, pouring forth the overflow on rainy days at a point just high enough to give to passers-by

a thorough drenching if, in their ignorance or abstraction, they step from the pavement at the proper point. This form of downspout is peculiar to some of the German towns of the region.

Back on the main highway once more, we cross the Tulpehocken, named by the Indians, "Land of Turtles." How much more poetic were the Indian names for the streams of Berks County than those given by others! For instance the Indians called the Schuylkill, Gan-sho-han-ne, "mother of waters," whereas the Dutch Schuylkill means Hidden Stream, or, more plainly, Skulk Creek.

Newton M. Montgomery, historian of this region, showed his delight in the striking system of waterways—the Schuylkill the main stem, with the Antelaunee and the Manatawny, its tributaries from the east, and the Tulpehocken and Allegheny, its tributaries from the west—by writing lines which have strange fascination:

"Thou, mother of streams,
In glittering sunbeams,
Thy waters roll on to the sea;
First bubbling in fountains,
On slopes of the mountains,
Oh, beautiful Gan-sho-han-ne.

"From dawn unto dawn
Thy waters run on,
In accents as sweet as can be;
Over rocks, under trees,
Well fanned by the breeze,
Oh, musical Gan-sho-han-ne.

"Fair An-te-la-han-ne,
And Man-ah-te-han-ne,
Thy maidens from eastward so free,
Great Tul-pa-we-han-ne
And Al-le-ga-han-ne,
These also turn westward to thee.

"Oh, mother of waters,
Sustained by thy daughters,
Together ye flow to the sea;
And thither, while racing,
Ye are ever embracing,
Forever, Oh, Gan-sho-han-ne."

An early admirer of the country of the Mother of Waters was Rev. Griffith Hughes who, in 1736, was in charge of St. David's Church, Radnor. He wrote to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in London that he was also preaching at "Tolpehocken, 70 miles from Town." He added:

"But the Fatigue of returning home by Saturday night to take care of the Churches more particularly under my care, & the great Difficulty of Travailing in to so Remote a part of the Country, with severall Inconveniences too tedious to be mentioned, threw me into a very Ill State of health."

Less pessimistic was the memorandum left by George Washington after passing through the Tulpehocken country:

"Along what is called the valley, the Country is exceedingly fine. The lands rich—The agriculture good—the buildings also are, especially the Barns, which are large and fine, and for the most part of Stone.—The settlement is chiefly of Dutch. . . ."

Beyond the crossing of the Tulpehocken is Stouchsburg, notable still because in the vicinity of the town was discovered by Simeon Guilford the hydraulic cement used in making the locks of the Union Canal. His success with the Union Canal, due in part to the discovery at Stouchsburg, led to his connection with the Delaware Canal from Bristol to Easton.

The Union Canal led from Reading to Lebanon. Myerstown, long known as Tulpehocken, was a prosperous town in the days of the canal's glory. The first canal boat from Myerstown to Lebanon was called the *Alpha*. For shipment on this vessel and its successors the farmers from many miles around brought their products.

The Tulpehocken rises in a spring two miles west of Myerstown, then flows east and north to its junction with the Schuyl-

BRIDGE OVER MAIDEN CREEK
Reading-Pottsville Highway

OLDEST TUNNEL IN THE UNITED STATES, NEAR LEBANON

Built 1822–23

kill. Near the creek was a school, founded in 1839, where a man taught who felt that his mission was to displace the Pennsylvania German tongue by the English all should know. So he attempted to collect a penny fine for each foreign word used by his pupils. This was in the days when pennies were scarce, so his plan was quite effective, for a season.

Not far from the source of the Tulpehocken is the first tunnel in the United States, built for the Union Canal under Grand Ridge, which divides the Lebanon Valley from the valley of Cat-tail Run. A sign on the highway just beyond Lebanon at Cleona directs the traveller to the structure half a mile north. The tunnel, built in 1822 and 1823, was cut through solid rock for a distance of 729 feet. This was a remarkable achievement for the days when there were only simple tools and no explosives.

In the neighborhood of the tunnel were sixteen locks which were to carry the canal to the level of the Swatara, from where it could go on with comparative ease to the level of the Susquehanna.

For a time the popularity of the canal cut down the travel by the highway, but before long most of the people returned to the stage coaches which could travel twice as rapidly as the canal boats. As they went they were greeted by such signs as "5 Mael to Lebanon," or "To Neibeider Hors Tokter Nicol Becker." The latter, translated, probably meant, "To Heidelberger Horse Doctor, Nicholas Becker."

Long ago one of these old signboards pointed the way to a church of the Moravians at Hebron, a little east of Lebanon. Surrounding the church, near the bank of the Quitapahilla, was a burial ground first used in 1748, a year after the organization of the congregation. The church was removed to Lebanon, after the destruction of the building by fire in 1858, but the burial ground still attracts the visitor. One of the graves there is that of Conrad Weiser, nephew of the Indian interpreter of Womelsdorf.

The new location chosen for the old church is in the little

city which an enthusiastic local historian says is situated "in as beautiful a valley as is blessed by the sunlight of Heaven; for when the Almighty made the Lebanon Valley, he smiled upon it, and his smile remains crystallized in the landscape."

The name of the settler who had the vision of a town in the midst of such rare beauty was George Steitz. The land on which, in 1783, he laid out Steitztown, or Steitza, as it was known in the beginning, was granted to him in 1737 and 1741. Probably the name it bears to-day was given in remembrance of Lebanon in Syria, though some have tried to account for it by telling a story which is probably apocryphal. At a banquet given in honor of the founder, a speaker proposed the toast, "Du ist tsum Yorick Steitz, manch er *laeben on* fur ewich." (Here is to George Steitz, may he live forever.)

One of the boasts of Lebanon is that, in 1760, Charles Cornelius Raboteau, an emigrant from Switzerland, opened on his farm "a school for educating poor children in reading, writing and working." Thus he anticipated Pestalozzi, and was active half a century before the birth of Thaddeus Stevens, to whom has been given so much merited honor because of his contribution to free education.

In the days of the Union Canal, Lebanon was a great shipping port, as well as a popular halting-place for those who used the artificial waterway.

One of the industries that sent its product by water to the cities of the east, known as Lebanon Furnace, was located one mile northwest of town. This won fame as the pioneer anthracite-using furnace in Lebanon County. There was much shaking of heads in the neighborhood when the announcement was made that charcoal, coke, and bituminous coal would be displaced.

Another of the famous furnaces of Lebanon County was New Market, built before 1756 on Quitapahilla Creek, a few miles west of Lebanon, in what is now North Annville Township. For many years this industry was conducted in staid, old-fashioned ways, but in 1837 the proprietor planned to make use of the vast accumulation of forge cinder. This product, long

considered valueless, was broken up in a stamp-mill, remelted in a hot-blast crucible, then converted into blooms each of which weighed an eighth of a ton. To the surprise of doubters the ingenious man showed that he had a gold mine in his waste heaps. The process was so successful that it was adopted at other furnaces.

A second invention is credited to the New Market furnace. In 1852 coke made of bituminous coal was introduced as fuel. The coal was brought by boat in the Union Canal, which passed three miles from the forge, then was burned in an oven at the works.

Lebanon is proud of the story of the days of old. But the town is so busy with its more than one hundred industrial establishments, which give employment to thousands of men, that it has little time for dwelling on the things accomplished by those who lived in and near the community in years long gone.

Beyond Lebanon is Annville, once called Millerstown and Schaefferstown, though finally the founder, Andrew Miller, who lived on the ground as early as 1747, succeeded in impressing on the minds of his neighbors that the place was to be called after his wife, Ann. Even then many insisted on writing the name Anvil.

During the French and Indian War the settlers about Annville made good use of a refuge built a short distance north of the town. When the original was destroyed the foundation and the refuge cellar were incorporated in a new house, while the stone used as a door sill was placed in one of the porch pillars. On the stone was the inscription:

"So oft die thur den ankel windt, O mench, dein end deedenk, 1751." (As often as this door turns on its hinges, remember, O man, thine end.)

Annville's pride to-day is the campus and buildings of Lebanon Valley College of the United Brethren Church, which was opened in 1866. These may be seen from the road as the traveller passes through town.

A little farther on, where the town of Palmyra is seen, the temptation is to think of classical Palmyra. But this is a mistake. The prosaic origin of the name of the town was due to the fact that the founder, in 1776, was John Palm, a soldier of the Revolution!

Then comes Hershey, a town of special interest to all who use the roads of Pennsylvania, not only because of the beauty created for the employes of the famous chocolate works, but by reason of the chaste building erected as headquarters of a division of the Pennsylvania Highway Patrol, in which is maintained a school for the troopers who are to be sent out for the protection of those who use the roads of the Keystone State.

Protection of another kind was needed in the vicinity of Hershey during the stirring days of 1755. Then the Indian depredations were so terrifying that Fort Swatara was built close to Swatara Gap, where the Swatara passes through the Blue Mountains on its way to the Susquehanna.

An Indian memory of a character quite different comes with the passage through Derry township, in which Hershey is located, and on to Paxton Township. These townships, then in Lancaster County, were settled largely by Scotch-Irish, between 1717 and 1773. Two Presbyterian churches that survive to-day were founded among them—Derry, thirteen miles east of Harrisburg, and a little north of the highway, and Paxton Church, three miles east of Harrisburg, and a quarter of a mile north of the road. The present building of Derry Church dates only from 1886, but the church was founded in 1733. Paxton still occupies a building which was begun in 1740. At one time Derry, Paxton and Harrisburg were served by one minister.

The Indians in the Province were terrifying the people. Against them the pastor of Paxton Church organized a body of rangers, having obtained for this act the approval of the Province. These rangers, after giving a good account of themselves by service in points as widely separated as Lock Haven and Wyoming, turned their attention to the Conestoga Indians,

near at hand, who had been committing all sorts of depredations from their refuge at Conestoga. When the effort to have these Indians removed proved vain, the rangers resolved to take matters into their own hands. "The Paxtang Boys," as they were called, approached the Indian settlement at Conestoga, and were attacked by the savages, and many of the Indians were killed. Survivors were taken to Lancaster and Philadelphia for safe keeping. Determined to capture the ringleaders of the trouble-makers, the rangers attacked the Lancaster workhouse and killed the last of the Conestoga Indians. Then the rangers, angered by the condemnation of Quakers in Philadelphia, and by the protection of Indians there, marched to the city by the Delaware, prepared for war. But wiser counsels prevailed, and they stated their grievance to Governor Penn in an orderly manner. Satisfied that all would be well, they returned to their homes close to the old highway, in the vicinity of Harrisburg.

This expedition of the Paxtang Boys was referred to in the Colonial Assembly in January, 1764, as "an Enormous Revolution, rather an Insurrection of a Lawless Banditti in ye County of Lancaster." These men "inhumanly fell upon the poor Innocent Indians, who had for a long time past lived peacefully in the Connestogo Mannor."

The misunderstandings of Colonial days long ago passed away, and now the Paxtang Boys are held in honor by those who live in the county from which they came, and by those who hear their story as they pass along the highway to Harrisburg.

IX

FROM PHOENIXVILLE TO LANCASTER

PHOENIXVILLE is proud of all her tributary highways, but probably that used most frequently by visitors who enter the town leads from Valley Forge. This passes through a varied country. Most of the way the road is on a ridge from which ever-varying and widely extended views are offered.

Usually those who have just examined the beauties and treasures of Valley Forge are so full of what they have seen that they do not anticipate anything especially notable when they enter Phoenixville. But they are doomed to disappointment. For a beautiful residence street leads to Reeves Park, a reservation made for the public of which Phoenixville has a right to be proud. This pride is not only in the park itself, but also in the manner of its birth in 1871 and its development since that time. On the death of a leader in one of the town's chief industries the question of a proper memorial to him was considered. The suggestion which secured greatest favor was the purchase, in an outlying section of the town, of a bit of vacant ground which might be made a park. Reeves Park is the result. The fact that it is now in the heart of the busy community, and that its trees have been planted and grown in little more than half a century, justifies the faith of those who sponsored the notion of a memorial park to be paid for by employes and past employes of the Phoenix Iron Company.

"We may not be as large as some of the great steel centres, but we have been in the iron business since 1790, and we have many industries as notable as theirs," insisted a citizen of the city. "Our Phoenix Iron Company and Phoenixville Bridge Company are leaders in the State's activities. Time is too short to tell of their achievements. You will find Phoenixville products in all parts of the world. Bridges, for instance. When

THE CITY PARK, PHOENIXVILLE'S PRIDE

GENERAL PIKE INN, PHOENIXVILLE
Near the high tide mark of British Invasion

SUMMER ART SCHOOL, CHESTER SPRINGS

you cross the Jumna River in India, you will be apt to use the bridge 1000 feet long made right here in our town—one of the notable bridges in the Orient."

But they talk of something more than industry in Phoenixville. There is the hospital, the Federal building, and the library. From a business street may be seen one of the old octagonal school-houses, now used by the Phoenix Iron Company as an oil house. There are houses which speak of Revolutionary days, and, above all, there is the memorial stone placed in 1907 before the General Pike Inn, at the intersection of Nutt's Road and Bridge Street, to mark the "Farthest Inland Point Reached by the British Army on Sept. 21, 1777."

Not far from the site of this memorial, on Nutt's Road, at the time of Lord Howe's presence in Phoenixville, lived a spirited lad whose horse was stolen by the British from his father's field. The story is told that he rushed to the quarters of Lord Howe and demanded to see the General. Of course he was laughed at by those who heard him. He persisted, however, until he was conducted to Lord Howe. "You may have your horse if you will cross the Schuylkill and learn for us the location and condition of the American army," he was told. Moreover, he would be given six guineas as well as his horse. Evidently the British general was testing him, and was delighted when he spurned the offer with indignation. "Very well, then," he was told, "you may go among the horses we have in the camp, and if you find your animal you can take it home."

A man of different caliber once lived just below the spot where Phoenixville was located later on. This was Charles Pickering, for whom Charlestown Township was named. One of William Penn's companions on the ship *Welcome*, he pushed inland in search of treasure. When he found what he thought was silver on the creek still known by his name, be bought the land on the stream from Penn. Some of the metal he mined was sent to England, but he was disappointed when he received the returns. Probably the mineral he found was lead. Still determined to make money, he became a coiner, and in 1683

he was tried for maintaining a private mint for "Quoining of Spanish Bits & Boston money." The sentence was that he pay fifty pounds fine and redeem all the money he had issued.

To most travellers 1683 sounds like an early date. But the vicinity of Phoenixville has traditions which tell of a date much earlier, though it is impossible to define the year with any accuracy. One of these traditions is of the Indians at Conestoga who, when they wished to go to the Coaquannock, on the site of Philadelphia, followed the Conestoga to its headwaters, then crossed to French Creek, which they followed to its junction with the Schuylkill, on the site of Phoenixville. Then they crossed the river by Indiantown Ford, the ford used by Lord Howe in 1777. How Howe as well as these Indians would stare in amazement at the new Gay Street Bridge. The triumph of the bridge-builders' art opens the way for those who wish to go to the region between the Schuylkill and the Perkiomen, called by the Indians Olethgo, though the first white settlers, who were none too particular about the spelling of names, were content to write Olyerthelo.

Much of the journey described in this chapter is, in a general way, in the track of those Indians who sought Indiantown Ford by way of the Conestoga and French Creek.

The Ridge Road offers the best road from Phoenixville to the westward. This road must not be confused with the Ridge Road from Philadelphia to the Perkiomen; the name was as popular with early road-builders as was the custom of laying out a highway along paths chosen by the Indians, which followed, whenever possible, high ridges from which they could look out on the surrounding country. Much of what is now the Ridge Road was laid out by Samuel Nutt, the ironmaster on French Creek, in good time for its use by Washington when he led his army toward Reading. Still some people speak of parts of it as the Mill Road. There has been talk of changing the name to the Washington Highway, but those who advocate the new name are apt to find that there is difficulty before them.

But in spite of the interesting country along the Ridge Road,

and the better surface, it is worth while to turn to the left at the General Pike Inn, and take the lower road for a few miles, for the sake of the extensive views, the pleasure of getting away from the main travelled road, and the opportunity offered for a delectable side trip beginning at Kimberton, about two miles from Phoenixville, perhaps four miles south by the Kimberton Road to Chester Springs.

But why should Chester Springs be visited? Because of the beauty of its surroundings, for one reason. Because of the history of the town, is another reply. For Chester Springs, long known as Yellow Springs, on Pickering Creek, was once the most famous health resort in the vicinity of Philadelphia. The natural mineral waters there led to the construction of a road to the little settlement. As early as 1722 there was talk of these springs, and by 1752 people were going there in numbers. A hotel was built for their accommodation. The road leading to it was but little more than a trail through the woods, and horseback was perhaps the best way to travel.

The attractions of the resort became so great that in 1765 the Friends of Uwchlan Monthly Meeting sorrowed because "Yellow Springs being a place of Promiscuous Resort, and at this time of year in particular is made a place of Diversion," attracted "some Friends' children not belonging to the meeting, as well as some that do . . . which may be very hurtful to them in a religious sense."

The resort was in the midst of its popularity at the beginning of the Revolution. In 1777 a hospital for the Continental Army was opened there. The hotel, which was owned by Dr. Samuel Kennedy, was at first the hospital building. Later, a new building was constructed by the Government. It has been said that Dr. Kennedy did not receive a cent for its use. He gave his services freely, as well as his life; he died of typhoid fever, contracted at the hospital, and was buried at Charlestown, south of Phoenixville.

After the Revolution the town of Bath was laid out, lots were disposed of by lottery, and visitors were attracted by

advertising. In 1821 a stage-coach owner told of his route from Philadelphia, thirty-two miles distant. He spoke of a Coachee line of stages in connection with the Philadelphia and Downingtown coaches, for the conveyance of the citizens of Philadelphia to visit the celebrated waters. The fare to the Springs was $2.50.

In 1822 the *National Gazette* of Philadelphia said:

"Coaches proceed thrice a week to Yellow Springs, celebrated for their medical virtues, situated in the midst of the finest scenery, and distant only thirty miles from us."

Among famous visitors were DeWitt Clinton, Daniel Webster, and Jenny Lind. Perhaps they smiled at the "advice to bathers" given in 1835:

"To bathe comfortably, you should have a large cotton morning gown of a cashmere shawl pattern lined with crimson, a Greek cape, Turkish slippers, and a pair of loose pantaloons, a garb easily doffed and donned."

That sounds about as attractive as the bathing costumes of "flannel and other woolen," worn by the women at Cape May in 1842. So clothed, they were privileged to enter the water at specified times, when men did not walk on the beach. No wonder!

During the Civil War, the buildings at the Springs—then called Chester Springs—were used once again for hospital purposes. After the war a Soldiers' Orphan School was opened there. But in 1916 the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts secured the property and began to utilize the buildings, among them the hotel which is nearly two centuries old, for the accommodation in summer of young people who study art—to employ the language of an enthusiastic newspaper writer—"in a land of soft-contoured hills, of winding streams aglow with cloud reflections, of field-checkered slopes and wooded ridges, of corn fields where the blades shimmer in the breeze, and of moist places along the streams where wild flowers vie in the splendor of their coloring with drifting butterflies and iridescent beetles."

After the trip to Chester Springs the route should be retraced to Kimberton, then the journey continued westward to French

Creek, which is crossed by a great covered bridge. Not far from the bridge a cross-road may be taken to the Ridge Road. This cross-road starts at Sheeder, the little settlement whose chief claim to fame is that it is named for Frederick Sheeder, whose voluminous manuscript history of East Vincent Township is in the archives of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. The author may have had little education, but he succeeded in writing in a very vigorous manner. One extract is diverting:

"The house i live in i erected it in 1840 i erected a new Barn that has 20 thousand Shingles in the roof. . . . In the year 1833 when this my Mansion was under roof living then in the old house a gentleman from Connecticut called on me to Subscribe for a book Whitefield's life . . . i did so and he loged over Knight with me and in the conversation we had after Supper he Said that if any person had tould him that the State of Pennsylvania was such a Country as he found it to be he would not have believed it. I put the question why, his answer was, we call your Corn Stocks Sabling and your houses palasses."

The road from Sheeder is nearly as good as Sheeder's composition. But fortunately the distance is little more than a mile—just enough of bad road to make really enjoyable the good surface on the Ridge and the passage through a country which has the attractive combination of groves and green fields for which Eastern Pennsylvania is noted.

Soon one of the famous churches of the region is passed—Brownback's Reformed Church, with the inscription above the door:

> Discipline adopted May 13, 1743.
> Log church Built 1743. Stone
> Church 1800. Rebuilt 1850–1878.

Back of the church are the old horse sheds, memorials of the days when worshipers used to reach church in horse-drawn vehicles instead of automobiles. And between the building and the sheds is the burial ground, where a stone records the fact that near it are buried twenty-two soldiers who died from a fever

prevalent at Valley Forge. The church was used as a hospital during the encampment days.

The delectable Sheeder history to which reference has been made already has a passage which mentions Brownback Church, and tells of a journey over the route we have come from Phoenixville, then out Ridge Road to the church and beyond. It tells how Washington, when in the neighborhood, "made inquiries of how and whom he could get with Sufficient trust to guide him from Yellow Springs to Reading." Captain John Ralston was "recommended to him to be Such a one." The story goes on to tell how the captain sought the General, not knowing why he was wanted, "with fear and trembling." He was asked if he knew "the Ridge Road leading by Brownback's Church, the captain answered yes, he was well acquainted with it; Then said the general laying his hand on the captain's Shoulder you must be my Pilot to Reading, and not till then the Captain's heart Ceased beating and the general ordered him to be ready at such an hour to morrow and appear at his room. The Captain done as ordered and the line of march was commenced to Kimberton, then down Bransons Road to where now the general Pike is. . . .Then up the Ridge road, the road there as i observed above what is front of the church on the hill and the church full of sick and from here up the road the tents had been Struck for the first Knight's quarters, the guard . . . in the house Standing yet and occupied by the family of the late wider Francis. . . ."

A short distance beyond Brownback's Church is a house described by Sheeder. Because this extract, like that which precedes, tells so much of conditions along the Ridge Road in pioneer days, it is quoted:

"garret Brownback came from germany when but one house Stood where germantown now Stands he tarried a wile about there and came up here took 1000 acres and erected buildings and the first house was of logs all split with the wip saw and about five years after Edward tore it away and erected a Stone house in its place . . . as soon as he had erected building he

Capt Tavern . . . he had to go to the Valley forge 10 miles to get his plough iron Sharpened and carried one on each side of his horse, this was the first public house kept in the parts that he kept."

Builders of church and tavern alike chose fine sites. To the north the expanse of country disclosed is wide and the view is varied. To the south, for a time, the prospect is limited, but a little farther on the country opens out, with gloriously wooded hilltops bounding the horizon. There is no better scenery in England's far-famed Dorset than is waiting for the traveller along the Ridge Road.

An iron marker by the side of the road, in Coventryville, calls attention to the site of Coventry Forge, founded in 1717, where Mordecai Lincoln, ancestor of Abraham Lincoln, was first owner and blacksmith in 1725. The builder of the forge was Samuel Nutt, the man who laid out a section of the Ridge Road. The story is told of him that when his wife's daughter, Ruth Savage, was of marriageable age, Mr. Nutt brought from England his nephew, Samuel Nutt, Jr., to be her husband. Fortunately, the young people approved, and they were duly married in the house near the furnace. His successor was Robert Grace, who married the widow of Nutt, as well as her property. The house occupied by the Graces is still standing at Coventryville.

Once George Whitefield planned to preach at Coventryville. But his fame had penetrated to the iron mill. Those who were employed there did not propose to submit themselves to the pernicious preaching of the great evangelist. So they threatened him. When he took refuge with the Graces, the angry workmen followed him and surrounded the house. They might have done him injury, but for the boldness of Mrs. Grace, who stood by her guest and declared her purpose to protect him. The end of the story is that Whitefield not only succeeded in preaching, but also managed to persuade some of his enemies to become Christians.

Those who are wise take from Knauerstown the half-mile detour to St. Peter's, on the north, that they may see French

Creek Falls, deep in a ravine where the water bubbles and churns among great bowlders. In time of low water the place is worth a visit, if only for a sight of the tumbled waters, but in time of flood there is a notable cataract. Near the falls were the caves in which Washington once hid his horses from the British, who were on his trail when he was on his way to Reading. Unfortunately these caves have been sacrificed to the desire of the owners for stone quarries that will bring them revenues more substantial than appreciation of what is historic.

On the return to the Ridge Road, there should be a pause at Knauerstown long enough to realize that the place was named for one of the Knauer family who, according to Sheeder, erected a tilt mill "where he manufactured Shovels Spades and hoes, and then he invented to make the round Bar iron obtained a patent and could not supply the demand for that article." When he built a second mill in 1804, a man named Rentgen served notice on him to cease making round iron, since he was the inventor of the process. Sheeder tells the result:

"Knauer had the trial putt off several times, and at last got Peter Grund to give testimony that Rentgen had not been the inventor of making the round iron for he had learned the trade with him in Urope and rentgen lost his Suit."

Perhaps the most famous man in the story of the Pennsylvania iron industry is Potts, and we are now in the neighborhood where the family was active. To the left of the Ridge Road, not far from Knauerstown, are the remains of the Warwick Furnace, on a branch of French Creek, as well as the mansion of the builder.

The house is reached first, down a rather steep road, that leads first to the great barn, then on to the stone mansion, dating from 1730. The owner of the house, Robert Lynch Montgomery, is glad to show visitors over the establishment, pausing in the great living-room, with its huge mantel and fireplace, its built-in bookshelf, cupboard and window-seats; in the hall with its generous stairway leading aloft; in the wainscoted dining-room; in the bedroom, where there is still in place a specimen

of the stove invented by Benjamin Franklin and built at the Warwick Furnace. This was the second stove produced there; the first went to the Grace house at Coventryville, for Grace, at the time proprietor of Warwick, was a friend of Franklin, and to him the Sage of the Colonies had given the privilege of making the stoves, since the man who sought out the secrets of electricity did not believe in depriving others of the privilege of taking advantage of his ingenuity.

The story of Franklin's relations with Grace should be remembered by those who stand before the Franklin stove. Grace was one of the two friends who, in 1729, when Franklin was in financial difficulties, came to him, and offered, without application, or knowledge each of the other's act, to advance all money he needed.

Incidentally, it may be said that this loan was responsible for the legacy of £2000 to Boston and Philadelphia, for the purpose of setting up young artificers in business, which was so marvellously increased during the century after the benefactor's death, in accordance with the terms of the will.

Now let Franklin himself tell the story of the fireplace-stove:

"Having in 1742 invented an open fireplace for the better heating of rooms, and at the same time saving fuel, as the fresh air admitted was warmed in entering, I made a present of the model to Robert Grace, one of my early friends, who having an iron furnace, found the casting of the plates for the stove a profitable thing, as they were growing in demand."

The old kitchen of the house, where the specimen of the old stove is shown, is a treasure-house. The stone fireplace is large enough to stand in, upright, though it is advisable to see that the swinging iron crane, used for pots, is out of the way. The fuel for this yawning cavern was hauled in by horses. Above the kitchen is the room for the servants, the browned rafters testifying to the presence of smoke from the kitchen.

Before leaving the house, the visitor should note the butterfly hinges on the cupboards, and should push on to the attic—the sort of attic romances tell about, which invites to explora-

tion for hidden treasure. A look above shows the massive timbers of the house, put together, of course, with wooden pins. A Dutch bake oven back of the house completes the picture of two centuries ago.

A man who found delight in rambling in just such old houses has written of what was part of the essential furniture of the kitchen, consulted frequently by those who used the Dutch oven:

"In these days of cheap printing, when encyclopedias and digests are at the command of everyone, it is hard to realize the important part the almanac had in the everyday life of our ancestors. To them it was cook-book and family physician; prophet, poet, and historian. Many a lesson of morality has been conned with its warning precepts, and more than one Lycurgus has begun his studies with it. Strung on a cord, and hung by the side of the chimney-piece for easy reference, the numbers increased by the issue of each succeeding year, they formed a 'Holy Series,' which defied for a time the enterprise of publishers. Stained with dirt and smoke, dog-eared and imperfect, they have come down to us, puzzles to bibliographers, delights of antiquarians, and horrors of librarians. But, unsightly as they are, the future writer of American folk lore cannot pass them by in silence."

There were many who looked upon these almanacs with awe; but some did not—as, for instance, a young woman who lived in 1772 in just such a home as that of Potts. In her diary she told what a pity it was that she had not thought to mention astronomical facts from day to day. "I need only have collected a few recipes, old ragged scraps of poetry, and in a year or two I might have published as good an almanack as Father Abraham's or Poor Richard's."

The settlement closest to the house built by the owner of Warwick Furnace when almanacs used to hang by the kitchen fireplace, is named Warwick. There the chief object of interest is the old church on the right, Saint Mary's, "founded 1806, rebuilt 1843." The structure attracts attention because of its

curious pointed, many-paned windows. There are fifty-two panes in each window, eighteen in each of two lower sashes, and sixteen in the pointed upper sashes.

Not only this little town, but the township itself, received its name from the Warwick Furnace, not far away. This noted establishment—which is said to have consumed, when at its busiest, 6000 cords of wood a year, or the product of 240 acres—supplied pig iron to the forge at Valley Forge. During the Revolution cannon and ammunition were made here. In September, 1777, after the Battle of Brandywine, Washington paused long enough at the furnace to secure a fresh supply in the place of that destroyed in a torrential rain.

Many of the imperfect cannon produced at Warwick are buried, so tradition says, on the banks of French Creek. And many of the old grandfathers' clocks of Pennsylvania have still more interesting relics of the furnace; when the search was made for leaden clock weights, to be turned into bullets, these were displaced by iron weights from Warwick. Another relic is the bell in Congress Hall, Philadelphia, which was rung during the encampment at Valley Forge, to tell of the approach of the enemy. This was cast at Warwick in 1757.

Later the forge was burned by the British, but it was rebuilt soon. The books of Isaac Potts & Co. at Valley Forge, show how much business it was doing in 1786; in that year Warwick sent by six-horse teams to Valley Forge 85 tons of pig iron.

Near the furnace is the house of Mrs. Anna Nutt, built in 1737, where Washington spent three days, when his army was in camp in the neighborhood. Franklin, too, was more than once a guest in this house, which looks out on the Welsh Mountains, haunt of outlaws for many years.

In this country of iron furnaces it is wise to see as many as possible. Another is to be found seven miles above Elverson. This is Joanna Furnace, whose buildings are in a better state of preservation than those of some other historic iron factories. Until 1901 iron was made here, charcoal being used for fuel to the last. Close to the abandoned buildings is the house of the

last proprietor, in the midst of the 6,000 acres of woodland from which timber for the charcoal was secured.

From Elverson westward the continuation of the Ridge Road is called the Conestoga Road, another name that was popular in the days when freight was transported in the curious wagons. But though the name of the road may change, the quality of the scenery does not vary, except as it grows better. There is special beauty in the valley of the Conestoga, a stream which the Dutch in 1655 called the Elizabeth. The road crosses the stream near Morgantown, once called Caernarvan Town. Both names tell of the Welsh origin of Thomas Morgan, who had the land in the region surveyed in 1719. Then, in this neighborhood, the Welsh succeeded the Dutch, as the Dutch succeeded the Swedes. In 1644 Sweden had a large fur trade in the district. Swedes also made iron and copper at Morgantown in 1655.

Churchtown, west of Morgantown, is in the midst of most picturesque country, with its outlook toward the hills on the north, and toward the Welsh Mountains on the south. This was the territory of the Windsor Forges, of which the earliest was built in 1743.

As Blue Bell is approached, the hills come close; the road seems to be in a saucer, with hills all around.

Now the highway is in rich Lancaster County, where tobacco fields and big barns are on all sides. Next comes the country of the Mennonites, where plain dressing rules, where men wear beards, and women and children sport plain bonnets, where the roads have the appearance of several decades ago because of the presence of the countless horse-drawn vehicles.

As the road passes along Conestoga Creek attention is drawn to the fact that men who take pride in the highway are in charge of the successive sections; the names of the supervisors are printed on signs by the roadside, where all may see. And why not? A satisfying road surface calls for praise, and the passer-by is glad to think of the men to whose skill and patience he owes so much of the pleasure of his journey.

Pride in the day's achievements is not limited in this vicinity to the road-builders and the road-menders; the farmers and the villagers have their share. How well the agriculturist keeps up his buildings! And the villages are as neat as they can be. Take New Hanover, for an example. Were there ever whiter houses, or more attractive gardens, with their old-fashioned flowers growing in generous profusion? The steps and the doorways give a finishing touch to the picture.

And now the road moves on toward Lancaster, once the largest inland town in the United States, and still one of the most pleasing to those who enter its hospitable borders.

X

FROM HARRISBURG TO THE NEW YORK LINE, BY THE SUSQUEHANNA TRAIL

A TOURIST was approaching Harrisburg by the William Penn Highway. He intended to follow the Susquehanna River to the north by way of the Susquehanna Trail. But, remembering difficulties experienced in crossing other cities, he inquired for a by-road which would enable him to cut off Harrisburg entirely. Wouldn't it be great to find himself on the road bound up the river without the worry and vexation passing through the Capital of Pennsylvania!

"You can't do it!" he was told repeatedly. "There is no such cut-off." Then the informant added, scornfully, as well as curiously:

"Why do you want a road like that? Don't you know that you cannot afford to miss Harrisburg? And why should you miss it? You will find the passage through it so simple that you will wish there was more of it."

And so it proved. For Harrisburg is one of the easiest cities to pass through, as well as one of the most worth-while to see. The traffic of the central part of the city is barely touched. Almost before the traveller realizes that he is approaching the heart of the city, he finds himself on the magnificent viaduct over the railway tracks. This viaduct is followed by several squares of downtown traffic. Then comes, with startling suddenness, the bank of the river, where trees and grass and delightful walks separate the roadway from the bridges that stretch far over to the Cumberland County shore, reaching across islands, rushing to meet the verdure-clad hills that give foretaste of the glories of the country between Harrisburg and Gettysburg, Carlisle and Chambersburg.

Those bridges are worth study. One of them is the successor of the historic Camel-Back, the wooden bridge over which passed generations of travellers. At its entrance are two of the columns saved when the old Capitol was burned in 1897. The

newest bridge in the remarkable series is the structure, to be completed in 1928, of the Harrisburg Bridge Company, designed by Paul P. Cret and Ralph Modjeski. It crosses the river at the foot of Market Street, and is to be operated as a toll-bridge in accordance with a charter granted in 1812. Those who use the William Penn Highway, as well as those who follow the Susquehanna Trail along the river, will be accommodated by it.

From this Market Street Bridge, near the island, is to be gained one of the finest views of the impressive Capitol building. This distant glimpse paves the way for the nearer view from the foot of State Street—the view that is offered to the automobile traveller soon after he leaves the viaduct, while he is still marvelling because the message given him about the ease of crossing Harrisburg is true!

The momentary glimpse of the Capitol from State Street is followed by the triumphal passage along the riverside drive, with notable residences on the right, while on the left the broad stream reaches out in all its glory, showing miles of water, on to the stone arch bridge and the gap in the mountains beyond.

But before passing on to the extension of the Parkway which gives the impressive view of river and bridge and mountains, the wonderful Capitol should be visited, if only long enough to see the mural decorations by Edwin A. Abbey and Violet Oakley, the stained-glass windows designed by George Van Ingen, and the statuary by George Grey Barnard, and to walk through the long corridor which takes visitors to every part of the granite structure that covers two acres, with a dome which weighs 26,000 tons! But to many the feature most worthy of attention is the hand-made tiling. These tiles are not only beautiful, and historically interesting, because they show the natural products and the varied interests of the Commonwealth, but they are especially revealing to students of early Pennsylvania activities, since they were made according to the process used by those who, in early days, made the tiles still found in many old mantels.

Harrisburg's predecessors as the Capital were Chester, Philadelphia, and Lancaster. Yet the city is nearly as old as

these earlier Capitals. For the first resident, John Harris, Sr., sought the banks of the Susquehanna in the vicinity of Harrisburg in 1705. Seven years before that time he had attracted attention in Philadelphia by his protest against the passage of the act which would deprive of the privilege of citizenship those who owned less than £50 in real estate. He had but £16 worth of property when he came to Philadelphia, and he did not propose to have taken from him a privilege which he thought of as his right.

The enterprise which thus saved his privilege led him, some years later, to decide that money could be made by a trading post on the Susquehanna. This would catch the Indians of the Five Nations as they were bound for their annual hunting expedition in the Carolina country, and would lure them once more when they returned with their treasures of furs. So a storehouse, surrounded by a stockade, was built at the foot of what is now Paxton Street. The furs bought there, sent to Philadelphia by pack train, made Harris well-to-do. When he died, his holdings of land included the site of Harrisburg. He might have been a much greater landholder, if he had seen fit to accept the offer from the proprietors of hundreds of square miles of land, reaching westward from the river. But the £5000 he was asked seemed too much; he offered £3000, and when this was refused, the deal was off.

But John Harris was not always thinking of money and profits. He was a good neighbor. In 1740 there was great excitement in and about the settlement because of the presence of George Whitefield, the eloquent evangelist. From all around the people came to hear him, neglecting their farms because they were under the spell of his speaking. Harris pleaded with them in vain to keep up their planting and cultivating. He knew what the result would be; when the crops should have been gathered in many had none to gather, and they were suffering for food. The story is told that Harris sent his own grain to the nearest mill, at the same time giving instructions that meal be given to any of his poor neighbors who might ask for it.

The kindly man once barely escaped an awful death. He had refused more rum to a company of Indians who had taken already more than was good for them. For revenge they seized him, and carried him to a mulberry tree near by. Dry wood was gathered for the fire with which they proposed to torture him. The savages were dancing about him, in preparation for his death, when a band of friendly Indians arrived who had been warned by Hercules, Harris's negro servant. The endangered man was set at liberty, and as a reward Hercules was given his liberty. When Harris died he was buried at the foot of the mulberry tree. At his feet was placed the body of the faithful Hercules. The mulberry tree has disappeared, but the place of the grave may be seen on the river bank, close to the Cameron house.

In the log house at the foot of Paxton Street, from which the Indians took the senior Harris to what they intended as his death, John Harris, Jr., was born in 1726. To him, in 1753, Thomas Penn granted a valuable privilege in a paper drawn up by James Hamilton. This began:

"Whereas it hath been represented to me that the frequent passing and repassing of people over the river Susquehanna hath made it necessary that ferries should be erected and established at proper places for carrying over said river all travelers . . ."

One result was the opening of what was known from the beginning as Harris's Ferry. This was for seventy-five years the name of the settlement which grew up there, the nucleus of the present proud city.

The first importance to the infant metropolis was given in consequence of the division of Lancaster County, and the erection of Dauphin, in 1781. There were many who opposed this division, because they feared that Harris's Ferry would be made the seat of government for the new county. When the Legislature appointed "the Seat of Jurisdiction for The County of Dauphin near to Harris's Ferry," the citizens of Middletown sent word that this was "Highly Grievous and Oppressive," and that the location should not be fixed on "considerations

drawn from speculative opinion of the probable Distant advantages."

But Harris's Ferry succeeded in its efforts after prominence. Soon the town boasted its own paper, the *Oracle of Dauphin and Harrisburg Advertiser*, which, on June 6, 1798, told of conditions that seem impossible even at that early date:

"Last Friday crossed the Susquehanna, near this town, on their way to the President of the United States, sixty-three Indians and seven Squaws, having in their custody a white man prisoner (charged with having murdered one of their chiefs), whom they were to demand of the President in order to sacrifice according to their custom (pine-knot splinters and the stake), and agreeable to treaty."

A picture of life on the road approaching the new county-seat only nine years later, in 1807, which has been recorded by a historian, will enable the traveller who passes along Harrisburg's Susquehanna riverfront to enter into some of the experiences of those primitive days:

"It was not at all uncommon to see as many as five hundred packhorses passing the Harrisburg ferry, going westward loaded with seeds, salt, iron, etc. The iron was carried on horseback, being crooked over and around the bodies of the animals; barrels or kegs were hung on each side of this. These faithful packhorses were generally placed in divisions of twelve, carrying about two hundred pounds each, going single file, and managed by two men, one going before on the leader, and the other in the rear to see to the safety of the pack. When the bridle road passed along declivities over hills, the path was in some places worked out so deep that the pack or burden came in contact with the ground, and was often displaced."

A few years later Mrs. Anne Royall was a traveller on the road to Harris's Ferry. She spoke of the place as "designed by nature for the metropolis of this independent State."

The Royall prophecy began to come true in 1810, when the State Capitol went to Harrisburg. And on January 2, 1822, there was rejoicing because the new Capitol was ready for its

occupants. At the opening ceremonies a speaker called attention to the fact that "sixty years have not elapsed since the sound of the first axe was heard in the woods of Harrisburg." He told of "the wild beasts and wilder men" who occupied the banks of the Susquehanna. Then followed an appeal to future triumphs when, among other things, "the whip of the wagoner" should be a common sight on the roads that entered Harrisburg. How far short of desire and dream a prophecy like that would come to-day!

Long before the days of the wagoner the Indian, of course, was partial to the path followed by the Susquehanna Trail up the river; before 1600 these travellers passed swiftly within sight of the waters. Gradually improvements were made in the road and in methods of transportation until, in 1797, the people thought the last improvement had been made, with the beginning of the weekly stage from Harrisburg to Sunbury. The up trip, begun on Wednesday, was concluded on Thursday. Then the stage returned on Saturday, arriving in Harrisburg on Sunday, "so the passengers from Sunbury destined for Lancaster and Philadelphia could proceed there on Monday." This method of travel became so popular that places in the stage were spoken for long in advance. An item in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* of March 25, 1836, said that, although there were then four daily lines of stages between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, there was so much travel that names of passengers had to be booked from one to two years ahead!

In the days of the early stages there were still reminders of Fort Hunter, the defense built in 1755, six miles from Fort Harris and Harris's Ferry. The site chosen for this fortress, a short distance above Rockville, was where Fishing Creek empties into the Susquehanna. To-day a bowlder tells of the spot where for a brief period soldiers were in garrison, while boats bound up the river with supplies for Fort Augusta landed for a season. The home of John W. Reilly, a beautiful old house, is about where Fort Hunter stood.

The site of the fort has been spoken of as the place "where

the Blue Hills cross the Susquehanna." Above the highway are the green heights, while the broad stream on the left is especially beautiful just here, not only by reason of the presence of Duncan's Island, but because of the remarkable Rockville bridge whose well-proportioned stone arches give a human touch to a scene that reveals in a most gratifying manner the riches of the Susquehanna. For an instant the view is interrupted as the highway passes under one of the arches of the graceful structure, then the eye rests on the granite rocks scattered over the shallow river bed, and on the disintegrating piers of a former bridge which show the results of the destructive ice that floats down stream when the jams above break up in the spring.

Between wooded mountain ridges the highway continues to Clark's Ferry, opposite the mouth of the Juniata, then crosses to the western bank by the concrete bridge which, in 1925, displaced the covered bridge that performed such good service for many years. Another concrete bridge not far away crosses the Juniata.

After crossing the bridge every mile of the way is worth attention, and the perfect roadbed gives opportunity to enjoy all that offers. Across the river, at Halifax, Fort Halifax was built in 1756. The time allowed for the construction of the important log defense was two weeks! In 1926 a bronze tablet was placed by the roadside to indicate the location of the fort.

The entrance to Buffalo Valley, not far away, but on the highway side of the river, shows the place where pioneers went back into a region that was famous in early days. The name given to the valley recalls the fact that here, in 1799, the last herd of buffalo in Pennsylvania was killed.

Twenty miles above Harrisburg, the road is cut out of the cliff by the side of the old canal to Northumberland, with its towpath by the side of the river. Both canal bed and towpath are nearly hidden by trees and undergrowth. A scene like this might well have been the inspiration of Elias Lieberman's "An Abandoned Tow Path," in *Century Magazine:*

"In idle dalliance now it welcomes weeds;
Grasshoppers dance along its unused ways;
A rainbow blur of flowers tells of seeds
The wind had caught in care-free yesterdays,
And resting close beside it, amost dry,
A greenish ghost of what was once a stream,
Sags low within its musty bed, as lie
The broken things where life is but a dream.

"In memory alone it suffers pain;
Informal insect choirs and elfin brass
Intone a dirge for all who wax and wane,
A requiem for all who thrive and pass.
Sometimes beneath the moon, it wakes to see
The rotted locks draw open noiselessly."

An unexpected turn by the side of the old canal bed discloses a magnificent vista of river, bending to the right between hills which reach close to the water.

Montgomery Ferry offers for inspection Ye Old Stone Inn, as well as old canal locks whose sturdiness after many decades shows how well the ambitious canal-builders did their work. A house near by, on the right, has lost just enough of the disguising stucco to show the logs of the primitive structure. More old houses appear at Liverpool, close to the river by which those who lived in them sought access to the outside world. How they must have enjoyed the tree-covered ridges that rose about them! Is there anything more beautiful than these bordering heights by the Susquehanna, especially when alternating forests and cultivated fields give their various shades of green? The finishing touch is given to the picture by a farmer plowing on the hillside, who seems to be performing continually a difficult feat of balancing.

A short distance south of Liverpool are striking rocks which tell of a character far less peaceful than the farmer and his hillside plow. This was Simon Girty, the outlaw, who terrorized the countryside for fifty years after 1760. Of the many places connected with the deeds of "The White Savage," as he was

called, the most notable is Girty's Gap, where, in the rocks which the road hugs so closely, there is the remarkable profile of an Indian. In 1920, when the engineers of the State Department of Highways were laying out the improved road near by, they thought they would have to blast away the rock, but the protests of those who did not wish to lose the curious statue of Nature's contriving were so loud that the road was built in such a way as to preserve the curiosity.

Rocky precipices on the shore and islands in the river continue to appear as the traveller moves north. The most noted of these islands is the Isle of Queue, one of a number of the bits of land that dot the river near Selinsgrove. "Isle à Queue" was the refuge, soon after the Revolution, of Joe Disberry, a thief who gave much trouble to officers of the law along the river. Here, where the Indians had a favorite fishing place for shad, they had also a burial ground for their braves.

Near the islands, Penn's Creek enters the river. At the junction is Selinsgrove, the home of Simon Snyder, three times Governor of Pennsylvania, whom criminals once tried to kidnap that they might force from him a pardon for a man convicted of murder. The plot was foiled by Anthony Selin, a Swiss, who married the sister of the Governor.

To leaders who followed Governor Snyder, Pennsylvania owed the canal which led through Selinsgrove to Northumberland and the Shamokin Dam, a short distance below Sunbury. The name given to this structure is a reminder of the Indian village, Shamokin, at the junction of the North Branch and the West Branch of the Susquehanna, where Shikellamy, chieftain of the Six Nations, ruled in barbaric splendor, and where he died in 1748.

The modern successor of Shamokin is Sunbury, on the east side of the river. Within the limits of the town is the site on which Fort Augusta was built in 1756, in response to the petition of the people of the region who had been terrorized by Indian atrocities. The builders, who were sent up from Fort Halifax, received some of their supplies by boat, though the

path along the river was used also. There were difficulties whatever route was chosen; on the stream there were dangers to navigation, while on shore the savages made progress dangerous. But the greatest difficulty came because of failure to pay the builders, who threatened to quit. On July 18, 1756, the commander of the fort wrote a letter to Governor Morris in which he said:

"'Tis extremely cruel, Sr, and unjust to the last degree That men who cheerfully ventured their lives in the most dangerous and Fatiguing service of their Country, who have numerous Families dependent on their labor, and who have many of them while engaged in that service suffered more from the neglect of their farms and crops and homes than the Value of their whole pay, In short, whose Affairs are ruined by the Services done the Country should some of them receive no pay at all for these services; if this is the case I plainly see that all Service is at an end, and foresee that whoever has the command of the Garrison will inevitably be Obliged to Abandon his Post very shortly for want of a Suply of Provisions. Your Honour will not be surprized to hear that in a government where the Servants are so well rewarded I have but one Team of Draught horses.... Whence you will easily Judge that the Works must proceed very slowly...."

The difficulties increased, for pay continued slow. But the loyal men remained and finished the work in season to make the fort of great use.

Many tales of horror cluster about the fort. One of these tells how, in September, 1756, one of the men who was tending the cattle outside of the fort, went to a spring, half a mile distant, for a drink. As he drank he was shot, and then was scalped. "Bloody Spring" was the name given to the spot. This was pointed out, at the upper end of Sunbury, until railroad construction caused it to disappear.

Sunbury's twin town, a little up the river, is Northumberland. A new concrete bridge leads across to the town where Dr. Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, died in 1804. No traveller should be content with the view of the surroundings as

gained from the ground. This valley view is notable, but far more satisfying is that afforded from the summit of Blue Hill, across the river from Northumberland, just above the striking rock face by the river which has been called Shikellamy's Head. This was a landmark to early river men. Between 1839 and 1864 there was another landmark on Blue Hill—the strange Leaning Tower built by the eccentric John Mason. This erection leaned out over the cliff at an angle of more than twenty degrees.

The records of travel in Pennsylvania tell of the passing, in 1822, along the road that looks across to Blue Hill, of an unnamed man who was bound from Philadelphia to New Lisbon, Ohio. His route was, in part, from Sunbury to Lewisburg. Of this he wrote in his journal:

"5.17. To Sunsbury, situated on the Susquehanna, 2 miles below Northumberland, a pleasant Vilage, and is the capital of Northumberland County, but a place of little business, there are 4 stores and 6 Taverns—came on to Northumberland there fed, this is a larger town than Sunbury, but looks old and neglected—1 store and 4 Taverns, came on 8 miles Crossed the W. Branch to Lewisburg, the place appears to be improving and contains about 70 houses, proceeded on through Buffalow Valley along an excellent road this appears to be the best land and in the highest state of cultivation of any that we have seen. 9 miles to Mifflinburg. this appears to be a place of considerable business for an inland Town, the pavement is very rough what little they have, which is not one-fourth of the length of the town, the Streets are muddy & filled with Logs, wood & Stone."

The Buffalo Valley, where the traveller found such good land, reaches to the west bank of the West Branch. There the Muncy Indians had their homes, and were governed by Shikellamy, who had another of his homes near Lewisburg.

The approach to Lewisburg, as seen from the east bank of the river, is superb, for there is a curtain of blue mountains ahead, a continuous line of long ridges against the sky. The glimpses of Lewisburg across the river are memorable, with its

VIEW OF NORTHUMBERLAND
Looking toward Lewisburg

spires and cupolas amid the trees—churches, courthouse, and buildings of Bucknell University. A height close to the town is a fine vantage point from which to look out over the panorama of Buffalo Valley, then across the Susquehanna to the Muncy Hills and North Mountain. In the town itself should be seen the monument to Colonel John Kelly, Revolutionary soldier, who was distinguished for his bravery. The story is told of him that on one occasion when he was instructed to destroy a bridge, he refused to imperil any of his men but took an axe and went alone, to cut the structure which would hinder the British advance.

A few miles west of town is the monument to Samuel Maclay, United States Senator, who was one of the three commissioners appointed to survey the headwaters of the Schuylkill, Susquehanna, and Allegheny Rivers.

There is a beautiful stretch of river road between Lewisburg and Milton, the town known as Judea in days before the Revolution when there was a conflict there between men from Connecticut who claimed title to Pennsylvania lands and those who contested the claim. To-day the town does not know whether to be prouder of the fact that it was the birthplace of Margaret J. Preston, the poetess, or of the fine shady street by the riverside.

The highway leaves the river at Milton, and cuts across a bend to Muncy, giving to the traveller a pleasing variety in the scenery, on its way through the hilly farming lands. Just before reaching Muncy the road passes through a gap in the hills, with an unusual glimpse of hills beyond.

The return to the river is at Muncy, whose beautifully shaded main street looks up to the rounded summits of hills where the Monsey Indians, who gave their name to the town, lit their signal fires long before the coming of the white men.

The first settler in the region, Samuel Wallis, known as "the land king," went there as a surveyor in 1768. When he realized the value of the land in Muncy Valley, he took up as much as he could, and persuaded others to do the same, then to turn over

their holdings for a payment by him of five shillings to each man. Thus he secured title to thousands of acres. Then, on Muncy Farm, as he called the three miles east of Muncy, he built a stone house, in 1769. This house is still standing, though somewhat disguised by an addition on the front. The farm, which at length contained 7000 acres, has been broken up into many farms. His great-grandson, Howard Wallis, is to-day a citizen of the town which the pioneer anticipated by his vision of the future possibilities of the region.

The year of the building of the Wallis house—near which Fort Muncy was established, only to be abandoned in 1779, in the face of advancing Tories and Indians—John Penn ordered the survey of Muncy Manor. During the same year the Susquehanna Company from Connecticut sent landholders to what they called the Muncy settlement. Soon, however, they were driven out.

The next great event in the history of the section was the arrival, on June 15, 1772, of the Moravians, who were fleeing from Wyalusing on the North Branch to their new home in Ohio. The party which descended the North Branch in canoes, then ascended the West Branch, met at Muncy Creek the party which had come overland by the Wyalusing Path, then down Muncy Creek which, it is related, they had to cross thirty-six times.

The year of the arrival of the Moravian refugees saw the first steps taken for a road through Muncy to the Lycoming. The petition was for a road thirty-three feet wide, "from the head of Schuylkill to Fort Augusta, then up the eastern side of the West Branch to the late Indian purchase at Lycoming." In 1775 a portion of the road was open, and emigrants were able to use it in their passage to the lands on Lycoming Creek.

Though Fort Muncy ceased to be important after its abandonment to the Tories in 1779, there were in Muncy two other refuges for those who were hard pressed by the Indians—Fort Wallis and Fort Brady. The latter was the residence of Captain John Brady, the hero of many expeditions against the Indians

of the West Branch. There is a monument to him at Muncy which tells of his death on April 11, 1779. This hero whom the Indians dreaded was shot in the back by Indians while on an expedition to secure supplies for the fort. He was riding along the public road on Muncy Creek, about three miles from Fort Brady, within the site of the town of Muncy.

Beyond Muncy the highway, following the river, makes a sharp turn to the west. Soon it reaches Montoursville, the town of Madame Montour, the mysterious French-Indian, whom Count Zinzendorf visited here in 1742. Her son, Andrew Montour, also a friend of the settlers, owned a fine portion of land on the banks of the Loyalsock, a stream where the Indians found much game and fish. He encouraged the Penns in their purchase from the Indians at Fort Stanwix, in 1768, of a large tract on both sides of the Loyalsock. The sale led to difficulties. For the Indians specified that the western limit of the sale was Tiadaghton Creek. Later they claimed that by Tiadaghton Creek they meant Lycoming Creek, though the settlers insisted that Pine Creek, much farther west, was intended. Once, when accused of dishonesty in this, an Indian is said to have replied, "If the white men lied to the Indian, why should not the Indian lie also?"

Not until 1784, at the Second Treaty of Fort Stanwix, would the Indians own that the sale extended to Pine Creek. In the meantime settlers had taken possession of some of the best lands between the disputed creeks, both of which empty into the West Branch. But they were under the jurisdiction of no county. This difficulty they solved by electing each year a tribunal which was to decide all controversies. "From their decision there could be no appeal, and there could be no resistance." Decrees were enforced by the whole body of citizens, who called themselves Fair Play Men. If the order of the court called for the eviction of a settler, he was compelled to depart at once. All who entered the disputed territory were requested to lay their credentials before the tribunal, and to agree to abide by the law of Fair Play. Then they could take up any vacant

land. It is said that when the settlement was recognized by law the decrees of the tribunal, when reviewed officially, were endorsed as just, and confirmed.

At the north of Lycoming Creek, which the Indians claimed for sixteen years was the western limit of their sale of land, was French Margaret's town. Settlers had been there before 1770, though the town was not laid out until 1775. In 1795 the town Williamsport—so beautiful for situation, in a narrow valley, with the river and mountains in the foreground—gave promise. Then, by reason of its choice as county-seat of Lycoming County, it began the advance which became almost spectacular in the days when the wealth of the mountain forests was floating down the Susquehanna to the mills and markets. The fortunate situation of the place made it the chosen site for the great Susquehanna Boom, begun in 1846. Logs brought from up the river were stored against piers built into the river. Finally the boom was able to care for 300,000,000 feet of timber. Frequently logs were packed solid for miles to the bottom of the river. For ten years after 1870, Williamsport was the chief lumber town of the country, and for many years more the city was the greatest lumber market east of Michigan. To-day it is noted for its factories, its pleasant homes, the beautiful surroundings, one of the best hotels to be found anywhere in a city of its size, and a Chamber of Commerce that knows how to emphasize the fact that, centring in Williamsport are some of the best roads of the Commonwealth which lead to regions where beauty abounds.

A side trip may well be made by one of the routes which lead to Eaglesmere. There is a good road all the way to the resort. Another road follows the banks of Lycoming Creek. The surface is not so good, but the scenery is wonderful.

The section of the Susquehanna Trail between Williamsport and Painted Post is a road supreme. The first part of this road follows, in general, the route taken by the famous Williamson Road, cut through the forest between 1792 and 1796.

Beauty begins at once as the road winds along the side of

WILLIAMSPORT ON THE SUSQUEHANNA

LYCOMING CREEK AND SUSQUEHANNA TRAIL

HIGH WATER AT HALF FALLS, SUSQUEHANNA TRAIL

Lycoming Creek. Mountains on either side, sometimes near at hand, again farther away, frame a picture that is ever changing. As the road approaches Powys the hills ahead above the town reveal a delightfully involved succession of curves. And at Trout Run, where an alternative route to Elmira, New York, leads off to the right, the highway approaches a gap in the wooded ridge by a long climb made pleasant by the trees on either side of the way which inter-twine their branches overhead.

Here, at favored seasons, the deer come out, sometimes a number together most unexpectedly, darting swiftly across the road, or peeping timidly from the undergrowth.

At Trout River, Lycoming Creek is left to the company of the Northern Central Railway, which follows the old Sheshequin Trail. The route from Williamsport to Trout Run is always within reach of the old trail which was followed by so many Indian plundering expeditions, by Conrad Weiser, by the Moravian missionaries, and by the advance guards of Charles Williamson in 1792, when his road was under construction. On Trout Run he had a depot for supplies.

The seven-mile climb from Trout Run ends at Steam Valley, 1710 feet above sea level. Then comes the descent, long and exhilarating as the ascent. How a winding road in the mountains brings great surprises at every turn!

A height still greater is reached soon after the line is crossed into Tioga County, which contends with Lycoming the claim to be one of the most beautiful counties in the State. As the highway approaches the summit, 2140 feet, there is disclosed a far-away line of green mountains which seem so near that a long leap could be taken over the intervening country into the cool forest.

The surroundings of Blossburg, too, are impressive. The forests of to-day grow luxuriantly above the measures of semi-bituminous coal, the product of the forests of ages long gone. Settlers discovered the coal in 1792, and the town still enjoys the distinction given to it by its underlying wealth.

On reaching, at Canoe Camp, the junction with the concrete

road westward to Wellsboro and Coudersport, there is difficulty in resisting the call to detour, at least to the county-seat town of Tioga County. The fourteen miles so easily traversed lead to the heart of what is now Delmar Township, though once the name was Virdelmar, for three States the pioneers proposed to honor. And yet, when Wellsboro is reached, there is again insistent call to one of the chief scenic features of Pennsylvania, just beyond—Pine Creek Gorge. There is no highway through the gorge, nothing but the railway; some day there may be a road for the wayfarer, though it is difficult to see how this could be constructed in this gash sixteen miles long, in whose depths the creek flows through famous fishing and hunting country, between mountains which rise one thousand feet or so on either hand. A photograph of the gorge has been printed which shows a picturesque road by the side of the creek, but this is only a photograph doctored to reveal the dream of longing for an easy way by those who prefer a road to a railway.

The concrete road which offers the detour to Wellsboro and Pine Creek uses the Susquehanna Trail north to Mansfield, then turns east into Bradford County. After passing through Mansfield, on the Tioga River, there is a pleasant green ridge on the left and a gap in the hills directly ahead. A backward look reveals the fact that the road will have new joys for the returning tourist.

Three miles to the left, beyond Mansfield, is a reminder of the unceasing watchfulness of the Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters—the steel fire tower for observers which, incidentally, invites those who pass by to take the easy climb for the sake of the broad outlook on the green forest.

Sixteen miles more along the Tioga River, with delightfully shaded Tioga at the half-way point! And just where the Tioga crosses the line, it unites with the beautiful Cowanesque River, which urges an exploration of its attractive course through the fertile lands of northern Tioga County.

You prefer to go on to Painted Post, Batavia, and Niagara Falls? But that route is another story.

XI

UP THE NORTH BRANCH OF THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER, FROM SUNBURY TO ATHENS

ONE hundred and fifty miles of river road! Sometimes, it is true, the road leaves the stream for an adventure across a bend, or for some other excursion. Sometimes, too, the highway's surface may not be the best. But let the traveller rejoice that he is following in the trail of untold generations of Indians, who went along the Susquehanna on their journeys into New York. And let him forget sections of the road that still are set down as plain dirt, for the joy of the many miles of paved construction, and the knowledge that more pavement may appear where only dirt is looked for, since the Department of Highways has on its programme the completion of this important link in Pennsylvania's system of communication.

Then there is always the pleasure of passing through beauty that defies description—beauty of tributary streams, of meadows and cultivated fields, of hills and valleys and forests—or through industrial communities where bituminous coal is brought to the surface, and above beds of anthracite that send their daily quota into the great buildings that gather about the mouth of the pit into which men disappear fresh and clean, only to reappear after a few hours bearing the grime of honest toil. And when beauty and evidences of industry seem to fail for a moment, there is always the satisfaction of thinking of the hunters, the raftsmen, and the settlers who made history along the river, and the Indians who, frequently, did what they could to hinder the purpose to make the valley of the Susquehanna a safe place for those who would come after them.

Beauty begins at the very outset. The temptation is to let the eye linger on water and cliff and lowland close to the Forks of the Susquehanna until the journey up the river will be post-

poned too long. There is an island in the stream just at the junction where, in 1701, James Le Tort had a trading post. To him, at Packer's Island, Indians thronged in their desire for the things the white man had to sell—not only useful articles, but the deadly fire water, which became such a dread to the wiser savages that on July 3, 1727, one of the chiefs of the Six Nations, when pleading that "there be no settlements made up the Sasquehannah higher than Pextan" (as Harrisburg was called), asked that "none of the settlers thereabouts be suffered to sell or keep any rum there; for that being the road by which the people go out to war, they are apprehensive of mischief if they meet with liquor in these parts." So they asked that none of the traders be allowed to carry any rum to the parts "where James Le Tort trades," the same Le Tort who was once on the island near the site of Northumberland.

More than a century after the presence of the fur traders who dispensed fire water on Packer's Island, in 1809, citizens of Northumberland sent a petition to the legislature at Lancaster, asking that their town be made the State Capital, in view of its central situation. When the request was referred to a committee, the recommendation was that it be granted. This, however, was as near as the city at the Forks ever came to the longed-for prize.

In early days Northumberland was noted, among other things, for the presence there of the *Argus*, one of the most influential newspapers of the State, whose editor, John Binns, in 1805, fought one of the few duels that disgraced the Commonwealth before this unmanly method of settling difficulties was outlawed. Then, eleven miles up the river, at Danville, the iron manufacturing town, was the office of *The Intelligencer*. The paper's chief claim to fame was that Christopher L. Sholes, the inventor of the typewriter, was, when a boy, an apprentice in the office.

Danville is in Montour County, the region that tells of the strange half-breed Madame Montour, and her two sons, Henry and Andrew Montour, who were the allies of the Province

SUSQUEHANNA RIVER
Looking East from Nanticoke

SUSQUEHANNA RIVER
Looking North from Catawissa

whenever they could take part in a conference with their brother Indians. Not only is the county named in their honor, but the picturesque Montour's Ridge, extending from a point above Northumberland on the West Branch to the North Branch, which it reaches near Bloomsburg. The ridge is good to look upon, and it is the bearer of vast quantities of iron.

Before reaching Bloomsburg the highway passes by the old town Catawissa, on the river bank, for this is one of the places where a short cut is taken across a bend. This was the site of an Indian village. Perhaps the native American chose the spot because the shad fishing was so good, as the early residents of the American town founded in 1787 discovered.

The popularity of the locality among the Indians made necessary the building, during the Revolution, of Fort Jenkins, perhaps half way between Bloomsburg and Berwick, thirteen miles distant. This important fortification more than once held out when attacked by the savages.

With the close of the Revolution, the glory of Fort Jenkins departed. But just then Berwick assumed some of the honors, for the settlement of the town dates from 1783. In the days of its youth the community claimed importance by reason of the fact that this was the terminus of the Towanda Turnpike, as well as of the road to Nescopeck and Mauch Chunk. Yet highways were not enough for the ambitious town: on July 4, 1828, ground was broken there for the beginning of the North Branch Canal.

A little beyond Berwick, but on the opposite side of the river, Nescopeck Creek enters the Susquehanna, creating a rapid which proved fatal to the steamer *Susquehanna* in 1826. The little vessel had been navigated successfully from York Haven, towing a keel boat bearing one thousand bushels of wheat, but it was unable to negotiate successfully the rough waters produced by the Nescopeck, and was hurled down stream against an obstruction, when one of her boilers exploded, and a number of passengers from points along the river were killed or wounded.

Nineteen miles farther up stream, at Nanticoke Falls, a

tragedy of a different sort was staged on the day before Christmas Day, 1775. There the troops of Colonel William Plunkett, who were ascending the river, bound for Wyoming, where they planned to defend the title of the Penns to the lands claimed by the Connecticut Company, were ambushed by Colonel Zebulon Butler, who had taken his stand behind a natural breastwork of rocks which reached the river near the falls, after coming from Shawanose Mountain. Again on Christmas Day the forces of the Pennsylvanians were halted, and were compelled to march back down the river.

Before reaching Wilkes-Barre, close to the valley which was the centre of the fight between the Pennamites and the Yankees, the road passes Plymouth. To-day this little city is a centre of the mining of anthracite, though in 1808 two brothers named Smith who had loaded two arks with coal which they took down stream to Columbia for sale, were unable to secure a purchaser, and had to abandon the black stones that were such a drug on the market.

Now we are in the famous Wyoming Valley. For twenty-one beautiful miles this stretches along the Susquehanna, with a background of mountains, a foreground of green islands, and thousands of acres of fertile fields that aroused the cupidity of rival claimants before and during the Revolutionary War. Primarily, King James I was responsible for the troubles, when he made to the Plymouth Company a grant which was an excuse for extravagant claims to the west of the Delaware. King Charles II was responsible also, for he passed over to William Penn title to some of the very territory the earlier monarch had given the Plymouth Colony ground for claiming.

There was no trouble for a long time, but the day came when Connecticut sought to bolster up its claim by purchase from the Indians, and by settlement in the fair valley they wanted. This beginning of trouble came in 1769, when nearly two hundred pioneers built log cabins and a fort. Later another fort was built. John Penn, for the Proprietary Government of Pennsylvania, retaliated by sending other settlers and soldiers.

For years the contest for the valley was waged. First one side was victorious, then the other. At the request of Congress the mimic warfare, which sometimes became deadly, was interrupted during the Revolution.

But not yet was the valley free from trouble. On July 2, 1778, Tories and Indians descended on the forts at Wyoming, where helpless women and children and desperate defenders were gathered. On July 3 the men marched out on the plain near the river to give battle. But they were defeated. The butchery which followed was awful. More than two hundred were killed.

It is not easy to credit all these tragic details when passing through the smiling valley, or looking down on it from the mountains which rise above it, from 500 feet to 2000 feet high, say from Prospect Rock. What a panorama is spread out before the gazer—prosperous villages, a bustling city, industrial establishments that give employment to thousands, coal-breakers, and homes of busy workers!

Wilkes-Barre was born in the midst of the turmoil of the Pennamite wars. The name is one of the legacies of Connecticut to Pennsylvania, for it was coined in 1769 by Major Durkee, who desired that the lands surrounding Fort Durkee should be so named.

After leaving Wilkes-Barre behind, the highway passes on seven miles to Pittston, the busy town so delightfully situated at the bend where the Susquehanna changes its course from southeast to southwest. The mining properties of this, one of the greatest anthracite centres in Pennsylvania, share with the monument built to commemorate the Wyoming Massacre the interest of those who pass by. But before they leave they should climb to Campbell's Ledge, for the sake of the view of the valley where history vies with beauty in making the region remarkable.

From Pittston—unless there is desire to go on to Scranton, and from there by the Lackawanna Trail to Clark's Summit, then westward to the Susquehanna at Osterhout—the route

should be continued up the river, following graceful curves, looking off to the verdure-clad hills which are almost mountains, to Tunkhannock. This place of the strange name was the meeting-point, in 1757, after the Indian Council at Easton, of Tedyuscung, Abraham, and Paxinose, and the three Indian messengers from the Ohio country, who brought word of peace from the Indians who dwelt there.

The value placed by the Indians on this river country can be understood fully by those who follow the road built on the trail of the savages. Reluctantly they gave place to the advancing white settlers, postponing the inevitable as long as they could, lingering, returning, at length disappearing forever.

Twenty-five miles from Tunkhannock is Wyalusing, the site of the ancient Indian town Gahontoto, whose inhabitants were exterminated by the Cayugas. Again in 1752 Indians lived there; a chieftain of the Minsis, Papunhank, built a house of logs, poles, earth and bark, while others made their homes about him. Their presence attracted Christian Frederick Post in 1760, and in 1763, John Woolman, the Quaker preacher, and David Zeisberger, from Bethlehem. These missionaries followed the path up the river from the Wyoming Valley. Zeisberger remained as a teacher, but his stay was interrupted by the Pontiac War. In 1765 he returned, and built a new town on the east side of the river, two miles below Wyalusing. To this was given the name Friedenshütten. For three years he dwelt in the new location with the friendly Indians, but the Treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1768 made necessary their removal. To Ohio, where the new home was located, the inhabitants made an epic journey in 1772. Two companies were formed for the trip; one went overland by the Wyalusing Path, while the other floated down the North Branch of the Susquehanna, then up the West Branch.

A monument on the site of Friedenshütten is the only reminder of these heroic days.

Beyond Wyalusing and the monument the attractive town, Asylum, tells of the vain effort made in 1793 by French refugees

to make a settlement in the wilderness and of the tragic failure, while a few miles beyond, on the east side of the river, is Standing Stone, named from the large rock in the stream, a landmark of the Indians who hunted and fished along the stream.

Towanda is historic, not for Indian reasons, but because in the cemetery there was buried David Wilmot, author of the Wilmot Proviso, adopted with reference to the territory secured from Mexico after the war with Mexico. On the stone above his grave are the well-known words:

"Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of said territory, except for crime, whereof the party shall first be duly convicted."

Above Towanda the highway crosses Sugar Creek, close to its junction with the Susquehanna. That quiet stream was noted in the days of the Indians and, later, of the pioneers. For along its bank passed the Sheshequin Path, highway between the North Branch and the West Branch of the Susquehanna. This was utilized by those who went to settle the country to the westward.

Yet the most famous centre for Indian trails in all the region was Diahoga Point, or Tioga Point, still farther north, where the Chemung and the Susquehanna join forces, leaving between them a peninsula of striking proportions and beauty. Here converge a number of paths, including the extension of the Sheshequin Path, as well as the Minisink Path, to the Delaware. These paths were guarded by a sachem of the Iroquois, who kept this southern gate to their territory, and refused admittance to all who failed to pass the required examination.

"Beautiful as the gates of paradise" was the description given by a Scotch traveller to the country about Tioga Point. The scenery there has been described in terms that arouse curiosity:

"The Susquehanna, in its passage through the country, instead of following a natural valley, like most large rivers, breaks through successive ranges of hills, whose precipitous escarpments in some places tower hundreds of feet above the stream, so that on each side it is bordered with alternate sec-

tions of hills with their intervening valley, thus affording a pleasing variety of landscape to the traveller."

The Indian trails—from twelve to eighteen feet wide, and often a foot deep, along which runners could make one hundred miles a day—were broadened by the passage of the pack animals of the pioneers. Such a rough road was the only highway to the Tioga country as late as 1807; in that year a man who was building a house near the site of Athens brought glass from Ithaca, New York. Most of this was broken on the rough track. But the glass was so precious that the broken pieces were put together and were carefully set in the back windows of the house. So, in 1812, much interest in Athens was excited by the proposal to build a toll road from Cayuga Lake. Though the plan was initiated by New York, the Pennsylvania Legislature appropriated $6000 toward the expense of building.

From that time the development of the country along the northern border of the State has been steady, though as late as November, 1843, the Athens town paper reported that deer killing was an every-day occurrence in the locality. But during that same month a rare visitor came—a black bear, which attempted to cross the Chemung, just above the Athens Borough line!

XII

FROM HARRISBURG TO YORK AND GETTYSBURG, AND RETURN TO HARRISBURG

THERE would be difficulty in finding a more pleasing one-hundred-mile journey than that described in this chapter. Four or five hours would be found ample for the whole trip, even with much yielding to the temptation to loiter along the way. Yet it would be far better to devote a full day to the journey, that Gettysburg may have the few hours so necessary even to a brief survey of the historic battlefield.

The bridge across the dreamy Susquehanna offers a striking beginning for the pilgrimage through York and Adams Counties. What a series of visions may be enjoyed from that bridge! backward to the Capitol located so gloriously above the river; up stream to rocks and shallows and islands of vivid green; down the river to a generous sweep of water gliding slowly between banks where trees flourish; forward to the heights that look down on some of the wondrous valleys of York County, on the route of the old Harrisburg and Baltimore Turnpike.

The rolling farming country through which the road passes was sought early by pioneers who knew how to choose land well. And the traveller will agree readily that the modern successors of the road builders of days when the settlements were young, knew what they were about when they placed the highway south of New Cumberland, for instance; curves and double curves make so easy and delightful the way over the hills, above the valleys and through the forests that there is less interest in mileage made than in scenes where both miles and the passage of time are forgotten.

Soon the road is traversing the ridge two miles wide on which Newberrytown was laid out in 1791, where the residents have never found difficulty in making their way to the huge bowlders that are to be found all along the ridge. Thus the town

was three years old when one thousand of the "Whiskey Boys" from the neighborhood of Philadelphia passed along the road, on their way to Carlisle. There they were to join the army which Washington reviewed before its march was continued to western Pennsylvania, where it was thought that their services would be called for to quell the Whiskey Insurrection.

Once Newberrytown showed to travellers its potteries, but these passed away long ago, and now the chief object of interest is the old Friends' Meeting House, with its reminder of the well of cold water which Cornelius and Hannah Garretson gave for the use of strangers passing through the town, as well as of Friends who were on their way to meeting. About the well were once three great troughs, provided that Quakers might water their horses before they went into the Meeting House. The road was laid out from Newberrytown to York soon after 1740, in response to a petition to the court at Lancaster (this was before the founding of York County, which was not erected until 1749) asking for a highway "for the new town on the Great Codorus" (York). In 1742 the road granted joined the road to "John Wright's Ferry."

From Newberrytown there are two roads to York, but the better way leads over to the Susquehanna before striking out for the ancient seat of the county government. The river is reached at York Haven, though when the road of 1745 reached that point there was no town of that name. There was, however, as now, Conewago Falls, which proved an impassable barrier to navigation when keel-boats succeeded dugouts and flat-boats for the carriage of farm products to Baltimore.

"We must have a canal around the falls!" some of the far-sighted settlers said. But the Revolution came and there were other things to think of than surmounting obstructions in the river. So the pioneers continued the expensive trans-shipment of goods from the keel-boats by wagons which went down on the road to York or to Baltimore. Not until 1789 was a serious attempt made to plan a canal around the falls.

But the scheme outlined for the canal was faulty; the nine-

teen feet fall within a mile was too great without a lock. The plan for a canal with locks was substituted in 1792, when a committee of sixteen members, including Robert Morris, Tench Francis, Timothy Matlack, David Rittenhouse, and William Bingham, began a ditch that took four years to build and cost $102,000. Thomas Mifflin, in November, 1797, rode his horse to the foot of the falls for the opening of the memorable canal, the first in the State, and certainly one of the first in the country. Six hundred people assembled on the bank to witness the solemn trial trip through the lock and back again. Ice hindered progress, but this was broken before the boat of the Governor and his associates, amid the booming of the substitute for cannon made by firing powder placed in holes in the rock.

York Haven was born in 1814, as a manufacturing town. Mills bordered the river, among them the largest flour mill in the United States, with a capacity of 150 barrels per day. The prosperity brought by these mills lasted until the railroad was built from Baltimore to York in 1838, and its extension was completed to Harrisburg in 1850.

During the years of the settlement's greatness many travellers sought the spot, and paused at the hotel on the banks of the river. There came Lafayette in 1825, who—like so many other lovers of the beautiful—stood on the hotel porch and looked first up, then down the river, fascinated by the wonderful scenery.

Because of a long and graceful curve just before its entrance to the Susquehanna, the Conewago is not crossed by the road for some distance to the south. This crossing, close to the junction of the Little Conewago with the main stream, is by one of the bridges that show it to greatest advantage. Some of these sturdy bridges are a series of stone arches that look as if they were built for the ages.

South of the crossing the little town of Manchester tells of its beginning in 1814, though the land it occupies was bought from the heirs of William Penn in 1740. The proprietor dreamed

of wealth from his venture, and he did manage to make a profit of five thousand dollars from a lottery by which he disposed of lots. Each of one hundred tickets was awarded a prize lot. As each ticket cost one hundred dollars, the advantage of the lottery is not seen easily. Yet the owner saw this clearly enough when, in 1816, he built a brick mansion by the side of the turnpike.

York, seven miles south of Manchester, was sixty-three years old when the lottery town had its beginning. This thriving city, with its several hundred industrial establishments, which was long known as Yorktown, for many years attracted visitors of note in the national history. There Congress had its seat for nine months in 1777 and 1778, while the British held Philadelphia. There Continental currency was printed, the first National Thanksgiving Day was proclaimed and the Articles of Confederation were drawn up.

In York, too, the "Conway Cabal," which had for its object the displacing of General Washington by General Gates, was born and died. General Conway was responsible for its birth, and General Lafayette was responsible for its death. For, at the banquet given by General Gates, when many speeches had been made in his favor, Lafayette offered the toast:

"To General George Washington, head of the American Army: may he continue to hold that position until a Treaty of Peace is signed with England, acknowledging the freedom of this country, in whose cause I am listed for its defense."

York saw another night of anxiety, on March 19, 1778, when the soldiers were put on their guard because of the discovery of a plot by Tories and others to capture members of Congress.

The modern traveller on the roads centring in York will find interest in recalling an entry made in a diary kept by a citizen of the town, in 1782. On January 8th the diarist wrote: "For the past ten days the prisoners of Lord Cornwallis's army have been passing through our town to the camp located in Hellam Township" (on the road to Wright's Ferry). Then came the entry of July 31st: "To-day an infamous plot of the British

prisoners was discovered, in which they determined to burn Yorktown & Lancaster in one night."

A record of an entirely different character, but fully as interesting, was left by Mrs. Anne Royall, after her visit to York, in 1828:

"It appears that Philadelphia is determined to sacrifice York to its own selfishness lest by extending navigation to the latter, Baltimore would be benefited. I cannot say I feel much for the tongue-boring Baltimore, as they encourage missionaries rather too much for me. But I do think it is hard on York; the legislature will not consent to its making a rail-road, even at their own expense, so that they are held in slavery to the caprice of Philadelphia . . . consequently York must go down."

A little way out of York is Jacobus. The side trip there is remarkable for two things. On the way is the monument erected in 1920 by the State Horticultural Association, not to a man, but to an apple! This is the inscription:

"The York Imperial apple was first
propagated about 1920 in the field of
Jonathan Jessup. Most widely known variety of
Pennsylvania origin. It has contributed largely
to the horticultural prosperity of the State."

Then at Jacobus is the monument to the far-seeing men who have planned for the conservation of a city's water supply; plantings of pines on the hillsides and on an island surrounded by the beautiful waters of the reservoir show other communities what may be accomplished by those who have the power of seeing beyond the moment, and are willing to plan for the well-being of people whom, perhaps, they will never know.

Other men who made plans by which others have profited were the road-builders whose activities centred in York at an early day. In 1752 some of the settlers in Peach Bottom on the lower Susquehanna decided that the private road of 1749 should give way to a permanent road leading to York. Ten years earlier men of Marsh Creek settlement, as Gettysburg was known at first, planning not merely for themselves, but for men and women of

the future, took steps to have a road to York. This road was rather crude until the years from 1804 to 1819, when it became a turnpike. In 1828 the population along this turnpike had grown to such an extent that regular coaches were put on which took passengers to and from Philadelphia. One line of coaches, which carried the mail, was called "The Good Intent," while a slower line, patronized by the newspaper mail, was called "The Telegraph."

This road toward Gettysburg passes through a rolling country, at times becoming bold and rugged, as, for instance, in the vicinity of New Oxford, a region settled in 1730 on a part of the estate known in those brave days as Digges' Choice.

Just before reaching New Oxford, the turnpike crosses a highway from Carlisle to Baltimore which passes, a few miles away, through Hanover, once called McAllister's Folly. Rogues' Rest was another name applied to the settlement because it was in the debatable land claimed both by the Penn heirs and by the province of Lord Baltimore. Fugitives from justice thought this a safe place for them to hide. There were times, however, when the people among whom these rogues lived lost patience with them; as a result some prisoners were taken to York. But the sheriff let them know that he did not propose to handle the prisoners charged with coming in another jurisdiction. "Ye of Hanover wish to be independent," he said. "Therefore punish your villains yourselves."

This lawlessness extended as far as Gettysburg, the comparatively modern name for the settlement on Penn's Manor of Maske, where there was fierce dispute as to land titles. One of Penn's surveyors, writing in 1741, told of the trying situation:

"It is as much as a man's life is worth to go amongst them for they go in Arms every Time they Expect I am among them, with full resolution to kill or cripple me."

When Thaddeus Stevens began the practice of law in Gettysburg in 1816 he decided that the cure for many of the ills of the people would be free education. So, in the State legislature, he urged the new school law. At length he was successful in his

LITTLE CONEWAGO CREEK
Near Dover, York County

ALONG CONOCHOCHEAGUE CREEK
On the Lincoln Highway

efforts, in spite of the opposition of many of the German farmers of the Lebanon Valley. The history of the region tells of more than one who succeeded in the efforts to block the new law in their locality.

While the battle for and against the school law has been forgotten, no pilgrim to Gettysburg has a chance to forget the battle of the early days of July, 1863, when General Lee was turned back at this farthest north point reached by the Confederate Army. The 16,000 acres of the battlefield are remarkable not merely for their history, but by reason of their beauty. Ready access is given to all parts of the field by fifty miles of improved roadways which lead past the more than thirteen hundred monuments and markers placed where they can tell of those who rest in the National Cemetery in the United States Reservation, and of other brave leaders and their men. Visitors who see these memorials on the field are ready to be shown also the house of Judge Wills, from which Abraham Lincoln went on November 19, 1863, to deliver his immortal address at the dedication of the cemetery.

Before beginning the third section of the trip, from Gettysburg to Harrisburg, it is well to take the concrete road from Gettysburg toward Chambersburg, and to remain on this as long as time allows. For this is not only one of the best of the roads of Pennsylvania, by reason of its surface as well as the unusual country through which it passes, but it was the way taken by Lee's army in its approach to Gettysburg in 1863.

Every mile of the country along this historic highway has its peculiar claim to attention. Take Cashtown and its surroundings as a sample. The little town is at the base of Rock Top which rises almost perpendicularly above the valley to a height of 410 feet; the summit is 1210 feet above the Atlantic.

Cashtown is in Franklin Township, where valleys and hills form a combination which make almost delirious the traveller who glories in rare scenery. Water-courses in the valley add to the beauty of the surroundings. Among the streams is the Conochocheague, on whose banks pioneers found delight in

building their homes. Its winding course and its strange name make it kin to the Conodoguinet, which keeps it close company on a portion of its journey through southern Pennsylvania.

Perhaps the best known section of Franklin Township is Buchanan Valley, once known as Pleasant Valley, but named for James Buchanan during his campaign for the Presidency in 1856. Conewago Creek was a part of the valley, after its rise in a spring close to the Chambersburg and Gettysburg Turnpike. This valley, six miles long and two miles broad, first settled in 1731, won enduring fame by reason of the raid made by Indians during the days when pioneers never knew what day might see them in the clutch of the savages. One raid resulted in the capture of Mary Jameson, who became known as The White Squaw. She was taken to New York State, where she married an Indian chief. As years passed she became enamored of her new life, and was unwilling to return home. A monument to her is a feature of Buchanan Valley.

Just beyond the border of Adams County, in Franklin County, the road passes through Caledonia State Forest Park, a region of rare beauty where side roads wind here and there amid the trees, and make difficult of accomplishment the traveller's determination not to be lured from the main highway. The name chosen for the reservation dedicated to the public is a reminder of Thaddeus Stevens, whose Caledonia Iron Furnace, or rather, all that remains of it, may be seen at the rear of the trolley station within the park. The ruined furnace is a relic left by the Confederate troops in 1863.

A brief journey to the north of Caledonia Park, over one of the State Forestry Department roads, leads to Pine Grove Furnace, where, it is said, some of the early iron masters of Pennsylvania lived like feudal barons. The sturdy buildings, which are used to-day as a club house for hunters and fishermen, have stood for more than a century.

Perhaps seven miles south of Caledonia Park is another region that should be seen by all who pass this way. One of the Forestry Department's roads leads to Mont Alto State Forest

Park, where trees of rare beauty are preserved from ruthless destruction. Once picnic parties repaired to The Valley of a Thousand Springs, as this retreat in the forest was called. But to-day the chief visitors are those who go to the Pennsylvania State Forest School and the Mont Alto Forest Tree Nursery.

The return to the turnpike may be made by another road, though the journey to Gettysburg must be by the same road as that taken to Caledonia. This might be objectionable, if the country were commonplace. But such a word could not possibly be used of anything in Adams County.

The final portion of the day's pilgrimage through historic York and Adams Counties is by a road, part of which was laid out in response to a petition made to the Court at Lancaster, in 1748. How could any court fail to be moved by pleas like those used by the petitioners:

"As we have been obliged to work at and repair roads which we have had no benefit of we humbly desire the favor of the honorable bench to allow a road to be laid out. . . ."

Of this road one of the chief points of interest was York Springs, where people from Baltimore and Harrisburg made their way when transportation was either by means of primitive private conveyance or by stage coach. Along the road were inns for the accommodation of those who made the journey, like the Farmers' and Drovers', and the Traveller's Rest at Heidlersburg, while at the Springs provision was made for the comfort of those who sought the waters which were reputed to have miraculous power. But more than a century ago York Springs lost its popularity. A writer of 1831 gave the explanation:

"As in matters of even more importance, fashion, ever fickle, has pointed the way to other hygienic points, and the crowd, the many, of course follow."

Between York Springs and Harrisburg there is a town built on ground which seemed to have a strange fascination for the Indians. Dillsburg dates only from 1800, but a church in the vicinity was organized in 1737, and within its walls many pioneers found refuge during the French and Indian War.

Dillsburg will be remembered by the passer-by because of the double line of roadside maples, and the view to the west and northwest of the south ridge of South Mountains, whose wooded slopes run about one thousand feet above the sea. From the heights the silvery threads of Dogwood River and Yellow Breeches Creek are visible. The latter stream is impressed on the minds of those who follow the road to Harrisburg by the graceful concrete bridge at Rose Garden.

What a picture gallery would result if all the highway bridges in Pennsylvania should sit for their portraits! And in such an exhibition the counties of Franklin and York would have a leading place. Some of the people there may have been reluctant to fall in with Thaddeus Stevens' plea for public school education, but they seemed to be of one mind as they turned their steps toward home.

XIII

HARRISBURG TO CARLISLE, CHAMBERSBURG, BEDFORD, AND HOLLIDAYSBURG, BY THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY

FOR a leisurely day's journey through country both varied and beautiful, the trip outlined in this chapter has few equals. There is the sight of the hills of Cumberland County with the Blue Mountain ridge to the north, through the valley of the Conodoguinet—one of the system of streams that flows through the country to the Susquehanna near Harrisburg—within a short distance of the long mountain valleys beyond the border of Cumberland, where daring pioneers made their homes in the face of Indian terrors; the crossing of the divide which separates the waters that flow to the Susquehanna and so to the Chesapeake, from those which enter the Potomac before finding their way to the same arm of the sea; the more rugged country leading toward Fort Loudoun; the mountain climbs which pave the way for breath-taking outlooks on broad valleys; and finally the plunge into the heart of the mountains between the Lincoln Highway and the William Penn Highway.

On this modern edition of an ancient highway, where pack-horses and stage coaches were plentiful when any talk of such a contrivance as the automobile would have seemed the height of folly, where the Indians had one of the favorite trails for which they chose sites with wisdom almost uncanny, every township has its tale of history to delight the traveller who likes to think of what happened where he goes.

Thus beautiful Carlisle has stories to tell almost without end. As far back as 1752 Thomas Cookson wrote to Thomas Penn of the trouble he was having in purchasing land for the seat of government of the new county; the settlers wanted to hold on to the land until the town was laid out and there was opposition to giving up land for the use of a family that had

become unpopular. The very next year Benjamin Franklin, Isaac Norris, and William Rittenhouse entered the town to conclude a treaty with Indians from Ohio who met them there. Four years later Fort Lowther was established there, one of the defenses between the Susquehanna and the Potomac, built after Braddock's defeat. On July 12, 1774, freeholders from several townships crowded into Carlisle to take part in a meeting which agreed that, since Boston was suffering for all the Colonies, all the Colonies should seek redress, and a Congress of Deputies from all the Colonies should meet, promising to join in a non-importation agreement. In 1777 Hessian prisoners were confined in the Cumberland county town, and wrought iron cannon were made for Washington's army. At an early period the place was noted for its educational advantages. Officers for the army were trained there before the days of West Point Academy; Dickinson College was organized in 1783, partly through the efforts of Dr. Benjamin Rush, at first occupying buildings erected by Congress in 1777, but in 1803 rejoicing in a building of its own, Old West, which still stands. Those who enjoy the notable doorway, with its sedate panels, and its side-lights, as well as the round window in the gable, are delighted with the information that the architect was Colonel Latrobe, who designed the Capitol at Washington. Dickinson survives, with ever-increasing strength, although the Indian School, which was not opened until 1882, has closed its doors.

The roads entering Carlisle witnessed the coming of armies as well as of students. In 1794 Washington entered the town, and departed with 1200 soldiers for the seat of the Whiskey Insurrection difficulties in western Pennsylvania. And on June 27, 1863, a detachment of Lee's forces took possession of the public buildings, made demand for rations, and plundered Carlisle. Just before the Battle of Gettysburg there was another attack, and more looting and burning, before the departure of the troops over South Mountain to the scene of the bloody battle.

After leaving Carlisle behind, the traveller enters another

little city still more ancient—Shippensburg, the oldest town in the Cumberland Valley, between 1735 and 1740 the only town on the line of the Great Road from Harris's Ferry to the Potomac. Fort Morris was built there in 1755, while Fort Franklin followed in 1756. The walls sheltered many of the wagon travellers who stopped at Shippensburg on the way from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh.

Shippensburg could reckon its age in years when Chambersburg was laid out in 1764, though the first settler, Benjamin Chambers, went there in 1730. Falling Spring was the early name of this delightful county seat of Franklin County. An advertisement in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of July 19, 1764, told of "a town laid out on Conegogig Creek on both sides of the great Falling Spring." Growth was so slow that twelve marriage license blanks were sufficient for the needs of the entire new county of Franklin during the year 1790!

The beauty of the setting of the city at the confluence of the Falling Spring Creek and Conocheague Creek, has been indicated by the comparison of the scenic features to an Indian bow: "The beautiful Kittatinny Range is the bow, South Mountain is the string, and the Susquehanna and the Potomac are the points of union, and the Baltimore and Pittsburgh pike the line along which the arrow was shot westward." Near the arrow line is Chambersburg.

Difficult of realization to-day is the fact that this "Queen of the Cumberland Valley" was invaded three times during the Civil War, and on the last occasion, in 1864, was burned by a ruthless enemy in retaliation, it was claimed, for the destruction of "seven properties of peaceful inhabitants in the Valley of Virginia."

Soon after Chambersburg has been left behind, the traveller finds himself in another old town whose name has a history as curious as the surroundings are beautiful. St. Thomas—laid out in 1790, though the first settlers went to the site in 1737—was called Campbellstown, until the decision was made to use the given name of its founder, Thomas. But to dignify the

settlement the word "Saint" was prefixed. Frequently a town thinks highly of its founder, but instances are rare when such fondness led to canonization.

Those who have the time for a little detour should take the highway to the right beyond St. Thomas, for a visit to Mercersburg, where James Black built a mill in 1729. The town was not laid out until 1786, and it was long called "Smith's Settlement," for its founder. Much of its prosperity, at first, came from the pack trains bound westward to the Monongahela country. Three miles above the town, in a wild gorge in the Cove Mountain, reached by a trail that was ancient when Mercersburg was young, is "Stony Batter," where a Scotch Indian trader once lived. His son, James Buchanan, became President of the United States. The wild site of the secluded birthplace, which is included in the James Buchanan State Forest, is marked by a stone pyramid. This monument is in the heart of a large evergreen plantation, and close to a public campground where abundant provision is made for the comfort of tourists.

The monument and the campground may be reached by going a bit northwest from Mercersburg. After the visit, return should be made to the State Highway at Foltz, that a road may be taken back to the Lincoln Highway at Fort Loudoun, thus resuming the route that would be taken by those who go directly from St. Thomas without taking the interesting detour.

Fort Loudoun, at the base of the Blue Mountains, was another of the forts built for defense against the Indians after Braddock's defeat. There settlers found shelter, Indians met leaders of the Colony, and traders bound for Pittsburgh halted for rest and protection. A military man, one of the visitors to the fort in September, 1804, left in a letter to Richard Peters of Philadelphia a vivid record of his experiences on the roads in the vicinity of Loudoun. The letter, written from Carlisle, read:

"Yesterday was a Day of suffering and Peril to us—you left us on the Mountain road, which jolted us about to death. . . . I heard a shreik behind me & turning about, I beheld the Carriage with out a driver & the Horses dashing after me at full speed.

I saw the danger thought all was lost & determined to share the wreck, jumpt from my Seat met the Horses immediately opposite the pole, fortunately grasped their check reins & stopt them, my low-lived Irishman (curse all such; he had I believe fallen asleep, fell from his seat & the hind wheel ran over Him without damage) was soon up, and then I had to give chase. . . . I drop you this line to Caution you and yours against the Mountain road."

The writer would have agreed with Daniel Rupp's statement in his "Geographical Catechism," published in 1836, which said:

"Pennsylvania has a very peculiar aspect to itself on account of the Structure and position of its mountains; which greatly modify the features of the State. . . . It is supposed that the bases of the Mountains of Pennsylvania cover about 6,750 square miles, or nearly one seventh of the superficies of the State."

In a list of mountains of the State compiled by Colonel Henry W. Shoemaker, there are twenty points on or near the route of the present trip, between McConnellsburg and Somerset, or near at hand, which are more than twenty-five hundred feet high.

McConnellsburg is in Fulton County, famous in Pennsylvania as the county without a railroad, as well as for its mountains. Bounded on the east by the Kittatinny and Tuscarora Mountains, and on the west by Ray's Hill, with ridges between like Big and Little Scrub Hill and Sideling Hill, it is one of the most rugged sections of the State. Those who look from the summit of Cove Mountain, east of McConnellsburg, can see, on a clear day, south to Harper's Ferry and northwest to a point near Altoona. The view of McConnellsburg from Tuscarora Summit is arresting, while the descent of the road beyond Harrisonville, in sight of the wooded ridge ahead, offers a panorama which the observer wishes to hold for a longer period than is necessary to sweep down the grade.

The Indian trail over these mountains was succeeded by the

Burd Road of 1755, which became the Forbes Military Road, used for the passage of soldiers and supplies to Fort Pitt. It was hard on horses and vehicles, for the order was to construct the highway on as straight a line as possible, regardless of steep hills. This road was improved a few years after the Revolution, but the toll road which appeared in 1806 was not completed until 1818. The cost for 200 miles, twenty-five feet wide, was $450,000. Many of the stone arch bridges of the original construction are still in use.

Before the days of the improved road the settlers who lived in the vicinity of the road in March, 1765, were aroused by the passing of eighty-one pack horses, bound for Fort Pitt, loaded with goods to be used in trade with the Indians. The pioneers, unable to see why savages, whose atrocities had not yet been forgotten, should receive goods which could be used for warfare against the whites, organized expeditions to overtake the pack trains. The meeting was on Sideling Hill, not far from the modern town of Saluvia, and the expedition captured sixty-three horses with their loads.

Beyond Ray's Hill is Bedford County, where mountains and hidden coves and valleys of great fertility combine to make a country that leads the traveller to many an exclamation of delight. One of the most glorious sections of the highway lies between Everett and the covered bridge, buried in the forest, which leads across the Raystown Juniata, the stream followed, before 1730, by an Indian trail which led to Loyalhanna and Kiskiminetas. This bridge was built in 1818, eight years after Margaret Dwight told of her trying experiences in this region:

"I have said so much about the badness of the roads that you will hardly believe me when I tell you we seen some of the worst to-day we have ever found—& some as good as any in the state—I should not have suppos'd it possible for anything to pass it—Mrs. M. said it seem'd like going into the lower regions, but I had always an idea that road was smooth & easy—I am sure if it was as bad as that it would have fewer travellers. We went down, however, till we came to a lower region.—It was

BRIDGE OVER THE RAYSTOWN JUNIATA

ON THE CARLISLE-CHAMBERSBURG HIGHWAY IN WINTER

really awful—We saw some men to-day mending the roads—I did not think Pennsylvania ever touch'd a road or made a bridge, for we are oblig'd to ride thro' every stream we come to. . . . There is another impassable Creek ahead—a hundred waggons waiting to cross it."

When Margaret Dwight made her difficult way across the Raystown Juniata and went on into Bedford, the town built on the site of the old Fort at Raystown, or Fort Bedford, was forty-four years old. The fort was dilapidated even in 1771, but for years after it was built, in 1758, it was the most prominent military fortress in the central part of the Province. This, the only fort in the county ever occupied by British troops, welcomed frontier fighters like Burd, Armstrong, Forbes, and Boquet. In 1758 Washington, then Colonel of a Virginia regiment, visited the fort. On the occasion of his next visit, in 1794, he was Commander-in-chief of the Army, and was on his way to quell the Whiskey Insurrection. His headquarters were in the building now used by the Western Union Telegraph Company.

Ten years after this expedition travellers went through Bedford to the new Bedford Springs, a little more than a mile below town, near the entrance to Shover's Valley. These springs, which still attract visitors in search of the healing waters, were discovered, some say, in 1786, by a man who, when searching for gold, thought he had found it when he saw the markings left on the stones by the mineral water from Bedford Springs. Others say that a fisherman found the tainted water in 1804, and rejoiced because it cured his rheumatism.

Those who seek to cross the mountains to the William Penn Highway at Hollidaysburg, turn north at Bedford for the thirty miles of mountain and valley that separate the two roads. There are not many towns on the way, but there is beauty. The mountains are in the distance, for the road follows the valley.

Six miles from Bedford is Cessna, the settlement named for the Cessna family, the first of whom, a Huguenot, came to America in 1690, while a descendant was a leader in provincial

affairs. His name, John Cessna, appears in a leaflet printed in Philadelphia, in 1783, "State of the Accounts of the Collectors of Excise." This was the excise, on whiskey, among other things levied by Congress to give extra pay to the soldiers in a time of depreciated currency. The opposition to the levy in western Pennsylvania, where the people knew of no way to market their corn except by making it into whiskey, first led to the Whiskey Insurrection of 1794. The unpopularity of the tax, as well as of those who sought to collect it, is evident from the statement made in the leaflet; this showed that of seven men who, between 1772 and 1783, were asked to collect the excise in Bedford County, six had refused to act. John Cessna was appointed three times and thrice he failed to qualify.

In this valley, beyond Cessna, were found many of the sturdy pioneers who, even if they did oppose this exaction of the Government, had shown their loyalty to their country by service in the Revolution, as they revealed it in later days by the hard toil which helped to bring prosperity to the region traversed by the traveller on this final bit of road across northern Bedford County and southern Blair.

XIV

HARRISBURG TO HOLLIDAYSBURG AND ALTOONA, BY THE WILLIAM PENN HIGHWAY

ONCE more a tour begins on Harrisburg's glorious river-front, with its memorable reaches of the Susquehanna on the left and the attractive homes of fortunate residents on the right. It is difficult to believe that only a quarter of a century ago what is now one of the most famous city approaches in the entire country was a dump heap, with exposed sewers, bordered by nondescript shacks. Led by E. J. Stackpole, Sr., the editor of the *Harrisburg Telegraph*, a few determined citizens who had a vision of better things persisted in telling of possibilities until "The Front Steps of Harrisburg" led from a bountiful river to a triumph of municipal planning.

From time to time additions are made to the river-front; now a sunken garden, or Japanese cherry trees, and again a memorial like those presented by the father of two sons who served in France. One of these memorials, especially, attracts the attention of those who pass, for it is a relief in bronze in praise of the efforts of the loyal women who stood behind the soldiers in canteen, field, and home.

The traveller is still thinking of the beauties of Harrisburg's gracious offering to her visitors when he beholds with amazement the vision of the graceful, many-arched stone bridge that spans the broad river, in the foreground of a picture whose background is the Rockville Gap.

"What a pity that the splendid vision yonder does not have a more appealing name!" was the comment of the author's companion. "That marvellous composition is something for artists to rave over, and for common travellers like us to behold with a gasp of admiration. It should be known as one of the outstanding river vistas in America. But the name Rockville

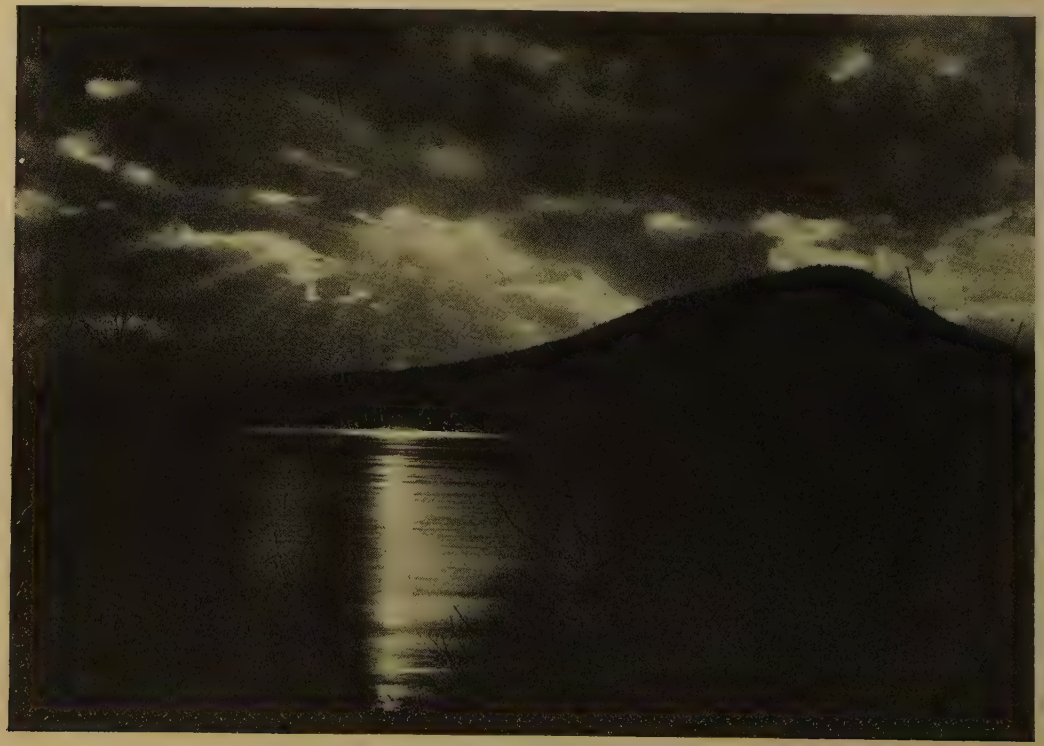
is neither poetic nor exciting, so that the sight now before us becomes to each new traveller an unexpected revelation."

The vicinity is rich in bridges. Three more appear when the road approaches the junction of the Susquehanna and the Juniata—or there were three until the lamented departure of the time-honored covered bridge which provided an outside extension platform for the canal boatmen and their horses, while their clumsy but picturesque craft lazily and obediently crossed the stream at the end of the tow-rope. The destruction of the bridge was a matter of months and even years, while the massive timbers were taken to a sawmill on the bank and there cut into an unbelievable quantity of usable lumber.

The concrete successor of the canal structure shares with the bridge across the Juniata, in the left foreground, the honors of the impressive picture. The William Penn Highway passes over the larger of these bridges, whose western approach rests on fertile Haldeman's Island, while the Juniata bridge crosses from the same island to the southern shore of the stream whose praises have been sounded in poetry and song.

To the right of Haldeman's Island is the still more famous Duncan's Island, whose earliest white settler, Hulings by name, in 1746, established a ferry, that the traders and travellers might cross the Juniata with their pack-horses. One of the traditions of the island tells of Hulings' departure for Fort Pitt, after Braddock's defeat, because of his fear of an Indian descent. At Fort Pitt he received much land in the heart of the present city of Pittsburgh, but this he sold for £200 when he decided to return to his Juniata ferry. But before he left Fort Pitt, on May 7, 1762, he wrote a letter to "William Peters, Esq., Secretary to the Proprietaries' Land Office in Philadelphia," in which he told of his "grievance in a piece of uncultivated land, lying in Cumberland County, on the northeast side of Juneady, laying in the verry Forks." His petition was that he be righted of injustice done by surveys and settlements on the island in his absence.

From Haldeman's Island there are now two routes to the



SUNSET VIEW, TAKEN FROM WILLIAM PENN HIGHWAY
North of Harrisburg

SUSQUEHANNA RIVER ON THE WILLIAM PENN HIGHWAY
South of Liverpool

west, though until 1926 there was but one—up the Susquehanna to Liverpool, then west to Millerstown on the Juniata. Now, however, there is a shorter improved road along the Juniata, which affords glimpses of the river, and, perhaps, of deer which plunge down from the heights above the road. There are places where the builders have cut from the mountain side a passage for the automobile of the seeker after beauty. "For a few moments it gives you the thrill known by those who pass over the justly famous Storm King Highway on the Hudson!" one enthusiast said, after completing the trip which shortens the route a dozen miles.

Yet such attractive bits of the route as that afforded at this second beginning of the plunge toward Altoona add immensely to the pleasure of a round trip over the William Penn Highway. So much variety is offered that there is wisdom in travelling both ways along the Juniata, instead of yielding to the temptation to return by the Lincoln Highway to the south or on one of the roads to the north.

Within the forks of the alternative roads, Amity Hall Inn invites the tourist to enter the building used by boatmen in the days when the river traffic was at its height, because of the passage of traders and trappers and lumbermen. Canal boatmen, too, made their headquarters at Amity while, with the old inn as a centre, outlaws terrorized the surrounding community.

For several miles above the inn the smooth highway is between precipitous rocks on the left and, on the right, the river, glorified by trees and islands until it seems a bit out of fairyland. All the way to Liverpool, there is a succession of impressive views across the river and up the river, as well as up the rocky heights where fantastic shapes invite the observer to declare that he sees all manner of features and interesting formations. Best known of these is the rock profile called Girty's Head, named for the famous Simon Girty, tales of whose prowess abound.

At Liverpool the Susquehanna is left for the passage across country to the Juniata. And what a memorable passage it is, over the hills, through the famous apple-growing region of

Perry County! Time was, not so very long ago, when this district was looked on as a rather useless bit of country, good for little but hoop-poles.

At Millerstown on the Juniata, where William Patterson built a mill in 1788, highway and railroad come together in the gap in Tuscarora Mountain. Just before reaching the town there is a tremendously impressive prospect across the river. Then the highway turns for its long water-level progress across the central portion of Penn's Woods. Many times attention is called to the delightful fact that there are few grades of any consequence between Harrisburg and Altoona. To the Lincoln Highway—the successor of the Chambers Road which first gave the East access to the West and so earmarked Pennsylvania for an English possession, to the undoing of the French—is left a monopoly of dizzy heights and gruelling slopes where brake-bands smoke and radiators boil.

Broken ridges beyond Millerstown and wooded heights beyond Thompsontown show the way into long and narrow Juniata County, one of the most delightful of the central Pennsylvania counties. The county's borders were fixed by the parallel ridges enclosing a valley. Though Juniata County is but nine miles wide, it is forty miles long.

One of the streams which water Juniata County's long Tuscarora Valley is Licking Creek, named for the Indians who lived on its banks. Across the stream was another village of the Delawares. The people in the two villages were friends until the day when the children, playing together, quarrelled over a grasshopper. First the women, then the men, took up the quarrel. In the long and bloody struggle that followed, scores from both villages were killed.

The Licking enters the Tuscarora just before the latter stream empties into the Juniata near Mexico, where, in 1751, Captain James Patterson settled and built Patterson's Fort. He became a tower of strength in the neighborhood. The Indians feared him. They called him "Big Shot." He was a good shot, but much of his fame was due to strategy. Before

his trading post he kept a target. Whenever an Indian approached, he let the brave see him shooting at this mark. Before the Indian reached him he put up his gun. But when the visitor examined the target he saw the marks of many bull's eyes!

To-day the approach to the region where the redoubtable Patterson lived is made picturesque by the red-roofed covered bridge leading from Port Royal to Mexico. Another bridge, a few miles beyond, leads from Mifflin over to Mifflintown, where a pleasing old court-house is worth more than a passing glance. Yet it is difficult to take the eyes from the Blue Ridge beyond, or from the wooded heights across the river where the loose ganister rock enters into rivalry with the trees for possession of the mountain side. This rock, so plentiful on the slopes of central Pennsylvania, was for many years passed by as worthless until the discovery was made that from it can be made the desirable firebrick used in steel furnaces.

One of the earliest travellers of record along this road was Rev. Charles Beatty, who wrote in his journal, on August 25, 1766, that he set out from Captain Patterson's, in the company of several frontiersmen. "We travelled up Juniata River eight miles through a bad road to a place called the Narrows where a rocky mountain bounds so close upon the river as to leave only a small path along the bank for the most part," he wrote, "and then for about ten miles very uneven; at other times greatly incumbered by trees fallen across it, blown up from the roots, some time ago, by a bad gale of wind, so that we were obliged to walk some part of the way, and in some places to go along the edge of the water."

The traveller spoke of the fact that the country was being quite thickly populated; in "the settlement on Juniata" there were about eighty families on both sides of the river, in a district twenty-five miles long by seven miles broad!

The section of the Juniata valley described by Beatty is still remarkable both for its superlative beauty and for its population. Lewistown, the City of the Narrows, is the largest city in the valley, with the exception of Huntingdon.

Lewistown is a good stopping-place for those who wish to break the journey. Within its limits, and round about for many miles, are scenes of rare charm. The river, the mountains the old court-house, the square with its soldiers' monument in the centre, the bridge across the Juniata, all are part of a setting that has brought fame to the metropolis where the Juniata Valley and the Kishacoquillas Valley come together.

And when the time comes to leave Lewistown the Highway offers one more choice of routes. The older route leads first north to Reedsville, past the end of majestic Jack's Mountain. Then, if there is leisure for a side trip on one of the most scenic roads in the State, the northern journey may be continued to Milroy, then across the Seven Mountains to Bellefonte. Even if it is impossible to go on as far as Bellefonte the journey should be continued five miles to the famous horseshoe turn and the Coxe's Valley View, a little beyond. From this point the wealthy prospect includes a bit of primeval forest jealously guarded by Pennsylvania's foresters.

But if it is impossible to go north of Reedsville, there should at least be pause long enough to go a short distance up Kishacoquillas Creek, to the spring where James Reed, the founder of the town was drinking when Chief James Logan looked over his shoulder. The pioneer's narrow escape from killing the Indian friend of the white man is one of the traditions of the Juniata Valley.

The alternative route back to the Juniata at Mill Creek turns southwest at Reedsville, passes by a little stone factory where blankets are made with the meticulous care and precision that characterized the pioneer industries of the regions of Pennsylvania where creek and river supplied ample water power and the settlers demanded and received goods of undoubted quality.

The traveller along the road by the woollen mill is apt at any moment to meet a conveyance that will transport him into the days of the pioneers—a little horse-drawn, yellow-topped, primitive vehicle, presided over by odd, wistful-looking survivals of the past, representative of the Amish Mennonite folk

who settled and still hold most of the fertile Kishacoquillas Valley. Hidden away from the world back of Jack's Mountain, which is unbroken by gaps throughout its many miles of length, they live quietly, dress soberly, show how men look with uncut hair and beard, and add to the prosperity of the State. This valley, named for a Shawnee chief, a friend of the white man, is nearly thirty miles long and from two to four miles wide. It abounds in stories and centres of special interest, like the Alexander House, on the left, beyond Reedsville, with the Alexander Spring by the roadside, a memorial of the brave days when Indian enemies might be looked for at any time; and the strange brick house on the right, between Belleville and Allensville, which has no visible opening, except windows. The only door is through the woodshed at the rear. The explanation of this vagary is that the stubborn family of the builder, unable to agree on the location of the front and side doors, decided to go without what other people think of as necessities.

A resident of the valley has prepared for the author an interesting statement concerning the Amish and their peculiarities.

There was originally but one body of the sect in the valley, but now there are four, the Old Order, or Nebraskas, the Old School, the Peacheyites, and the Progressives, or Moderns.

The Old Order, or Nebraskas, hold preaching service in the houses every other Sunday, since they have no churches. After the service a cold lunch of bread and butter, apple pie, bean soup, and cheese, is served. Preachers are chosen from the congregation by lot. Ministers receive no salary. Except in emergency, the people will not ride in an automobile. They will not use electric lights, nor have telephones in their houses. Only recently have they used gasoline engines. All clothing is made at home, butternut being the favorite color for men. Both coat and vest have hooks and eyes instead of buttons. Trousers are made with broadfalls, and must have brass buttons. All overcoats have capes. Hats have a four-inch crown, and a straight six-inch brim, and are black. Hair is cut straight around the neck. The upper lip is shaved, but not the balance of the face.

The women wear a white cap, over which, when they go out, is a plain dark kerchief. Children are dressed exactly like their parents, almost from babyhood. Carriages have white muslin tops. Originally they were without springs, but now springs are used. The shafts must be straight. To enter the carriage the hand must be placed on the rump of the horse before the foot is put on the step.

Houses have no projecting roofs. If a house when purchased has a projecting roof, the projection must be cut off immediately.

Many years ago there was division because some of the brethren insisted upon using carriages with yellow top and bowed shafts. These formed what is called the Old School. Their men's clothing is the same as that of the Old Order, except that short sack coats are worn instead of cutaways. Hooks and eyes are worn on coats and vests. The hair is cut a little shorter. The women wear a stiff poke bonnet of some dark material. All children are dressed like their parents. These people do not use either electric lights or telephones in their houses, but they do allow projections on buildings, and use gasoline, or steam power, and have tractors.

The Peacheyites have two congregations, one at Belleville, the other at Allansville, and alternate between these two settlements. The Amish of this branch have buggies and fine carriages, but they have no telephones or automobiles, though they delight in riding in automobiles. All clothing is home-made. Men's coats and vests have hooks and eyes instead of buttons.

The Progressives, or Moderns, have the same creed as the others, but they have churches. There are no restrictions as to dress. They use automobiles, telephones, electric lights, and all modern improvements, and are progressive citizens.

If a traveller is at the home of a member of either of the two older sects of Mennonites at meal time, he is invited to stay. While the invitation is cordial, there is no urging. The food is all put on the table, and it is abundant, but there is no serving. If he does not help himself, he will get nothing. Pie is served for breakfast, dinner, and supper.

In all sects the desire is to have sons and daughters marry between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one.

The peaceful beauty of the region where these young couples begin housekeeping, the Kishacoquillas Valley, bounded on the one side by Jack's Mountain, on the other by Stone Mountain, is enhanced during the last few miles to Mill Creek, in the valley of the creek of that name. But there are still greater attractions on the new route between Lewistown and Mill Creek on the Juniata side of Jack's Mountain.

The prize section of the William Penn Highway is this new Route 33, part of which has been so recently completed by the Pennsylvania Department of Highways. For mile after mile it affords a long series of delightful pictures as it passes close to the Juniata, in the shadow of Jack's Mountain, with its strange stories of the mysterious Captain Jack, "the wild hunter of the Juniata," who, from the day he returned to his cabin to find his family had been killed by Indians, lived only to protect the frontier inhabitants from the savages. No one knows the family name of this benefactor of the pioneers, but his fame is secure so long as Jack's Mountain rises in might above the valley.

One of the advantages of Route 33 is that it avoids industrial towns; for thirty miles after passing the Visco Silk Mills at Lewistown, where 3000 employees make rayon fibre silk, there is nothing to distract the traveller's attention from the wild country. The mileage is less than by the upper road, and the long, comparatively straight and level miles are open to travel throughout the winter, since snowdrifts need not be feared.

The completion of the river road restores to the William Penn Highway a section of the original central stage road between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. In the beginning it was an Indian trail, then a bridle path used by the settlers and traders, then a wagon road for stage coaches. In 1798 Postmaster General Habersham let the contract for carrying the mail from Harrisburg to Huntingdon, and the contractor used this road. In 1808, when a turnpike company was chartered, regular stages were routed this way.

More history is told by markers by the roadside. One mile beyond Lewistown, a bowlder tells of the site of Fort Granville, a post taken by the French in 1756, when the entire garrison was killed. A few miles farther on, at beautiful McVeytown, a rugged rock supports a bronze tablet to the memory of Joseph T. Rothrock, the Father of Forestry in Pennsylvania. Close to the memorial is a picturesque stone house, built in 1778, when the village was known as Waynesburg. The new name is historic, for it tells of John McVey, owner of the land on which the village was laid out in 1795. The earliest settler, Samuel Holliday, who lived on Dull's Island, for which, in 1770, he paid £61 10s., in 1762 built the first grist mill in the Juniata Valley, to which settlers brought corn on pack-horses from beyond the summit of the Alleghanies.

A few miles' detour from McVeytown, across the Juniata, along the road built on the Carlisle Indian Path, from the Juniata Valley to the Cumberland Valley, leads to the foot of Blue Mountain. Then a mile climb brings the traveller to the Blue Mountain Forest Fire Observation Tower. The tower, which is 2080 feet above sea level, affords a remarkable prospect of thousands of acres of unbroken forest land in the Licking Creek Valley and of Blacklog and Shade Mountains in Huntingdon, Juniata and Mifflin Counties. This forest area is a sportsman's paradise. Though so close to the Juniata Valley, it is one of the most inaccessible mountain regions of Pennsylvania. There are no highways through the forest except the old lumber roads. But there are specimens of the timid beaver and the crafty black bear.

Fortunately, however, Blue Mountain Tower is not so inaccessible. Thus many fortunate visitors are able to share the view described by Walter Leach, of the State Forestry Department, as including "the broad expanse of the beautiful Blue Juniata River Valley for twenty-five miles, from Mount Union to Lewistown, and twelve miles of the Narrows to Mifflin. Jack's Mountain to the west and the Seven Mountains in the

background are distinctly visible. To the eastward is Big Knob in the Tuscarora Mountains in Perry County."

Before leaving McVeytown another short detour should be made up the Old Furnace Road to a secluded valley, surrounded by wooded ridges, where the site of Brookland charcoal furnace is now occupied by a modern mill. Some of the houses of the furnace workers may still be seen, as well as the mine on the hillside where fine iron ore was discovered too late to be of use to the furnace which secured its ore from the Greenwood furnace, twenty miles away, over the mountain. In the valley are deposits of the white sand, so welcome to the glass makers of Pittsburgh and West Virginia. These deposits are so pure that the only need is for pulverizing. On one of the ridges above the sand deposits is a fine stand of white pine whose owner has been offered large sums for the right to cut the timber, but like a true follower of Rothrock he says, "That timber will not be cut while I live!" May succeeding owners be like him!

There is difficulty in leaving McVeytown; the highway is fine, yet the scenery is so compelling that it is easier to linger within sight of Dull's Island in the Juniata than to hasten on. But have no fear; there is more beauty beyond!

At Mount Union the route follows the Juniata as it comes from the northwest, though the traveller who has leisure will find difficulty in turning his back on the fascinating road that leads south from Mount Union to McConnellsburg on the Lincoln Highway, or at least seven miles of it to Shirleysburg, where a marker erected in 1926 tells of the site of Fort Shirley, one of the long chain of Pennsylvania's frontier defences.

The Mount Union Ladies' Civic Club has placed a marker by the side of the highway, in Mount Union, where the overflow comes down the mountains from the spring from which Captain Jack secured the water for his cabin home. To-day Mount Union receives a part of its water supply from the historic spring.

Jack's Spring is an introduction to Jack's Narrows, the wild gorge which extends for two miles from Mount Union to Mill

Creek, where the river, the railroad, the canal, and the highway seem to take all available room. The railroad has chosen the site of the Indian trail on the south side of the river, used by Conrad Weiser, George Croghan, and unnamed pioneers. When the railroad took possession of the needed space on the south side, it paid the expense of a road on the north bank.

The best way to see the Narrows is from the heights, by a road reached from Mount Union up Ganister Hill, then across Fatty's Patch and up the mountain. This route leads to a precipice which affords a breath-taking view of the entire gorge, as well as of the Juniata River northward to McVeytown.

For fifty years the great crossing place over Juniata was right in the Narrows. There, in 1789, Colonel Drake established a ferry. Travellers from far and near sought the gorge because of the ferry. Probably many of them felt as did W. W. Fuller when he wrote his long poem to the Narrows. Of this poem one stanza is:

"All hail! thou deep and mighty gorge,
That mak'st for man the way;
Thou wondrous work of nature's hand,
On old creation's day;
With awe I view thy rugged slope,
And mark thy tow'ring heights,
Where mountain grandeur clothes each view
With wild and lonely sights."

The end of the Narrows is at Mapleton, where is a marvel of a very different kind—the vast plant of the Pennsylvania Glass Sand Company. There is machinery so marvellous that but twelve men are needed to tend it in the process of taking out ten tons of sand every four minutes!

At Mill Creek the new Route 33 joins the old William Penn Highway, which there reaches down to the Juniata, as if determined to be deprived no longer of the fascinating stretches of river. The traveller who comes over that route is in good time to see the junction of the Juniatas; at Ardenheim the Raystown

Juniata comes up from the south, after a crooked and turbulent course from its source south of the Lincoln Highway.

Long ago the Raystown Branch was used by the lumbermen, who floated their logs from the lower mountains to the main stream. A boom was maintained at Ardenheim for the better handling of their timber. A volume could be written of the adventures of the lumbermen in approaching this boom. But perhaps the most interesting story of all is that of the destruction of the boom during the flood of 1883, when it failed to hold the fortune in timber which the youth, Martin G. Brumbaugh, later Governor of Pennsylvania, confided to its keeping.

Young Brumbaugh, at that time a student at Juniata College, in Huntingdon, had promised his father to take care of certain notes which would soon be due. So he made a contract to deliver to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company several thousand telegraph poles, cut in the forest in the vicinity of the Brumbaugh home, some miles south of the Juniata. When the poles were cut, the young contractor found that to ship them by the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad to Huntingdon would absorb all prospective profits. So the decision was made to skid them to the Raystown Branch, and then to float them down to the Ardenheim boom, from which they could be taken to the Pennsylvania's right of way, the contract place of delivery. The first part of the programme was duly carried out by Brumbaugh's helper, but no sooner were the poles in the boom than a great flood came, tore away the chains weakened by age, and let loose the little fortune on the swollen waters of the Juniata. Word of the disaster came to the young financier on his Commencement Day at Juniata College. As soon as the exercises of the day were concluded, he hurried after his logs. Followed long weeks and even months of pursuit of stranded timbers. Strenuous efforts, made while Brumbaugh and his associate almost lived in the water, resulted in salvaging about thirty-five hundred poles. Eight hundred had disappeared; probably most of these were taken by the farmers, who made them into fence rails and other needful timber for their own use.

"But the hard labor of the weeks from June to November was forgotten when I was able to pay over the $2400 profit on the transaction to the holder of father's note," Dr. Brumbaugh concluded his story, told in the President's office of Juniata College, to which he is giving new life with the same energy manifested in going after the runaway telegraph poles.

Huntingdon, the seat of the college, noted to-day for culture, beauty and business, was a famous landmark in pioneer days, for here was placed in the river the Standing Stone, held sacred by the Indians who used the Blacklog trail from Fort Carlisle to Kittanning. The original stone was carried off by the Oneida Indians when they left the valley. In its place another stone was set up by the river. A fragment of this second stone is preserved by Juniata College, according to David Emmert, member of the faculty for many years, who has told of his belief in the story related to him that the first name of the town was given because the Indians, who had long enjoyed the wild life in the region, mourned that "Hunting is done." He wrote: "I was so impressed with the beauty of the surroundings, and the novelty of the name, that I made a group of sketches of the town and a few neighboring scenes, surmounting the whole by a picture of a melancholy Indian and his inquiring dog." But when people who knew saw the picture they told him that the town was named in honor of the Countess of Huntingdon by Dr. William Smith of Philadelphia, in 1767!

Indian memories cluster about the highway long after Huntingdon has been left behind. The road itself tells of them; between Huntingdon and Alexandria it leads over Warrior Ridge, while Alexandria is close to the Shaver Creek site of the Anderson blockhouse from which settlers, pursued by the Indians, escaped to the fort at Standing Stone. The Indians killed two men in the party, but a woman who was driving the cows escaped. An Indian had laid hold of her gown. In despair she grasped the tail of the nearest cow. The frightened animal dashed ahead, the gown was torn from the grasp of the Indian, and the woman was dragged, breathless, but still holding the

cow's tail, into the presence of the astonished settlers at the larger fort!

At Water Street choice of two routes to Altoona must be made. Both are superb. That by Tyrone is called the original William Penn Highway, though the lower road through Hollidaysburg claims that it should be first choice to-day. Both routes are well worth taking. The old road follows the Juniata from Water Street, the settlement named because here the road passed through the bed of the stream formed by the overflow down the mountain of what is supposed to be the outlet of Arch Spring in Sinking Valley.

Remarkable mile succeeds remarkable mile on the road to Tyrone. At times the river is in sight, and again the way leads over the hills, with fascinating ridges on all sides, frequently amid farming land which is an eye-opener to those who think of the Pennsylvania mountains as nothing but trees and rocks.

Water Street, where the Juniata boats of pre-railroad days came for loads of grain, is also the starting point of the southern road. This passes through Williamsburg, at the northern boundary of the Great Cove, otherwise Morrison's Cove, which was sought in 1749 by the Scotch-Irish who were lured by the fertility of the land perhaps more than by the beauty of the scenery. Of the typical settler of this region John J. Ingalls wrote:

"He came with his rifle in one hand and his Bible in the other; and what he could not bend with the one, he broke with the other. He first fell upon his knees, and then arose and fell on the aborigines."

Until 1754 the Indians of this region were friendly to the settlers, but when the Iroquois sold the Juniata region to the Penns, the Indians went to Fort Duquesne to join the French. Many of these Indians lived at Assunepachla, on the site of the modern Frankstown, which, when it might have taken the picturesque Indian name of the rangers, chose to perpetuate the memory of Franks, a trader of early days.

Hollidaysburg, too, commemorates men who came from the

north of Ireland, to Lancaster. Then, in 1769, they brought families and goods on pack-horses to the mountain fastnesses where they decided to make their homes. For many years the town named for them was the point of trans-shipment from the canal boats to the railroad, and from the railroad to the canal boats. Near by, at Duncansville, in the days of the Portage Railroad, boats were taken from the canal and loaded in sections on the cars for transit across the mountains. A massive stone arch bridge between Hollidaysburg and Duncansville, as well as a tunnel, built between 1830 and 1834, are picturesque survivors of these primitive days.

A short detour from the populous metropolis of the Juniata, with its pleasant homes and busy people, may be made, past miles of most attractive country towns, to Altoona, the creation of the Pennsylvania Railroad, built more than eleven hundred feet above sea level. If the side trip is continued to Brush Mountain Fire Tower, not far from the railroad town, another of the memorable mountain-top views of Pennsylvania may be enjoyed. To the north the eye reaches along the Logan Valley to Tyrone. To the east is Sinking Valley, with the site of Fort Roberdeaux, where, during the Revolution, one hundred Continental soldiers guarded the lead mine which supplied the army's needs. Canoe Valley, Water Street, Hartslog Valley, Woodcock Valley, and Fort Lowrie are also within the range of vision to the eastward. To the west appear the Great Kittanning War Trail, from the point where it broke through the Burgeon Gap of the Alleghanies to Water Street, eastward. To the south lies Morrison's Cove.

If the journey is to be pursued farther west, the road should be retraced to Hollidaysburg, and followed through the delights of more mountains to Cresson and Ebensburg, then down into the valley to Blairstown and on to Pittsburgh.

ON THE JUNIATA RIVER
Near McVeytown

SUSQUEHANNA RIVER
South of Liverpool

NEAR TYRONE
Lakes to Sea Highway

ON THE JUNIATA RIVER
South of Tyrone

XV

FROM ALTOONA TO WILLIAMSPORT

WHERE were the Indian trails of Pennsylvania? It has been said by George P. Donehoo that "the present railroad map of the State is a fairly good map of the system of Indian trails." The railroad builders did not decide to go where Indians had gone before them, merely because they wanted to follow the example of the men of the forest, but because these students of the wild chose unerringly the most practicable route to their objective point.

This fact was especially true in the mountain country tributary to Altoona. From Bedford to the north, from Hollidaysburg to the east and the west, and from Altoona to Tyrone, and thence to Clearfield on the West Branch of the Susquehanna and across the Bald Eagle Mountain country to Bellefonte and Lock Haven, the Indians had their chosen routes, and the highways and the railroads have followed them.

Those who travel from Altoona to Milesburg by the splendid concrete highway so recently completed by the State Highway Department will find pleasure increased as they think of the years when Indian hunters went the same way, in search of the beasts that prowled in the thick forests on the ridges and in the mountains; where the first venturesome traders and trappers followed into the savages' country, lured by the wolf, the deer, the wild-cats, and the other numerous bearers of fur; where the pioneer tillers of the soil forced the trappers to realize that their day was done, and the time of the epic struggle for conquest of the wilderness had arrived.

As trappers succeeded Indians, and tillers of the soil followed the trappers, the trails became bridle paths, and the road—the very road we are passing over, if you please—was made "by chopping away the trees to a width of fifteen or twenty feet. The stumps and rocks which were in the way were not disturbed.

The road led through creeks, boggy places, over hills and mountains, and in the spring, when the streams were swollen the ground between the rocks and stumps was converted into sloughs."

Yes, thought of these years when travellers struggled with a road cannot but add to the sense of comfort induced by the passage of an automobile over the easy miles from Altoona to Milesburg, as well as along the only less splendid road beyond, to Lock Haven and Williamsport.

Gradually something more than wild beasts, and dense forests, trappers, traders and bad roads came to this country of many streams. Here and there were mills—saw-mills, grist-mills, mills of many kinds—as at Bellwood, the town midway between Altoona and Tyrone. In 1800 this was known as Bell's Mills, because of Edward Bell's milling activities in the region where there were settlers for fifteen years before his coming.

Water-driven mills had effective rivals in iron furnaces, for many miles beyond Altoona. The year 1830 saw one of these at Bell's Mills, while in 1832 a second was built. The pride of the owners in their wives or daughters was shown by the names given to the furnaces; one was called Mary Ann, while the second bore the name Elizabeth. The Elizabeth Forge at Bell's Mills was noted for two further reasons: it was the first forge in the country in which escaping gas was used for the production of steam; then, because its owner did not believe in forcing men to labor on Sunday, special arrangements were made in the equipment so that the fires could be drawn on Saturday night, for the object-lesson taught until Monday morning, when work was resumed.

Tipton, which was the terminus of the plank road built from Clearfield, possessed an iron mill of its own, but this was an exception to the ruling passion for feminine names; the forge built there in 1828 was called Antes.

In Snyder Township two more forges were so discourteous as to ignore the women of the proprietors' families; Tyrone Forge, built in 1803, on the Little Juniata, and Upper Tyrone

Forge, which dates from 1813, were operated only until about 1830. Perhaps their short life was a penalty for their builders' lack of chivalry!

As the forge came in, the farmer, who had been drawn to the country not only by the fertility of the land in the valleys, but by the superb mountain scenery, gave place to the tenant population from which hands for the iron work were recruited. For even some of these primitive forges required from fifty to one hundred men, for preparing fuel, for hauling, and for the work at the forge.

To-day Tyrone is noted for manufactories in the midst of rare beauty, but the iron forge has given place to other industries.

The oldest settler on the site of Tyrone was not an iron founder, but an Indian; Captain Logan had his cabin close to the great spring which is the outlet of Sinking Run, after its underground passage.

Soon after leaving Tyrone, the highway passes into Centre, the county whose territory came, the southern part, from grants by the Penns, though the northern part was given up by the Indians by agreement made at Fort Stanwix in 1768. These things account for the fact that, while the first settler in the southern portion entered from the south before 1768, the northern portion was not sought until after the treaty, and then by way of Bald Eagle Creek, which is the intimate companion of the highway after the Juniata has been left behind.

In Centre County the road clings to the winsome valley, with the mountains not far away. And it passes through more of the settlements founded by men whose pride in the women of their families revealed itself in the forges they built. Hannah was once called Hannah Furnace. In this case a daughter was honored. Then came Port Matilda, at the base of Muncy Mountain, in Worth Township, which looks across the Bald Eagle to Half Moon Township, so named because the earliest white settlers found numerous half-moons crudely carved on the tree trunks, as well as other relics of the Indians.

Martha Furnace likewise did honor to a daughter. Perhaps loyalty to her was responsible for its use long after it ceased to be profitable. A wife had her turn at the Julia Ann Furnace—that is, unless that historian is correct who says that the name was not given by General James Irwin, but by his partner, who had a daughter of that name. But the feminine name has disappeared; when the railroad came, Julia Ann became Julian!

The names of the brave feminine partners of the pioneers of Centre County have good company in another name not so easily explained. Snow Shoe Intersection seems to tell of days when trappers who followed the trail up the mountain to Snow Shoe found necessary, during the long winter, the use of the convenient footgear for the conquest of mountain snows. To-day a railroad passes up from the Intersection to Snow Shoe, and a highway—of a sort—shows the way to Phillipsburg.

Milesburg was another iron town. Seventeen hundred and ninety-seven was the date of the opening of the post-office there. This was the first post-office in the bounds of the present Centre County. To-day the visitor finds his chief pleasure in making his way to a summit on the Bald Eagle Range, close to Bald Eagle Gap, from which he can take a view of the country around, of almost unbelievable extent. Bald Eagle Mountain, Nittany Valley, the Nittany Range, and the buildings of State College are in range on a clear day.

From Milesburg, at the terminus of the new concrete road, a highway reaches south a short distance to Bellefonte, the county seat, which is so beautiful for situation. The name was given because of the beautiful spring from which flow millions of gallons daily. Visitors have speculated as to the source of its waters. The claim has been made that they come from the lake regions of central New York, one hundred and fifty miles distant.

The old court-house with its Ionic columns and stately clock tower, built in 1805, attracts nearly as much attention as the spring, not only because of its beauty, but by reason of its story. Local historians relate with gusto the tale that Milesburg and Bellefonte were contenders for the honor of being county seat.

Milesburg's claim rested on the fact that the town was at the head of navigation on Bald Eagle Creek. But the wind was taken from its sails by the action of ingenious men from Bellefonte who loaded some second-hand furniture on a flat-boat and hauled this by team to the home town, which is located on Spring Creek, a tributary of the Bald Eagle. Then they sent a messenger to Lancaster, where the State legislature was considering the momentous question of Centre's county seat, to announce that the first boat of the season, with freight aboard, had reached Bellefonte! Bellefonte, therefore, was at the head of navigation, and Bellefonte was chosen!

Strickland Gillilan penned a rare advertisement for such roads as those about Bellefonte. "When riding trains through Pennsylvania," he said, "one can look out and see roads that make him want to leap from a car window and get a motor, even if he has to steal it. A road like that simply needs to be ridden over. Everywhere a long white path of dimpleless stone flagging that would make a car run up-hill, without gas!"

That is a better comment than was made in 1820 on Bellefonte's roads. For then people tried to keep away from them, because of the presence where they were least wanted of highwaymen who seemed to find delight in robbing, or worse, if necessary. Their last offense was to capture a wagon bound for a Bellefonte store. An armed posse pursued them and arranged matters so that they could steal no more.

Unless time presses a side trip should be taken south from Bellefonte to State College. The delightfully located fifteen-hundred-acre campus of this institution would have been on the direct route if the lower road from Tyrone had been chosen instead of the new concrete road. No visit to this scenic portion supreme of one of Pennsylvania's most attractive counties is complete without a climb to the cupola from which is provided a view that makes the mountain lover gasp.

Those who take this side trip will be tempted, when they learn that they are close to some of the finest of the more than one million acres of the lands administered by the State Depart-

ment of Forests and Waters. Roads kept up by the Department lead from State College to the Detweiler Run State Forest Monument, in the Logan Forest at the headwaters of Detweiler Run. Here are preserved fifty acres of "giant original white pine and hemlock, with an almost impenetrable under story of rhododendrons."

In the same forest, and not far away, is the Alan Seeger State Forest Monument, on Stone Creek, set apart because of the presence of large and beautiful hemlocks and oak trees.

Another road from State College leads to Boalsburg, the location of Colonel Theodore Boal's interesting museum. A few miles distant, in the region of the Seven Mountains, is Bear Meadows State Forest Monument. There, some three hundred and fifty acres are covered with balsam fir, tamarack, black spruce. The swampy region is notable also for the presence there of the pitcher plant, the sun-dew, and other rare specimens much sought after by botanists and by those who like to see nature at her wildest.

By returning on the route from State College toward Bellefonte, as far as Pleasant Gap, the road to Lewisburg, Union County, on the Susquehanna may be taken. The forty-one miles of this rarely beautiful route are made memorable by the presence of the celebrated Penn's Cave, as well as the Black Eagle State Forest in Union County, with three outstanding features: the Voneida State Forest Park, once the home of Hairy John Voneida, hunter and trapper, and now the resort of thousands who have learned how to make use of Pennsylvania's forest hospitality; McConnell's Narrows State Forest Monument, near Hartleton, set apart because of the magnificent scenery, as well as the original stands of giant trees; and the Joyce Kilmer State Forest Monument, on Paddy Mountain, thirteen miles from Mifflinburg, named in honor of the poet who wrote the exquisite poem, "The Tree."

When at last the traveller has gained his own consent to renew the journey toward Williamsport after returning to Bellefonte, he will pass through a section of the State where

tales of bold pioneers abound. At Hublersburg he is reminded of one of these pioneers, Jacob Hubler, who reached the neighborhood when all about him was unbroken forest. Nittany, too, bears a name that suggests not only the pioneer, but also the Indian; to students of the folk lore of primitive Pennsylvania, Nittany calls up more than one quaint legend.

A brief detour from Cedar Springs, by way of Salona, leads to another memorable spot in the Bald Eagle Forest—Mount Riansares State Forest Monument. On the summit of Mount Riansares there is a forest observation tower, erected for the gratification of those who would see some of the State's most rugged country.

The West Branch of the Susquehanna is reached at Lock Haven, where the highway leads along the parkway by which the town has taken advantage of the river-front and the bed of the old canal, and passes close to the old Fallen House, built by order of Queen Isabella II of Spain, who thought she might need to retreat to America if the dreaded revolution should come to her country.

Soon after passing Lock Haven the highway crosses Grand Island, opposite the mouth of Bald Eagle Creek, the site of an Indian village where, between 1745 and 1758, David Brainerd and David Zeisberger and Christian Frederick Post journeyed in the course of their faithful ministry to the red men. From the village, trails radiated to the Allegheny Run, up Bald Eagle Creek, and south to the Juniata and on to Lycoming Creek, near Williamsport. There the route we travel follows, in a general way, the last of these old trails. Those who used this trail frequently made their way to the top of Mount Logan, where the elevation of 2,200 feet enabled them to overlook a large territory. To-day visitors may enjoy the view that was spread out before their eyes, if they enter the Mount Logan State Forest Monument, or the Bald Eagle State Forest, near McElhattan, the home of Colonel Henry W. Shoemaker, devoted student of the history and traditions of this mountain region of Pennsylvania.

One of the traditions of the region tells of Jersey Shore, the attractive town near the site of Antes Fort in the Nippenose Valley, now marked by a Daughters of the Revolution tablet, where, in 1777, Colonel John Henry Antes built a stockade about his cabin home. A few years after the destruction of the stockade, in 1778, settlers from New Jersey made their home on the Susquehanna. Irish settlers in the Nippenose Valley, in derision, spoke of their close location as Jersey Shore. And when, in 1805, the effort was made to call the new town Waynesburg, the nickname was found to have too strong a hold. So the town is known as Jersey Shore to this day.

From Jersey Shore a turnpike was laid out to Coudersport in Potter County, for which a charter was given in 1816. Some day, when this route is improved for easy travelling, it will be a favorite, because of the remarkable scenery through which it passes. Even now many find the journey possible, as well as profitable.

A road note, issued by the State Department of Highways, says of this route: "This was the highway followed by Ole Bull when he made his night ride to intercept the stage for Philadelphia from his castle home at Oleona on Kettle Creek. The ruins of the castle are the last relic of the fated settlement prepared by the Norwegian violinist for his 800 countrymen in 1852."

A short distance east of Jersey Shore another of the unimproved State Highways leads off to Wellsboro. Perhaps half way is the village of Oregon Hill, built on the site of a colonizing experiment that failed even before it had progressed as far as Ole Bull's Norwegian Colony. In 1805, Rev. John Hay, an English minister who lived in Philadelphia, planned for English immigrants a colony to be called Sylvania or Arcadia. On 9,000 acres of land, for which he contracted to pay $21,757, he told acquaintances in England he would have for them a new Eden. A few were induced to come to America, and, in company with the projector's sons, were sent to the wilderness in Pine Township, Lycoming County, by way of Williamsport, and the State High

Road, which leads north from Larry Creek. The usual result followed. The men did not know how to clear the forest, or to raise food. One historian says that during the first summer they lived on blackberries and fresh air. For several years they managed to survive, then the experiment collapsed.

A few miles beyond the beginning of the road to Oregon Hill is Williamsport, where one of Hay's sons kept store from which he planned to send supplies to the Colonists, who, unfortunately, had no money to pay, and so, ultimately, were glad to seek the town at the north of Lycoming Creek, and from there on to the settlements where they were better fitted to make a living.

A road note, issued by the State Department of Highways, says of this route: "For many years it saw heavy vehicular traffic, during the time thousands of lumbermen were taking out the timber which covered the hills in that section of Pennsylvania. When the wood crews withdrew the route fell into disuse, and by 1914 was impossible because of the heavy growth of saplings which reduced the road to a very narrow one-way track. The Department of Highways in 1915 slashed its way from Coudersport to Jersey Shore and the thoroughfare is now in excellent condition, considering the fact that it is entirely of earth. Some magnificent views are obtainable, particularly from the fire tower in the vicinity of Cherry Springs. Between Coudersport and Waterville there are not a dozen human inhabitants, and it is possible to drive the entire distance of nearly sixty miles without encountering a single vehicle. Deer and elk often cross the road in front of the traveller; the whirr of flying partridges is heard; occasionally passers-by will see a gallant cock pheasant posing from a stump or fence post."

XVI

BY THE ROADSIDE IN FAIRMOUNT PARK

NO TOUR of the roads of Penn's Woods can be counted complete which does not include the matchless drives of one of the world's greatest recreation areas, Fairmount Park, the park built up during more than a century by far-sighted Philadelphia planners who realized what such an area would mean to the people. The natural beauty of the nearly six square miles of the park's surface has been preserved with gratifying faithfulness. Woods, hills, ravines, springs, river, creeks, make a setting for many miles of highways which will provide a day of pleasure that will live in the memory. It may be possible to cover easily all of these drives within a few hours, but that sightseer is wise who takes days for the trip, instead of hours, and so has time to leave the automobile for a tour of discovery down inviting by-paths or into the historic mansions that are scattered over the park in magnificent profusion.

In 1871 the visitor to Fairmount was advised carefully:

"To visit the park from any depot or hotel and return to the same or any other depot or hotel, take a hackney coach by the hour."

Then this mentor for travellers, five years before the Centennial, was given a route for "a day's journey with carriage":

"From Fairmount by the River Road, to the East Bank; through this section to the Ridge Avenue, and by the Falls to the Wissahickon, up the Wissahickon to Thorps' Hill Road, and by this road to Chestnut Hill. Return by Germantown and by School Lane to the Falls, cross the river at Falls Bridge. Keep on the Falls Road into the park, and by Chamounix to George's Hill, then to Lansdowne, cross the river at the Girard Avenue Bridge, and pass over the Hills to Fairmount entrance, and by Green Street to Broad Street."

Many landmarks of the days of 1871 have passed away. So have the carriage and the hackney coach. To-day the approach to Fairmount is from City Hall, in the centre of Philadelphia, out the Parkway, a glorious avenue a mile and a half long, which leads past public buildings of merit to the Municipal Art Gallery, with the Washington Monument in the plaza before its front. This massive structure marks the entrance to the road that leads directly to the East River Drive, with Fair Mount just beyond.

There, on the place which appealed so to William Penn that he had serious thoughts of a residence on its height, Philadelphia made its beginning in building up its park. In 1812 the City Council brought down on itself much criticism by reason of its appropriation of $16,666 for the purchase of five acres as a resort for the people. Other bits along the Schuylkill were bought that the river water might be kept pure for the city. At length there were twenty-four acres in the reservation which clustered, in time, about Fair Mount Water Works. These were begun in 1812, and were in use in 1815. They were the marvel of the city and were famous even in Europe. A publication of 1836 said that they were "without a parallel on this side of the Atlantic." Then an explanation was given of the marvel: "The water is raised from the river and conveyed into reservoirs, elevated 56 feet above the highest point in the city." Even as late as 1871 they were spoken of as the park's chief attraction.

Just beyond Fair Mount, or Fairmount, as it is called to-day, the smooth roadway approaches the Schuylkill, which it is to follow for miles, along one of the world's finest river drives. The way leads past a number of picturesque boat-houses which make the traveller think of Henley-on-Thames. Perhaps he can see young men taking their racing shells from their shelter out upon the water, or darting swiftly up-stream, in pursuit of, or pursued by, another craft of like slender proportions. From the days of the city's pioneers this stretch of river has been a resort not only for boats, but for fishermen. Until the building of the first dam at Fairmount, just below the boat-houses, shad fishing

was good in the Schuylkill, and the patriots who lived within reach of the stream were eager to spend strenuous hours on its waters.

Unless the traveller is on his guard, he will pay so much attention to the river and the racing shells on the left that he will not look up to the right, to Lemon Hill, the modern name for Vineyard Hill, the site chosen by William Penn for his experiment in grape culture, directed by a gardener from France. The experiment was not successful, but the order that plants and trees sent by him from England should be set out on the hill, until there could be found there "the most beautiful wild flowers of all the wood," seems to bear fruit to this day.

Vineyard Hill became "The Hills," where Robert Morris built his mansion. There he had as his guests George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, John Hancock, and scores of other members of Congress and officers of the Revolution. There, in 1777, he received from Washington the plea for money without which he would be unable to keep the army together. And, in accordance with the statement he made from the height above the Schuylkill, "It is the duty of every individual to act his part in whatever station his country may call him to, in a time of difficulty, danger, or decline," he raised the funds needed by the Commander of the American army, so that Washington was able to go to victory over the enemy at Trenton, after crossing the Delaware amid the ice. Four days after this victory Morris wrote from "Hills on Schuylkill" to Bethlehem, where Congress had fled from Philadelphia:

"I have always been satisfied with Philadelphia & the Hills. At the same time I have always been continually prepared, my things packed up, horses and carriages ready at any moment."

A letter written on February 8, 1798, after the owner, once wealthy, but finally despoiled by his creditors, had turned his steps from Philadelphia to the Hills, sounded a sadder note:

"It is the only place of calmness and quiet my foot was in all day yesterday."

A few months later the mansion was sold by the sheriff.

THE HILLS, NOW LEMON HILL
Country Residence of Robert Morris, 1772
From an old drawing

FALLS OF SCHUYLKILL, PHILADELPHIA
As it was in 1779
From an old drawing

WHERE THOMAS JEFFERSON LIVED IN 1793
Near Gray's Ferry on the Schuylkill
From an old drawing

BLUE BELL TAVERN, NEAR DARBY
As it was in 1766
From an old drawing

Not until 1854 was the old Robert Morris homestead added to the holdings of Philadelphia. The estate was bought for $75,000, though in 1838, on the death of Henry Pratt, who had torn down the Morris Mansion and had built the house now known as Lemon Hill, the Bank of the United States had been the purchaser at $225,000.

On to the north of Lemon Hill the traveller finds the log cabin which was occupied by General Grant at City Point, Virginia, in 1864 and 1865, while a little beyond is the Sedgeley Guard House. This building is a relic of the Sedgeley Mansion. The mansion, a part of the Morris Estate, has disappeared, but these old stables remain. It is of special interest to note that Sedgeley was bought in 1857 by the people of the city and presented for addition to the park.

Here and there along the drive are statues of those who made their mark. Among these memorials special interest attaches to the equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, opposite the Girard Avenue Entrance to the park. This statue was long thought to be the replica of the great bronze figure of the French heroine in the Rue de Rivoli in Paris. The artist, Fremiet, secretly substituted a newer statue for the original, after this had been removed for the building of a subway. The original was sold to an American and was set up in Fairmount Park.

Soon the East River drive passes through the surprise tunnel cut in 1871 through the rock of Promontory Point, where a hill rises abruptly from the river.

Above the point where the river makes a pleasing bend, which the road follows faithfully, a graceful mansion, Mount Pleasant, tells of days before the Revolution when Captain John McPherson lived there, after building the house in 1761. In 1777 Benedict Arnold bought the property for £16,420, as a wedding gift for his beautiful bride, Peggy Shippen. In this, which was called the most elegant seat of its day in Philadelphia, the dashing general and his popular wife lived in a way that involved them in debt, until the sorrowful day when the owner's treason led to the confiscation of the property.

Other mansions appear in rapid succession—Rockland, built in 1810; Ormiston, like Mount Pleasant, forfeited to the State because of the treason of its owner; Randolph, which is only a little younger; Woodford Mansion, whose builder, William Coleman, was a friend of Benjamin Franklin; Strawberry Mansion, on whose grounds picnic parties have gathered for nearly a century. The passer-by realizes that the men and women of long ago knew where to go for sightly locations.

Beyond Strawberry Mansion are the Laurel Hill Cemeteries, separated by Nicetown Lane, the extension toward the river of Hunting Park Avenue. The motor traveller of to-day who passes along these roads is close to something far more ancient than the mansions he has just passed. For these highways are built on a part of the site of the oldest road in Pennsylvania, an Indian trail which passed between the Delaware and the Susquehanna. The Schuylkill was crossed by Robin Hood's Ford, called Garrett's Ford, on the west side of the river. From there the trail passed up the ravine a little above Greenland, within sight of the park trolley. Woodside Park, Bala, City Line, Cynwyd, are other landmarks on the primitive road, which soon followed the trail now marked by the Old Lancaster Road.

Beyond the crossing of the old Indian path at Nicetown Lane, the East River Drive swings gracefully on to the junction of the Wissahickon with the Schuylkill, then, crossing Ridge Road, follows the windings of the marvel creek, embowered in overhanging trees, glorious in memories of historic events, until it is necessary to leave the automobile behind if the fascinating miles to Chestnut Hill are to be examined—for here is one of the few bits of longed-for road over which drivers of automobiles have tried in vain to secure the right of passage.

This stream is referred to in the remarkable will of Benjamin Franklin, which provided a sum which was to grow during one hundred years. This far-seeing man said:

"Having considered the covering of a ground plot with buildings and pavements, which carry off most of the rain, and prevent its soaking into the earth and renewing and purifying the

springs, whence the water of the wells must gradually grow worse, and in time be unfit for use. . . . I recommend that at the end of the first hundred years, if not done before, the city employ a part of the 100,000 pounds sterling in bringing, by pipes, the water of Wissahickon Creek into town, so as to supply the inhabitants."

Near the creek is the quaint birthplace of William Rittenhouse, though the famous Rittenhouse paper mill, the first of its kind in America, built in 1690, has disappeared. Its wheels were turned by the waters which Benjamin Franklin dreamed of piping to Philadelphia.

The Indians called the stream of Franklin and Rittenhouse "The Catfish Stream," and "The Stream of the Yellow Water." Another name given to it was "The Stream of the Mystics," because John Kelpius and his associate Hermits of the Ridge lived in caves along its banks, which preceded the monastery built there later on.

The journey along the eastern bank is made more enjoyable by thoughts of these events, as well as by the realization that here, along a stretch of two miles, a part of the Battle of Germantown was fought. On the hills overlooking the narrow valley redoubts were occupied by Washington's army, and it is said that remnants of them could be seen until the building of the railroad viaduct, just above the Ridge Road.

Since 1868, when the Park Commission added the Wissahickon to its holdings, the fame of the fairy-like region has gone out over the world, and no visit to Philadelphia—some say no visit to America—is complete until the pilgrimage has been made along the valley that is as far ahead of the Trossachs of Scotland as Virginia's Luray Caverns are superior to the boasted Cheddar Caves in Somerset.

Fortunately there is no necessity of retracing the East River Drive, for there is a West River Drive. This passes Chamounix, where George Plumstead built Montpelier in 1802, and leads on to Sweet Briar, the mansion built about the beginning of the nineteenth century by Samuel Breck, whose name will always

be remembered in connection with the free school law of Pennsylvania. This section of the river from Sweet Briar down to the Zoölogical Gardens was, for a long time, the home of the oldest social club in America, the State in Schuylkill, which still exists after nearly two centuries, on the Delaware, above Philadelphia. The castle, first built in 1732, is in use there, having been removed twice from its original foundations not far from the Girard Avenue Bridge. For nearly half a century the name of the club was the Colony in Schuylkill, but when the Colonies declared themselves independent of Great Britain, the club followed suit, and became, according to its claim, a State in the Union.

Two Penn Memorials are within easy reach of those who pass along the Drive that lies through the grounds once occupied by the Colony in Schuylkill—the Letitia Penn House, built in 1682, and rebuilt after its removal from down-town Philadelphia; and Solitude, the villa of John Penn, within the grounds of the famous Zoölogical Gardens.

The tour of the park will not be even approximately complete until the journey is made to the west of the Letitia Penn House, past the buildings left as memorials of the Centennial Exposition, to the south of Lansdowne, a famous estate where a mansion house was built before the Revolution. John Penn was the original owner, but James Greenleaf succeeded him in possession. This merchant failed, the estate was sold by the sheriff in 1797, and the house was completed and beautified by William Bingham. For many years it was a ruin, after a disastrous fire in 1854. At length the last vestige of the house where Washington, Adams and Jefferson had been received as visitors gave way to the Centennial improvements. At the extensive west end of the park there is a winding drive to the summit of George's Hill, named for the donor, a height 210 feet above the river, which affords a memorable view of the surrounding country. This drive, after descending the hill, leads to Belmont Avenue, than past Belmont Mansion, the hospitable home of Judge Richard Peters, Secretary of the

Board of War, genial humorist, friend of Washington, associate of Robert Morris. In passing the grounds it is good to let the thoughts dwell on that night in 1780 when Judge Peters and Robert Morris met at a reception. They talked of the desperate need of lead for ammunition. Washington's army had used supplies made from the lead spouting of the houses, until this resource was exhausted. That very day, Morris told Peters, a vessel had come to port with a cargo of lead. Morris said that half was consigned to him, but that the other half belonged to men who refused to make further advances to the government. Judge Peters said he would assume the risk, pay for the rest of the cargo, and deliver it to the army. No time was to be lost; all night a hundred men were preparing the lead for shipment to the army in its time of need.

Few can turn their backs on Belmont Plateau, with its glorious view of the Schuylkill and of the city beyond, without pausing for a few moments, at least long enough to think of the letter written from Washington on October 28, 1803, by Timothy Pickering to Judge Peters of Belmont:

"I regretted, my dear Sir, that I was unable to pass a day with you at Belmont, on my way hither. If you had lived within three miles of Grays Ferry, I should have spent an evening with you. The tavern being full, I took the liberty of going, with a fellow traveller who is a botanist, to Mr. Hamilton's place, where we lodged. . . ."

A second paragraph of that letter may not have much to do with the roads of Pennsylvania, but the temptation to quote it is irresistible:

"In the treaty of Cession (as 'tis called) of Louisiane, you will see the flimsy nature of the title we have acquired, and in the stipulations of the third article an exercise of power to which the President and Senate were not competent. . . . It is now publicly talked of, that after remonstrance against the Cession . . . and taking possession . . . this negociation, so pacific, which was to ensure us peace for ages, has laid the foundations for war, and, I apprehend, a war not remote. . . ."

By following Belmont Avenue to City Line Avenue, and tracing the latter road westward, an easy beginning is made for the route to The Woodlands of which Pickering wrote, where the mansion of James Hamilton still stands by the Schuylkill, one of the best relics of colonial architecture in Pennsylvania. This house is on Woodland Avenue, which marks the beginning of the route used by Washington in passing from Philadelphia to Mount Vernon. Within a few miles is old Blue Bell Tavern, honored by Washington on more than one occasion, Gray's Ferry, where Alexander Wilson, the naturalist, once taught school, and Bartram's Gardens, with the house built by John Bartram in 1731.

Now the traveller is in the midst of the maze of superb highways in the vicinity of Philadelphia which is the marvel of visitors, but is accepted as a matter of course by the accustomed drivers who pass over them frequently. There seems no end to them. They wind back and forth through a country that is like a garden. They pass houses as quaint as that where Benjamin West was born in 1738, on the grounds of Swarthmore College, or as historic as Pont Reading, on Haverford Road, home of Joshua Humphreys, the Quaker who was read out of Meeting because he was the first Naval Constructor of the United States, and was the designer of six frigates, including the *Constitution*, the *Constellation*, and the *Chesapeake*. Then there are, within easy reach, old meeting houses, such as Haverford, built on land given by the Humphreys family, and Springfield, on a plot bounded by the Springfield, Chester and State Roads.

But the list of the relics which may be found along the roads in the vicinity of Philadelphia is too great to be recounted here. The only way is to start on an exploring expedition, and find them, one after another.

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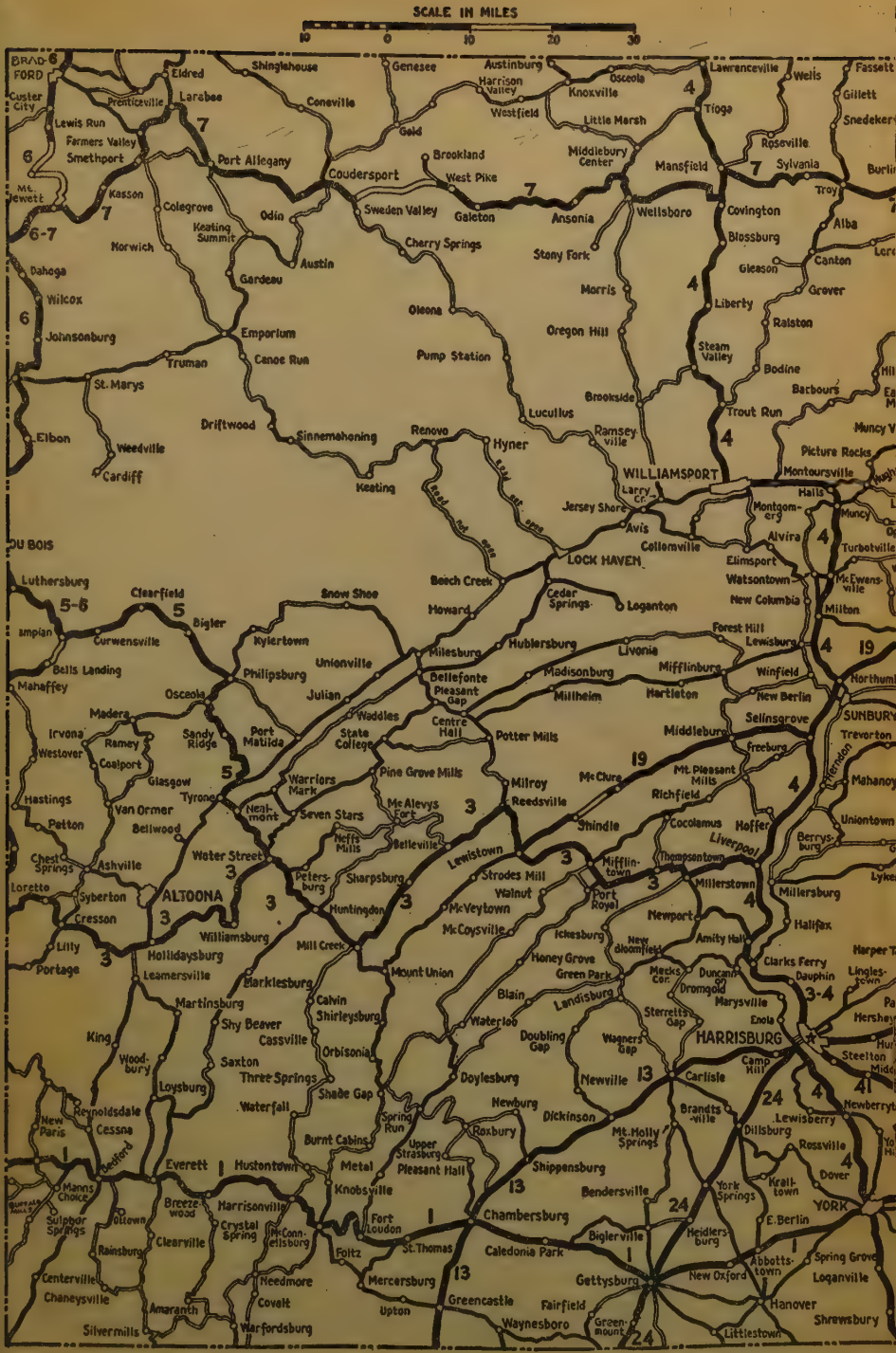
SCALE IN MILES
10 0 10 20 30
BRADFORD
Custer City
Eldred
Prentiseville
Larabee
Shinglehouse
Coneville
Genesee
Austinburg
Harrison Valley
Osceola
Knoxville
Westfield
Gold
Little Marsh
Lawrenceville
Wells
Fassett
Gillett
Snedeker
Tioga
Lewis Run
Farmers Valley
Smethport
Port Allegany
Brookland
Coudersport
West Pike
Middlebury Center
Mansfield
Roseville
Sylvania
Burlington
Troy
Mt. Jewett
Kasson
Colegrove
Keating Summit
Odin
Sweden Valley
Galeton
Ansonia
Wellsboro
Covington
Blossburg
Alba
Canton
Norwich
Austin
Cherry Springs
Stony Fork
Gleason
Grover
Dahoga
Gardeau
Morris
Liberty
Ralston
Wilcox
Johnsonburg
Emporium
Oleona
Oregon Hill
Steam Valley
Bodine
Truman
Canoe Run
Pump Station
Barbours
St. Marys
Brookside
Lucullus
Trout Run
Elbon
Driftwood
Sinnemahoning
Renovo
Hyner
Ramseyville
Weedville
Cardiff
Keating
WILLIAMSPORT
Picture Rocks
Montoursville
Larry Cr.
Halls
Montgomery
Jersey Shore
Avis
Muncy
DU BOIS
Collomsville
Alvira
Turbotville
LOCK HAVEN
Elimsport
Watsontown
McEwensville
Luthersburg
Clearfield
Beech Creek
Cedar Springs
Loganton
New Columbia
Milton
Snow Shoe
Howard
Bigler
Curwensville
Kylertown
Forest Hill
Lewisburg
Livonia
Hublersburg
Milesburg
Unionville
Philipsburg
Bells Landing
Madisonburg
Mifflinburg
Winfield
Julian
Bellefonte
Pleasant Gap
Millheim
Hartleton
New Berlin
Mahaffey
Osceola
Madera
Waddles Mark
Centre Hall
State College
Potter Mills
Selinsgrove
SUNBURY
Irvona
Ramey
Sandy Ridge
Port Matilda
Middleburg
Trevorton
Westover
Coalport
Freeburg
Glasgow
Warriors Mark
Pine Grove Mills
McClure
Mt. Pleasant Mills
Tyrone
Milroy
Richfield
Hastings
Van Ormer
Neal-mont
Seven Stars
McAlevys Fort
Reedsville
Shindle
Cocolamus
Hoffer
Petton
Bellwood
Neffs Mills
Belleville
Liverpool
Berrysburg
Chest Springs
Ashville
Water Street
Lewistown
Thompsontown
Loretto
Syberton
Cresson
ALTOONA
Petersburg
Sharpsburg
Strodes Mill
Mifflintown
Millerstown
Millersburg
Huntingdon
Walnut
Port Royal
McVeytown
Newport
Halifax
Lilly
Williamsburg
McCoysville
Ickesburg
New Bloomfield
Amity Hall
Portage
Hollidaysburg
Mill Creek
Honey Grove
Clarks Ferry
Dauphin
Leamersville
Mount Union
Green Park
Mecks Cor.
Duncannon
Blairsburg
Dromgold
Marysville
Martinsburg
Calvin
Shirleysburg
Blain
Landisburg
Sterretts Gap
Enola
King
Shy Beaver
Cassville
Waterloo
Doubling Gap
Wagners Gap
HARRISBURG
Woodbury
Saxton
Orbisonia
Camp Hill
Loysburg
Three Springs
Doylesburg
Newville
Carlisle
Reynoldsdale
Shade Gap
Newburg
Dickinson
Brandtsville
Lewisberry
New Paris
Waterfall
Spring Run
Roxbury
Mt. Holly Springs
Dillsburg
Cessna
Burnt Cabins
Upper Strasburg
Rossville
Everett
Hustontown
Metal
Pleasant Hall
Shippensburg
Dover
Mann's Choice
Knobsville
Bendersville
York Springs
Kralltown
Breezewood
Harrisonville
Fort Loudon
Chambersburg
YORK
Sulphur Springs
Ellwell
Crystal Spring
McConnellsburg
Biglerville
E. Berlin
Clearville
Rainsburg
Foltz
St. Thomas
Caledonia Park
Heidlersburg
Centerville
Needmore
Mercersburg
Gettysburg
New Oxford
Abbottstown
Spring Grove
Chaneysville
Covelt
Greencastle
Fairfield
Hanover
Loganville
Amaranth
Upton
Waynesboro
Greenmount
Shrewsbury
Silvermills
Warfordsburg
Littlestown

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